

Work and Sport in the Old I.C.S.

BY

W. O. HORNE, C.S.I.

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Work and Sport in the Old I.C.S.

CHAPTER I.

IN the beginning I must say that this is not intended to be an autobiography. I realise that my autobiography would not, as such, be of any interest. My object is to describe the Indian life of an ordinary member of the old I.C.S., his work and his amusements, together with his perhaps crude reflections upon men and things, and it seems to me that there is no better way of doing so than by a simple account, commonplace though it may be, of what I saw, did, and thought during the thirty-two years through which I served the Great Queen and her Son and Grandson.

I call it the old I.C.S., because the India which I knew, and of which I have such happy recollections, was not present-day post-war India, and nothing closely resembling the Service, as I knew it, could possibly exist in present conditions.

The pre-war I.C.S., which in all its essentials was the same as that which grew up after the Mutiny with the establishment of open competition and the gradual extinction of the Company's Haileybury-trained Civilians, was a Corps d'Élite, trained to govern—and it did govern—India. If you ask the man in the street, or, for the matter of that, your own stay-at-home brother, who governs India, he will no doubt say “the Viceroy”; perhaps he will say “the Commander-in-Chief.” The one answer is little more true than the other. Viceroys and governors, like constitutional monarchs, reign, but they do not govern. The ablest and the most autocratic of them have always been, and, no doubt, now more than ever are, subject to the constitutional restraint of Councils and advisers, and could do nothing without the small corps of executive administrators which used to carry on the government in the districts. The Moghul Emperors were obliged to govern India by a system of delegation to Provincial rulers, and something of the same sort in a different degree is necessary under British rule. The ablest, most self-confident, most industrious, and strongest Viceroy of modern times was able to reform details of administration, and partially to dam the secretarial ink-flux, as well as, by interfering in some matters which he had much better have left alone, to irritate both Indians and his own countrymen, but even his powerful arm was

not felt as more than a feather-weight in the daily life and administration of the districts. The great India, outside of Imperial and Provincial capitals, knows nothing of Viceroys and Governors. At best, a very few units of that immensity have seen such exalted beings on ceremonial occasions, when, carefully guarded by police and shepherded by the District Officer, they have descended upon the Headquarters of a district for a day or two, and have subsequently vanished into the resplendent unknown from which they emerged. The ruler whom most of India knows, the man whom, if he is worth his salt, she fears and respects, often even loves, is the Collector—the Head of the district. He is the man who really governs, or did govern, India, and without whom the administration could not be carried on. And the district is, in Madras, a unit which varies from a rice patch of four thousand square miles to a small kingdom of seventeen thousand. Within those limits the Collector and his Assistants governed by the prestige of race, not by force. They had no force worth mentioning. In Southern India hardly any rural inhabitant had ever seen a British soldier, and very few had seen a sepoy. In present conditions it is difficult to conceive how any prestige is left, but there must be some, or things could not go on, and it will be a bad day for India when political theorists have finally extinguished it.

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At the annual I.C.S. dinner I once heard an ex-Lieutenant-Governor speaking of the variety of the work which may fall to the Indian Civilian. He said, or words to that effect, "He may even be called up, like Moses, into an exceeding high mountain to assist in making the law, and he may further duplicate the experience of the Hebrew Prophet by finding, when he comes down again, that the people in the plains don't give a damn for it." There was much truth in the jest.

In my service of nearly thirty-two years I held many posts, some of them latterly ranking much higher than that of Head of a district, but my pleasantest and most satisfying recollections are those connected with a certain five years, during which I was Head of the finest and largest district in Madras. The Collector, to give him his every-day name, could, if he was man enough, be the real ruler of his charge within the law, and sometimes just a little outside of it, and, speaking generally, the more he assumed responsibility and the less he bothered the Government for orders, the better he pleased them, always provided that things went right. If they went wrong he expected to be made a scapegoat, and perhaps he deserved it, perhaps not. Anyhow, if he would not take his risks he was not much good, and was not master in his charge.

I have spoken of the I.C.S. as a Corps d'Élite, and it may well be wondered how a service which

was recruited by open competition, with no test and no qualification whatever, save only success in a literary examination and ability to pass the Doctor, could possibly be anything of the sort. The truth is that the service consisted—I speak necessarily in the past tense, as my knowledge of the present is very limited—of a few hundreds of ordinary and average young Britons of the middle class, with a good but incomplete education, pitchforked into their job and left to pick it up by precept and example of their seniors, both those who were good and those who were not, and learning quite as much from the latter as from the former. I have no doubt that an equal number of better men could have been selected from among those who failed in the competitive examination, but no youngster, not even the most cocksure and omniscient product of the 'Varsities, was long in India before he began to imbibe the spirit of the service, and it was the spirit that made the service what it was and what I hope it is. Failures there were and bad bargains in plenty, but the service knew them for what they were, and they were generally bestowed where they would do the least harm. They in no way affected the spirit of the whole, which, from its high ideals, became most emphatically what I have called it—a Corps d'Élite.

The I.C.S. never was in any sense a spectacular Corps. It beat no drums and flew no banners, but behind its often drab exterior there

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lay as exalted a pride in itself and as exacting a standard of duty and devotion as has ever characterised any body of men whatever. Its work seldom came under the eye of the public, and the people of Britain knew nothing of it. I do not mean the People with a big P—of them it might be expected,—but the people of the class from which the service itself was recruited. An Indian Civilian, retired or on leave, was just “something in India, don’t you know,” and that answer to the infrequent enquirer was quite sufficient and satisfactory. I was once, on the voyage home, asked by a very nice subaltern of unusually enquiring mind what my job in India was. I was then Secretary to the Board of Revenue, and, being young, thought I was of some importance. I said, “Oh, I’m a secretary of sorts.” “I see,” he said, “copy letters and that sort of thing?” “Just that,” I replied. The conversation has since often struck me as very typical. An Anglo-Indian at Home, who talks about India, is just a Bore, unless he narrates anything a little outside the ordinary experience of his company. If he does that, he is worse—a Liar. On retirement, obscurity is his fate, and the man who guided the destiny of millions, or, in many cases, held the power of life and death, is hardly to be considered as a possible selection for the local Bench or the Parish Council.

Kipling, in one of his stories, accurately de-

scribes the position. Speaking of the father of his hero, he writes, "Papa Wick had been a Commissioner in his day, holding authority over three millions of men in the Chota Buldana Division. . . . Of course, nobody knew anything about this in the little English village where he was just 'Old Mr Wick,' and had forgotten that he was a Companion of the Order of the Star of India."

All this the I.C.S. well understood and expected, but in case any ambitious aspirant to Indian distinction should chance to read these lines, they may save him from disillusion.

The I.C.S. still exists under its old name, but it must be a different business. I am glad to have lived and worked under the old régime, and I am very proud to have done it.

I passed into the I.C.S. when I was under eighteen, and spent two years at Trinity, Oxford, before proceeding to Madras in 1882. The selection of this particular career was purely my own. I had no forebears in India on my father's side, except one great-uncle, a soldier in the Company's Army, distinguished only as a great horseman and a successful gentleman rider. On my mother's side I had a number of uncles, also in the Company's Army, honourable and undistinguished soldiers, who all retired in due course as Colonels and Major-Generals on the liberal terms on which John Company used to get rid of his worn-out servants.

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As a younger son of a not wealthy northern laird, I had to earn my living, and having also strong open-air tastes, a love of all sport, a certain hankering after adventure, and a whole-hearted detestation of desk or clerical work, I thought the I.C.S. would suit me. I should have preferred the Army, but the pay was not good enough. These were not exalted motives, nor, it might seem, likely to lead to a shining success. Perhaps they did not. Still, many a dead-beat has enlisted to get food and shelter, and has made a fine soldier after all.

As I passed in twenty-sixth out of twenty-seven successful candidates, I had no choice of Province, and was posted to Madras, which was considered the least desirable. I did not then, or for many years afterwards, understand the reasons for this avoidance of the Southern Presidency, but towards the end of my service I did. It had nothing to do with the conditions of life, which were in many ways far in advance of those in Northern India, or of climate, for Madras possesses a large range and variety of climates, some of them quite good, and has also the best hill station in India. But for an ambitious man it was hopeless. The possibilities of advancement within the Province were limited, and the prize appointment of Lieutenant-Governor was not open to a Madras man, while, if any Madras man made his way to Simla, however good he might be, he was invariably sent back as soon

as he became a dangerous rival to those who belonged to other and more favoured Provinces. I could give numerous instances in support of what I say, but it would serve no purpose. Promotion within the Province was slow, and, except in the case of glaring failures, far too much regulated by mere seniority. The only local appointments which could be considered first-class were the two memberships of the Governor's Executive Council, and as these were held for five years, a man who was badly placed could sometimes have no chance at all of attaining to them. To show the slowness of promotion, I may say that, when I had completed thirty-one years' service, and was acting as Chief Secretary, I was promised the second vacancy in the Council, which was due to occur in about three years. The first was reserved for my immediate senior in the list. I was then senior to most of the members of the Viceroy's Council and to more than one Lieutenant-Governor, but I was still too junior for the Madras Council. Small wonder that Madras had a bad name and was avoided.

However, I never felt this shoe pinch until the end of my service, when I found myself up against a blank wall, and I do not think that I should have had in any other Province a happier time than I had in the old Presidency which Kipling so ungraciously calls a withered Beldame.

Madras in 1882 certainly was rather withered,

both in appearance and in other ways. The Mount Road, the principal thoroughfare, was a mixture of thatched bazaar and shabby stucco bungalows, none of them inhabited by "sahib-log." The big shops—Spencer's, Oakes', Orr's, Smith's, and others,—now housed in palatial and rather pretentious buildings, were accommodated in tumble-down bungalows. The really fine Marina did not exist. There was only the bare beach with a very imperfect road bordering it. The harbour was a ruin, having been designed and built without adequate appreciation of the tremendous destructive power of a Bay of Bengal cyclone. Steamers landed their passengers and cargo, weather permitting, on the open beach by surf boat. The horse ships from Australia used to dump the animals overboard and shoo them towards the shore, to be seized on arrival by a waiting crowd of syces. A few beasts, devoid of horse sense, occasionally made for the open sea, and had to be pursued by boats and driven or towed in the right direction. I well remember one poor beast landing at St Thomé, a full three miles down the coast, minus a fore-leg, the work of a shark no doubt. The Hotels were simply unspeakable, but, thanks to the still surviving tradition of Anglo-Indian hospitality, few made use of them for long. The famous Club was as good, in many ways, I think better, than it was when I left India, though, of course, many material comforts, which are now common-

places, were not available. At any rate, the cookery, thanks to the famous Colonel Kenny Herbert, was acknowledged the best in India, as, indeed, was the Club itself in almost all respects.

The Governor was Sir M. E. Grant Duff, a Liberal politician, who had been an Under-Secretary of State. His interests were literary, and he gave the impression of being bored, rather than otherwise, by the distinguished shelf on which he had been placed by Mr Gladstone. Like most good Radicals, he was intensely autocratic and intolerant of opposition, also, for the matter of that, of advice, unless the latter came from a quarter from which he was predisposed to accept it, and he had a genius for selecting the wrong advisers. His governorship, which terminated in 1886, was not at all a success, and there were various episodes, dignified by his enemies with the name of scandals, which were in reality nothing more than blunders in administration, due to the want of that quality without which no man can be a successful administrator—I mean the ability to pick and to handle men. He was an enthusiastic botanist.

At the end of his term of office a very brilliant but erratic local lawyer, possessed of a fluent style and a vitriolic pen, who was then coming to the front as an advanced politician and a self-appointed champion of native Indian rights and aspirations, and between whom and the Government of the day there was some bad blood,

attacked him in a pamphlet which he styled "A Black Quinquennium." It made a stir at the time, but, after all, like most things which are overdone, it only served to alienate some who might have sympathised and to incur the disapproval of thoughtful men, who had the vision to see that such attacks on the representative of the Queen-Empress were, though no doubt lawful, certainly not expedient.

The Madras Army, which took such a conspicuous part in the continual fighting which established British supremacy throughout India, and which was faithful and gallant in the Mutiny, had then fallen upon evil days. It was undoubtedly out of date in many ways and absurdly cumbrous, inasmuch as it carried its wives and families about with it, except, of course, on active service. Roberts, who was C.-in-C., was notoriously dissatisfied with it. A mere civilian naturally hesitates to criticise a great soldier, and I risk the charge of impertinence when I venture to question the views and actions of one who was not only a great soldier but also a very great man. Still, I think it is quite open to question whether the defects of the old Coast Army, as it was in the 'eighties, could not have been amended, and thereby an historical and faithful force preserved in a condition to continue the good work which it had done in the past, and which I cannot help thinking it was capable of doing in the future. This view re-

ceives some support from the fact that only the Great War, and their own unexpectedly stout behaviour therein, saved the Mahratta regiments, formerly of the Bombay Army, from the extinction which had already overtaken nearly all the regiments recruited in Southern India. In the 'eighties the accepted creed of military Simla, and of Northern India in general, was that no good thing could come out of Madras; hardly, indeed, out of anywhere except the Punjab and the frontier. Openly to tell a man that he is a poor sort of thing is not the way to improve him, and the same treatment applied to a regiment reacts with even greater force. Naturally no young officer would, if he could help it, join or remain in a Madras regiment, and the senior officers, to a great extent soured and disappointed, saw that there was nothing before them except their pensions. The process of deterioration culminated in the Burmese war of the 'eighties, when it must be admitted that some Madras troops did not add to their laurels. For this catastrophe the blame lay partly with those who had undermined their self-respect, since it cannot be maintained that the Madrasi of the right kind is not a brave enough man. His record proves the contrary. But there was another cause. In the unrestrained striving after mere parade show, a disease which has attacked other armies during long periods of peace, the Madras Army had been recruiting the wrong class. Leaving out

certain less numerous races, the bulk of the inhabitants of the South can be divided into Tamils, inhabiting roughly the country to the South of Madras, and Telugus living north of it. My remarks do not apply to the Moslem, who is of about the same value in both areas. The Tamil Hindu is short, dark, and not good-looking, but he, and particularly the lowest castes of him, has what I make no apology for referring to as "guts." Ask any soldier who has served with the Madras Sappers, all Tamils of the lowest caste or none at all, brothers and cousins of our cooks and syces, what he thinks of them. The Telugu of the Coast districts, on the other hand, is often fair, tall, and handsome, but he is very soft. Consequently, officers who wished to make a fine show on parade filled their ranks with the latter and avoided the former. And they paid for it.

Madras City in 1882 was, as I have said, a seedy-looking place, and when I, aged one month over twenty years, was decanted upon its beach from a surf boat, there was about it little of the glamour of the gorgeous East, and it might have depressed some, but it certainly did not depress me. I was all eagerness to get away to a district and commence the life which I was to lead for at least a quarter of a century. It was, however, at that time the rule that the newly joined Indian Civilian should spend two

months at the headquarters of the Government in order to acquaint himself with his Chiefs and others. I never heard any other reason given for this very unnecessary regulation. It was a waste of time, and incidentally of money. We were required, according to the senseless social custom of the day, to spend the hottest hours of many days in driving in a "palki-bandi" over interminable roads, clad in London kit, and carrying a silk hat, in order to pay calls on the wives of our official superiors, Heads of departments of Government, and non-official leaders of society. Many ladies were considerate enough to make a point of receiving these calls in person, whereby we made some delightful acquaintances, but in many cases we inevitably made acquaintance with nothing more than a "Not at home" box. Their husbands' cards, left for us at the Club, completed the ritual, and an invitation to dinner frequently followed. The social life of Madras in the "cold" season was pleasant enough, but it was really wasted time, because, after joining a District, we were unlikely for some years to see more of Madras than was possible during a few days' joining time on transfer from one district to another, and by the time we attained to the dignity of a job at headquarters, the acquaintances and friends previously made would have disappeared.

There was in the meanwhile plenty of sport of

sorts, and an hour or two daily could with advantage be spent in studying the vernacular languages with a Munshi. One of the first things I did was to buy a horse. He was a cast racehorse, no good at his own job, but a sporting sort of beast, and I have always liked something with blood in it. This one was in the Australian Stud Book, and, which was no recommendation, was also an entire horse. I hunted him with the Madras hounds, and crocked him badly in fording the Buckingham Canal, in which he got bogged and badly strained. He recovered well enough for light work, but I sold him within a year for half what he cost me. I also bought a fourteen hand pony, which proved a much more suitable beast for district work than my first purchase. This pony was what was known as a Mahratta or Deccani tat, a wonderfully hard breed which was then nearly, and soon afterwards entirely, extinct, having been recklessly used up in the Afghan War, and finally wiped out in the Burmese War of the 'eighties. Like most of them, mine was a chestnut, with legs and feet of iron and a vile temper, but was never done with. These Mahrattas were the mounts of the Pindaris, who were, not so long ago, the scourge of the peninsula. Those bodies of predatory horsemen used to cover incredible distances, and I understand that their most outstanding performances were rendered possible by the use of opium as a dope for their mounts. The Mahratta tat was the

“Deccani charger” of Sir Alfred Lyall’s “Old Pindari”—

“When I rode a Deccani charger with a saddle-cloth gold laced,
And a Persian sword and a twelve-foot spear and a pistol
at my waist.”

To this day every village in many parts of the Deccan has its crumbling tower, into which the whole population, with its cattle and gear, used to retire when the Pindaris passed by. The towers were impregnable to light horsemen, and had much the same effect on the Pindaris as the feudal castle in Europe had on the raiding Vikings.

Besides the hunting, there was very good snipe shooting within reach of Madras, but of this I saw nothing at that time. Local knowledge and information were wanting, and there was a good deal of competition for good grounds. Gymkhanas were held frequently, and the Madras Races, at that time somewhat decadent, were held in January. Altogether, the two months passed pleasantly enough, but I was quite glad when the time came to join my first district.

There were some aspects of Madras society which struck me much. Hospitality was unbounded, and throughout the cold weather season there was lavish entertaining. All the leading people gave dances on a large scale, and the bachelors used, at the close of the season, to

repay the hospitality which they had received by means of the largest and most extravagant ball of all. The Governor used to lend the Banqueting Hall for this function, and the custom was kept up until Lord Ampthill put a stop to it. For some years after that the bachelors' ball faded away, for the very good reason that there was no room large enough to hold it in. All this hospitality was freely extended to the newly joined Civilian, and, both by the seniors of his own Service and by others, he was most kindly received. I had, however, not been long in Madras before I perceived—sensed would be the modern word I expect—an indefinable something which was almost suspicion in the attitude of many of my new acquaintances outside my own Service, and principally among those who were not in the service of the Government. Later, but not then, I got to understand it. It was just that the young Civilian was expected to put on "side" and to be guilty of social solecisms. If he did, he was "for it." If he did not, well—he might do so at any moment and must be watched. I am not referring to any personal experiences of my own. There were none such, but others were made the victims of unkind stories, which were often quite untrue, or, at best, were much improved additions of the truth. Of course, there must have been cause for them, but I am certain that such cause was given no more frequently by newly joined Civilians than

by young men of similar age in any other employment. Youth is apt to be bumptious and conceited, and I recognise that "myself when young" was something of an unflicked cub. In that respect the I.C.S. suffers from lack of that discipline by his peers which the young soldier gets in a mess. In a service in which very young men live and work largely by themselves the defect is unavoidable. I came to the conclusion that the veiled hostility to which I have alluded was the result of an older trouble.

There was in early times very considerable jealousy between the servants of the Government, particularly the I.C.S., on the one hand, and the mercantile community on the other. It dated from the days when all Europeans in India, except the Company's servants, were "interlopers." Touchiness on one side and occasional tactlessness on the other had kept it alive. It was exceedingly silly and very snobbish. The feeling persisted, in a decreasing degree, up to the time when I left India. I hope it is dead long ago.

As usual, the ladies of the two communities were even more affected by this absurd feeling than were the men, and they certainly gave more voice to it. A brother officer of mine suffered for years from the effects of a very unkind and, I believe, more than half mendacious story of some rudeness of which he was supposed to have been guilty when paying his call on the wife of a leading business man.

When the Madras Club was young, membership was, I believe, confined to the I.C.S. and the Army. I am not sure whether officers of other Government services were eligible, but British business men certainly were not. The restriction was gradually loosened; thus at one time partners of firms were eligible for membership, but not their assistants, and for a period mercantile members had no right of voting. Happily all that was ancient history before I came to India, and in my time the President of the Club was more often a business man than a person in any other employment, while, among the members, merchants and their assistants far outnumbered all the rest.

But if the I.C.S. had formerly been guilty of snobbish behaviour towards the merchants, the latter went even one better in their attitude towards the shopkeepers. It was an unwritten law of the Club that no retail trader was eligible for membership, and the law was absolutely unbroken until the latter years of my service, when the senior partner of a large firm doing a retail business was, against his will, persuaded by his friends to stand for election, and after a vigorous canvass was elected. This gentleman, although really a shopkeeper, was as well connected by birth as most of the members of the Club, and was in addition a very popular person in society.

Previously there had been a great storm in a teapot about another candidate for election,



an importer of horses from Australia, and a gentleman amply qualified for election to any social Club whatever, personally popular, and as straight as men are made. Purists, however, pointed out that he conducted a retail trade in horses, which was true. A great friend of mine, an officer of the Indian Medical Service, and a very outspoken man, raised the anger of the whole mercantile community by roundly stating at some committee meeting that he personally could not see that dealing in live horses carried any more stigma than dealing in the skins of dead cattle. Now the President of the Club was at that time the senior partner of the oldest trading firm in Madras, a firm which, in common with most others, did a large export trade in hides and skins. The candidate was blackballed, but the silliness of the quarrel caused all sensible people to recognise the absurdity of the restriction, and he was later elected without much difficulty.

No Indian was in my time, or ever had been, a member of the Club, and none such would have had a chance of election. The fact used occasionally to be seized upon by political agitators as a grievance. They were, of course, ignorant of the whole spirit of Club life, which is self-determination. Even home-staying critics have pointed to the exclusion of Indians as an instance of the pernicious race feeling, which they alleged to characterise the Briton abroad. The retention

of the Club as a purely British institution was easily defensible. The life and work of the majority of the members required them daily, and in an increasing degree, to mix with their Indian fellow-subjects, not only in work or business, but also socially, from Government House downwards, and it was surely not asking too much that a man might have, after his day's work, a place where he could for an hour or two take his ease in the society of men of his own race, and those whose habits and customs were the same as his own. I must record that in my old district — Vizagapatam — we ~~freely~~ elected to the Station Club Indian gentlemen whose social position justified the step, and that we never had any cause to regret it. But what suits a small Club does not necessarily suit Madras. On the other hand, the Madras Gymkhana Club, a purely sporting institution, had many Indian members.

Before leaving Madras, I must refer to a phase of social entertainment about which I hold very strong, and not at all generally accepted, opinions. I mean amateur theatricals. The Madras Dramatic Society used to give a performance at least once in every season, usually in the 'eighties one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. Nothing could be more harmless, and the amateur performers gave great pleasure not only to themselves but also to their friends. If it had ended there, and if the theatricals had been not only amateur but

also private, there would be nothing more to be said. But the performances were open to the public on payment, and that I hold to be most impolitic. To any one who understands the Indian view of any kind of theatrical performance by women, and the class into which such women are at once put by Indians, all except the very few who are thoroughly westernised, it is unthinkable that British ladies should be allowed to appear upon a public stage to act before the man in the street from Blacktown. I hold this opinion even when the performance is of the most staid character, but when it comes, as it has done, to the wives of very highly placed officers of Government skirt dancing on a public stage before a partially Indian audience, I think it is time for responsible authority to intervene. I have heard ignorant people say, "What does it matter what that sort of person thinks?" But it does matter. We are in India, and we belong to what used to be the ruling race, ruling, too, principally by prestige, and it is up to us and to our women to do nothing to lower that prestige. The women may not understand, but their men ought to. It is a case of "all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." And it is an instance of the danger which occasionally arises from the presence in India of many Englishmen who know nothing whatever about the Indian.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE given my impressions of Madras as I found it in 1882. I had quite a good time there, but I was not sorry when I was posted in February 1883 to the Salem District as Assistant Collector and Magistrate. The name of the district and its headquarter town has nothing at all to do with the Bible, though I have known people in other parts of India who supposed that the place was a centre of Christianity and missionaries. The real name is Selam, but our ancestors had a habit of spelling Indian names in the same way as any English word which sounded rather like them. Budge-Budge in Bengal is a conspicuous instance. I saw little of the district, as I was kept at headquarters for the six months that I remained there. This, of course, should not have been so, but I was extremely unfortunate in the personality of my immediate superior, the Collector and District Magistrate. That officer was not a success as Head of a District. He was a man who appeared to have mistaken his vocation, being wholeheartedly devoted to music, an art in which he was a recognised

proficient. He had spent his earlier service largely in or about Madras, where his really great musical abilities were, by some, highly appreciated, and he was an expert in the system of official records, about which few I.C.S. men know or have time to learn much. He had, I believe, done good work in reorganising the congested record room of the Board of Revenue, to which body he was Secretary, but this specialised and clerical knowledge and ability were, like proficiency in the Arts, a poor qualification for the administration of a difficult district, as Salem then was.

He took no part in the social life of his District, was not well known personally to any of those with whom, or in command of whom, he had to work, and was not liked by them. By the Indians he was frankly detested.

Under him I learnt absolutely nothing about my work, being in fact given nothing which could be called work to do. Instead of allowing me to occupy or share a bungalow in the European station, some two miles from the City, he insisted on my living in one-roomed quarters on the roof of his office, which was in an undesirable situation on the edge of the bazaar. The object of this arrangement was to have some one always on the spot available to perform the onerous duty of signing the fair copies of his correspondence, which was the only regular duty assigned to me. I do not know if he ever came

to the office himself. I never saw him there. After a short experience I ventured to suggest to him that I might be given some opportunity of learning my work, to which he replied that the only way of learning it was by doing it—true enough so far—and that I could not possibly be given any work to do until I had learnt something about it, a vicious circle indeed! In the meantime I had better occupy myself in reading for my exams.

After a month or two of residence in my inconvenient and unhealthy quarters, I escaped from them by the simple process of leaving them. One of my servants died of cholera, rather more prevalent than usual in the bazaar, and the kindly and hospitable superintendent of Police, Major Whitlock, insisted on my coming out of my undesirable surroundings to stay with him. Shortly afterwards I managed to get a bungalow for myself. My Chief accepted the change without remark, and, after some six months at Salem, I was transferred elsewhere. To this day I look back on my first station and district with keen dislike. No work and no sport, unless a little lawn tennis can be so called, are bad for a youngster in the Indian hot weather, and I sometimes wonder that I did not take to drink or to some of the other easily available vices.

I have said that Salem was a difficult district, and so it was at that time. A few months before I joined it there had occurred the Salem riots,

which were one of those outbreaks of intercommunal passion which give rise to some of the most difficult situations with which the I.C.S. District Officer is called on to deal, but which were not at all so frequent then as they have become since the reforms. The Mahommedan butler of a former Collector, retired from service before my time, had spent some of his "savings" on the construction of a mosque in a quarter of the town where the Hindu community very gravely objected to it. The building should never have been allowed there, but it was so, and it is of no use to go farther back. Trouble arose continually, and at least once a serious outbreak was just prevented. Eventually, about July or August 1882, things really came to a head, and a first-class riot resulted. The Hindu mob burnt the mosque and attacked the Moslems. These, greatly outnumbered, put up the best resistance in their power, but it was not much, and there was a good deal of bloodshed. The police available were very few, and were armed with the muzzle-loading "Brown Bess." They fired one volley, mostly over the heads of the mob, and were then, with their British Officer and the Magistrate who was present, simply swept out of existence.

Pandemonium reigned, and had the mob, as was feared at the time, turned its attention to the European bungalows, there would have been a massacre. Order was not restored until

a wing of Indian infantry arrived by train from Trichinopoly, and these were still on duty at Salem when I joined there. Also police investigation and trials were still going on, and the whole state of public feeling in the district was deplorable. The state of the district called for the very best district officer at the disposal of the Government, but the Government made no attempt to meet the call. This tragical happening gave rise to a very piquant, if highly regrettable, incident. A certain very brilliant member of the I.C.S. was sent to Salem as a special Assistant to the District Magistrate, to relieve him and his Assistants of some of the heavy work of trying the riot cases. A confidential letter, written by that officer to the District Magistrate, was stolen from the latter, and gleefully published in an Indian newspaper. In the letter the writer advised that as many cases as possible should be charged under some of the less grave sections of the Penal Code, in order that they might be disposed of by a Magistrate and need not be committed for trial by the Sessions Judge, from whose decision an appeal would lie to the High Court, which august body, the writer feared, would be inclined to acquit. He ended his remarks in almost exactly the following words :—

“No man is a hero to his valet, nor is the High Court infallible in the eyes of its sometime Registrar (himself), and indeed it is impos-

sible not to feel some distrust of a body of amiable gentlemen who have lately shown such a marked tendency to play to the gallery."

I quote this from memory, but the words used were, as printed in the Indian newspaper, if not exactly as quoted, certainly very nearly so. I do not know what happened, if anything, but I should not suppose that the High Court was pleased or that the Chief Justice failed to let the Government know it.

The same newspaper made also certain statements as to the exact place where the District Magistrate was on the day of the riots, which statements were highly damaging and very libellous. Of course, the Magistrate could take no legal action to defend himself without the orders or permission of the Government. None was taken.

In July 1883 I was transferred to Tanjore, the smallest, the richest, and the heaviest district of the Presidency. The greater part of the district is the delta of the Kaveri river, one vast rice-field under unfailing irrigation. Land was a fabulous price per acre, and was largely held by wealthy men, who let it at exorbitant profit to the actual cultivator. Under the Raiyatwari system of land tenure, which prevails throughout the bulk of Madras, wealthy landholders mean, an enormous amount of work for the revenue establishments, and the Collectorate of Tanjore was no sinecure. The Collector, however, was

very fully capable of dealing with it. He was Henry (later Sir Henry) Stokes, whose death at an advanced age occurred quite recently, a member of a family distinguished for ability, and himself one of the best men of my time. He was a very strong man of unflagging industry, and direct—very direct—speech, entirely without any nonsense or frills. When I joined at Tanjore I drove out to Vallam, seven miles away, where the Collector's house was, a fine roomy bungalow of the old spacious days in a park-like compound. The office was in Tanjore, but Stokes, with a trotting mare in his dogcart, never allowed the inconvenient distance to interfere with business. I found him working in the veranda in pyjamas, having just got up after an attack of fever, and I took to him at once. His direct and forcible way of expressing himself was a delight after the aloof personality of my late Chief, and the brief but comprehensive terms in which he expressed his opinion of that officer made me his devoted admirer. But I was not fated to have the privilege and pleasure of serving under Stokes. Hardly had my belongings arrived at Tanjore when I received orders to proceed to Ganjam, the most northerly district of the Presidency, bordering on Orissa and the Central Provinces.

There was then no way of reaching Ganjam other than by coasting steamer once a week, so I embarked my horses, tents, and kit at

Negapatam, the port of Tanjore, and went by train to Madras to join the boat there. The coasting steamers used to make a leisurely progress from Bombay *viâ* Ceylon and the Madras Coast ports to Calcutta and *vice versa*. They sailed at night between ports and lay off the coast all day working cargo, sometimes two days at a port if trade was brisk. They smelt horribly of the various cargoes which they carried. The worst I encountered was many tons of garlic. The food was oleaginous, and the cabins were infested with tiny red ants, brought on board originally in cargoes of sugar, which had taken up permanent residence, and were apt to make bed a nightmare. We always slept on deck, weather permitting. Cockroaches I can stand, but these minute vicious ants defeated me.

Calling at Masulipatam, where, owing to shallow water, the boat had to anchor six or seven miles out, and again at Cocanada, where also the anchorage was miles off shore, we made our leisurely way northward. The S.W. monsoon was then, in August, in full force in the Bay of Bengal, and the Skipper, who, like almost all the steamer officers, was most helpful, warned me that Gopalpur, the port of Ganjam, where the surf is worse than anywhere else on the coast, would very likely be unapproachable, and advised me to land at least my horses at Cocanada and let them march up the coast.

This I did, and was glad of it, though the march was well over 200 miles.

We arrived at Gopalpur after about five days' voyage, and were greeted with the surf flag, which meant "no communication, surf too heavy." There was nothing for it but to proceed with the steamer. If I had had either experience or informed advice I should have stuck to the ship and returned by the reverse boat from Calcutta, but in my innocence I landed at False Point, the next port, and found myself in the air, or rather in the mud, for there was no way of getting anywhere. Communication with Cuttack, the nearest civilised place, was by canal launch, or something of that sort. The launch had gone, and it was uncertain when she would appear again. Luckily there was a rest-house, in which I camped while I waited for the return steamer. When the steamer did turn up and I boarded her for my second attempt on Gopalpur, I found the Ganjam Superintendent of Police, Harry Ross, returning from leave to England and bound for the same port. Gopalpur was again inaccessible, and we lay off all day, cursing our luck. Towards evening, though the surf flag was still flying, a boat came off with a Eurasian passenger, who was in a desperate hurry, and had bribed the boatmen to take him. The skipper told us now was our chance if we cared to risk it. He lent us a life-belt apiece, and, with our personal belongings, but

none of our heavier luggage, we embarked in the returning boat. It was rather a terrifying experience for a novice, and I know I slipped my shoes off; but the boatmen, men of the fisher caste, who are at home in the surf as soon as they can walk, are extraordinarily skilful, and we got ashore with no more than a wetting. To be upset in the surf is nothing to these men, and though European passengers have often been upset, they have always been brought ashore safely. I do not remember a casualty among such. There have been bad accidents to boats carrying a number of Indian passengers, but these were too numerous for the boat's crew to attend to all of them.

From Gopalpur it is only a drive to the Collector's headquarters at Chatrapur, where I was made welcome by Jeremiah Horsfall, the Collector, and commenced my acquaintance with the Northern Sircars, as the northern Districts of Madras are called, a tract of country for which I have always had a great liking and of which I retain many of my happiest memories.

The District of Ganjam differs in several respects from the rest of Madras, but principally in being inhabited, except in just its South-East corner and in the hill tracts, by a population of Aryan origin, instead of by Dravidians—namely, by Uriyas. The District consists of a strip of coast from the Chilka lake to Chicacole, the latter town and Taluq affording another example

of the barbarous manner in which our forebears mishandled Indian place-names. The real name is Srikakulam. From the coast inland is a plain from twenty to fifty miles wide, freely dotted with isolated hills and mostly under rice cultivation, intersected with scrub and low jungle. The staple crop is rice, but, until the Rushikulya irrigation project was realised, there was no large irrigation system, and the crop depended on tanks which intercepted and stored the monsoon rainfall. A great deal of rice was also grown without irrigation, depending for its life on direct rainfall. This was a gamble, and it often failed, but the raiyat was averse from growing millets and similar "dry" crops, preferring to take his chance with rice, which was a much more profitable crop, even if it turned up trumps only once in three years. Bordering the plain on the west, the Eastern Ghats rise quite sharply to a hilly plateau, varying in height from 1000 to 3000 feet, and extending to the boundary of the Central Provinces. This hill plateau, known as the Maliahs, is inhabited by an aboriginal, or at least pre-Aryan race, the Kondhs. I shall have more to say about those interesting people, as I spent three years among them at a later period. The climate is nothing to boast of, exceedingly hot from March to June, hot and muggy from then to October, when the N.E. monsoon is due. That brings heavy but not long-continued rain, and is fol-

lowed in November by a cold season which is delightful. In the Maliahs, at 2000 feet, morning hoar frost is common, and I once saw a film of indubitable ice. In March the change to the hot weather was rapid, but the three or four months of bright, cool, invigorating weather made up for everything.

Small game shooting—duck, snipe, &c.—was good; big game less so. Bears were plentiful, also panthers; tigers not very rare. Deer of every sort were scarce; there were too many guns in the villages and in possession of the retainers of the numerous Zamindars.

A feature of the District was the large number of Ancient Zamindaris, as they are officially styled. These are held under a permanent settlement made in 1802. The Chiefs who held them were originally petty Rajahs, who ruled as they chose within their own territory, fought with each other, and were the oppressors or the protectors of their own people according to taste. They paid a tribute of some sort to the Paramount Power of the time, Moghul, Hindu, French, Dutch, or British; and when British rule was consolidated, they were permanently settled as proprietors of their estates, without civil or criminal powers, and the tribute or Peishcush payable to the Sircar was fixed in perpetuity. They were a valuable class, mostly very loyal, and with them the relations of the District administration were generally cordial.

They were almost all Uriyas, but the most important of them, Parlakimedi, in the South of the District, was Telugu. I made acquaintance with this pleasant District under very favourable auspices. The District Officers were a real good lot, and, under a Collector who was the man for the place, formed a "happy ship." Of the Collector, Jeremiah Horsfall, it is sufficient to say that he was loved and respected by the whole district, all creeds and colours. That he was known to us all as "Uncle Jerry" places him accurately, as I have never known a man who was commonly called by his Christian name or by an affectionate nickname who was not one of the best. To me, a raw youngster, who had been unfortunate in his previous Chief, he was as a father. He was the soul of kindness and hospitality, knew how to get work out of his men by not worrying them, and knew his charge from A to Z. His methods were old-fashioned and patriarchal, and he did not always see eye to eye with the powers above, a fact which never worried him. He pursued his own way, and that way suited a remote and backward district. He was never so happy as when, seated under a tree with a long Trichinopoly cheroot, he conducted interminable pow-wows with the leading lights of the neighbourhood, to their vast satisfaction and that of their fellow-villagers who formed the audience. He was a real patriarch of the old style, and his people liked it. I was

very happy in the seven months that I spent as Assistant in Ganjam, and acquired a liking for the District which I never lost.

Horsfall lost no time in putting me to work. He gave me restricted magisterial jurisdiction, and kept a careful eye on the way in which I exercised it. He used me for various inspections and local enquiries, which improved my knowledge of the vernacular, and gladly afforded me every opportunity for such sport as was available. I was allowed to accompany some of the other District Officers on tour, and was sometimes sent out on some duty by myself. I soon got extremely fond of camp life, which in the Ganjam cold season would be hard to beat. Round about Chatrapur, the headquarter station, there was magnificent riding ground, and there we had many a grand gallop with a very inadequate pack of promiscuous dogs after fox and jackal. The Indian jackal gives very good sport with hounds or cross-bred dogs which can hunt by scent, but, if hunted by sight, as we were compelled to do, he is either too fast for most dogs or too slow for anything approaching the greyhound type. Where the going is good and extensive, the best sport with him is to be got with dogs which are just not fast enough to kill him by themselves, so that the horseman has to take a hand, and, by pressing and turning the Jack, is able to give the dogs a chance. The little grey fox is different. He has little or no

scent, but he gives a brace of good greyhounds a really good course, and is as likely as not to beat them. They can overhaul him fairly easily, but his powers of jinking would earn the respect of an Altcar hare. I have often seen him reduce a brace of good Australian greyhounds to exhausted impotence, when he would flourish his brush and go right away from them. He also goes to ground freely, though I have observed a curious reluctance to do so if he can escape without it. I think he fears to give away the place. Anyhow, I have several times seen a fox run right over a large earth without suffering to enter. He is a sporting little beast, but, to give of his best, he must be fairly treated, and never coursed with more than two dogs. With more he has not scope for his peculiar tactics, and is fairly easily mobbed.

With regular work, occasional camping, snipe and duck shooting, and morning rides and hunts, the time passed quickly enough till Christmas. I remember only one event a little out of the ordinary. The Raja of Parlakimedi, the most important Zamindari in the District, who was then a minor under charge of the Court of Wards, was sent with his younger brother, in charge of his English tutor, for a tour in Northern India. This was a very wise, and should have been a very beneficial, measure, but it ended in double disaster. The family priests were all against the journey, and declared that the stars promised

nothing but evil of it. Not unnaturally the Court of Wards disregarded their protests, which might well have been inspired by motives other than those alleged. The prophets were right, however. On their way to Calcutta the boys had a beat for chital at Rambha on the Chilka lake, and the younger one shot a beater. He was to blame, inasmuch as he fired into thick cover in the direction from which the beat was approaching, but no worse. It might have happened to any one, especially any one young and excitable. The death was considered to be an accident, and the tour was resumed. At Calcutta the younger boy died of cholera.

The accurate fulfilment of the Brahmin prophecy was noted with awe by all Indians in the District, but I have always noticed that prognostications of the sort, which are common, are readily forgotten when they are wrong, and are proclaimed as miracles of accuracy on the rare occasions on which they are right. It has always seemed that one successful attempt at forecasting events outweighs twenty which are never justified, and the prestige of the Brahmin astrologer never suffers.

Immediately after the death of the beater, Horsfall, who was on tour in the Maliahs, sent me orders to go to Rambha and enquire into the matter. I did so, and reported as indicated. In the course of that duty I made acquaintance with the Chilka lake. That fine sheet of brackish

water is about sixty miles from North to South, and is separated from the sea by only a narrow strip of sandhills. Most of the lake is in Orissa, but a few miles at the South end are within the Ganjam boundary. Similar formations on a smaller scale occur at several places on the Ganjam coast. They are locally called tamparas. They are often thickly grown over with reeds and water plants, and, in the proper season, are crammed with duck. Often, too, snipe are found among the reeds, where there is no suggestion of dry land. On the Gopalpur tampara I once shot thirteen couple of snipe out of a dug-out canoe in at least four feet of water, and lost many more, which could not be found. The Chilka lake is all clear water, at least at the Ganjam end. In December it swarmed with duck of many sorts, and, ignorant and inexperienced as I was, I managed to bag a great many, to my huge satisfaction. Now the railway runs along the western shore, and long before I left India the duck had learnt all about guns and white men in sun hats, and were accustomed to take measures accordingly.

There was another sensation at Parlakimedi just before, or just after, the tragedy at Calcutta. The wife of the young Raja was poisoned by, or at the instigation of, an estate official. The funeral followed immediately, of course, and in a few hours all physical evidence of the crime would have been destroyed. Most for-

tunately the Assistant Superintendent of Police, Mr H. G. Young, had timely information from a smart Indian Inspector that all was not right. He was absent on tour, but, by a forced march, reached Parlakimedi just in time to stop the cremation and to insist on an inquest and a post-mortem. He was justified by the result, as the poor girl's body was found to be full of arsenic. Further investigation resulted in the conviction of the murderer. Mr Young's action was courageous, both physically and morally. Such interference with a religious rite, and with the burial of a high-born lady, might easily have caused a dangerous riot, while if the suspicions on which he acted had been found baseless, it is easy to imagine the clamour which would have arisen, and the demands for his head, which would have been voiced both by the Indian press and by that section of his home-staying compatriots, to whom their own country, and their countrymen overseas, are always in the wrong. As it was, he got great kudos, and deserved it.

After a festive Christmas party at Horsfall's house all the District Officers dispersed to camp in various directions. Horsfall went for the Collector's annual tour among the Kondhs, and I joined him in camp at Surada in February when he came back to the plains. I accompanied him while he did the annual Jammabandi of the Gumsur taluq. I need not describe the

process, but he did it in a different way to most men. It is at best a tedious business, but he liked it, and would sit for hours on end surrounded by hundreds of villagers, who, if they had no request or grievance to bring forward, came to see the show, and perhaps to have a word with their "Father and Mother." I was kept busy making local enquiries and inspections for him, which entailed many hours in the saddle, and was all for the good of my mind and body.

In March we returned to headquarters, and almost at once I got orders of transfer to the Kurnool District as Head Assistant in charge of the Nandyal division.

CHAPTER III.

I LEFT Ganjam with many regrets, but I was keen to undertake my first divisional charge. Accordingly I again braved the Gopalpur surf, nothing at that season, and travelled by rail from Madras to Gooty, whence I marched the sixty odd miles to Kurnool on the banks of the Tungabhadra river, which there divides Madras from H.H. The Nizam's dominions.

Kurnool is one of the three Deccan Districts of Madras. From March to June it is as hot as need be, a dry heat and a scorching wind. During the S.W. monsoon it is comparatively cool and pleasant, though it gets little rain, and from November to February it is bright, cool, and invigorating, sometimes in the early morning positively cold. It consists principally of undulating plains of black cotton soil, partly of stony unfertile red land and scrub jungle, and it is intersected from north to south by the Nallamalai (black mountain) hills. These hills are of no height that affects the temperature, are covered with forest, and reek of malaria. They are inhabited only by a scanty tribe of ignoble

savages, called Chentsus, whose principal occupations used to be hunting and snaring, getting drunk when possible, and wanton or careless firing of the forests, varied by occasional dacoity. The shikar in the Nallamalais was not good. There are no bison, but a good many sambar and chital. Tigers are not rare and panthers common. But there were no shikaris. The Chentsus were too wild and shy, and the villagers adjoining the hills avoided them like poison, as the abode of devils and fever. The only way of getting a tiger was by watching over a kill, unless by an accidental encounter. Mr Wood of the Forests shot a good many, but he had more opportunity and more time to give to it than most District Officers, and he was, in addition, a superlative jungle man. In the plains black buck were everywhere, and the Chinkara gazelle in suitable localities. I had a lot of shooting at both. •

My headquarters were at Nandyal, in the black cotton plain some ten miles from the Nallamalais. There was no house of any kind for me. I was expected to live in tents under such shade as could be got from some very scraggy tamarind trees. This was really cruelty in the Deccan hot weather, but I do not remember that I minded very much. I was generally on tour. Later on the Government allotted the magnificent sum of Rs. 500, then about £40, for me to provide myself with shelter, and my tepsildar got erected for

that sum a wattle and daub two-roomed hut on a mud plinth with a thatched roof, without either bathroom or stables. It struck me as an apt example of the luxury of the gorgeous East, as some of our friends at home picture it. The railway from Guntakal, on the Madras-Bombay line, to Bezvada, at the head of the Kistna delta, was then under construction as a State railway, and it passed through Nandyal. Several engineers and a chief storekeeper were stationed there, and were provided, out of the funds allotted for construction, with very sound pukka bungalows. It struck me as rather anomalous that the railway men, who were, of course, only there for the period of construction, should be so liberally provided with accommodation, while I, who was supposed to be a permanence, was treated so differently. The division was an easy one, and I had plenty of time on my hands. The only thing that gave any trouble was the very mixed pack of contractors and sub-contractors and their myrmidons who were engaged in constructing the line. Some of them were apt to be very zabardasti in their dealings with the peaceful Deccan villager, and I had to intervene with emphasis on more than one occasion.

The line referred to is now merged in the Madras and Southern Mahratta system. It was constructed with the object of opening up the Kurnool District to make the heart of it accessible to transport of grain from the wealthy

irrigated country on the East Coast. At that time the great Madras famine of 1877-78 was a very recent memory. It was before my time, but I heard a great deal about its horrors from those who had been engaged in fighting it, and its traces were still visible about the district in the jungle-grown ruins of abandoned villages, the population of which had either died or drifted aimlessly away to die elsewhere. One of the worst difficulties in that famine, at least in Kurnool, was that, while there was no food in the villages, it was almost impossible to put any there. Train-loads of grain were dumped from the railway at Gooty and other stations, and I remember a vivid description of how the mountains of bags lay there till they sprouted or rotted and smelled horribly, while villages at no very great distance were starving for want of it. Transport was the crux. The bullock cart was the only available form of it, but the bullocks were all starved and weak. They had to be fed on the journey, which was protracted by their unfitness, and they ate the bulk of their load, necessarily a light one, before they reached their destination. There was nothing else for them to eat. For hundreds of miles there was no green thing and no dry fodder. After the construction of a railway through the heart of the district, this could never happen again in anything like the same degree. The famine of 1897 proved that. The failure of the crops was then complete, but the.

supply of food never failed—for those who could buy it.

There is no doubt that many, many famines as bad as that of 1877 have occurred at greater or less intervals in most parts of India from time immemorial, and that they decimated the population in the same way or more so, while the accompanying horrors of cholera, smallpox, and the like worked their will. But there is no record and no tradition of any relief measures by the then rulers. And yet there are foolish people who sigh for the good old times.

Kurnool was not a favourite district. It was hot, lonely, and supposed to be unhealthy. The last epithet it only partly deserved. The headquarter town was no sanatorium, and the Nallamalais were poisonous, but I do not think there was any reason to condemn the rest of the district, apart from occasional epidemics of cholera, which may occur anywhere. In the hot weather, one may admit, the black cotton plains were dreary enough, miles upon miles of black fields, unbroken except by tufts of bleached grass and scattered babul bushes, and dotted at wide intervals with sparse clumps of tamarind trees which indicated a village, with the hot wind howling across them and the sun beating down from a sky of brass. But the same country in a decent monsoon, a sea of green cholum (millet) and cotton, with the cool breeze from the west rippling the young crops, was pleasant enough to the eye, while

in the cold weather the climate and aspect were as good as need be. There is something about the wide, spaciousness of the Deccan plains which has always attracted me, and though I was never stationed in the district except for this brief period of my early service, I several times revisited it, when on tour in higher appointments, and always with pleasure.

At the beginning of the cold weather of 1884 I was relieved of the Nandyal charge and sent to do a course in surveying and settlement in Tanjore and Madura. I was afterwards in March posted to the charge of the Ramnad division of the Madura District. That division was, and no doubt is, a most unattractive country, a sandy swampy peninsula stretching out South-Eastwards through Pamban Island towards Ceylon. In those days it had only one alleged road, from Madura to Ramnad, and in the wet season that was generally breached and practically impassable. The country was all flat plain, salt swamp, sand, and palmyra trees, and the inhabitants were less to my taste than those of any other part of Madras with which I was acquainted. The division comprised the two large Zamindaris of Ramnad and Sivaganga, both sunk in debt, and both later taken over by and managed in the interests of the creditors. The bulk of the work was criminal, both trying first-class Magistrates' cases and hearing appeals from subordinate Magistrates. There were also numerous

summary suits under the Rent Act to be dealt with. The Maravas, who are the caste principally represented in the division, were very litigious, and the division was a happy hunting-ground for the vakil class.

The Maravas had some traditional reputation as a fighting class, but they seldom, if ever, enlisted in the Army. I could never discover upon what this reputation was based, for, although prone enough to dacoity and other violent crime, my experience of them induced the belief that their fighting spirit manifested itself only against an unresisting or much weaker enemy. I may have been wrong. My predecessor had apparently possessed an, as I considered it, excessively judicial mind. At least I found that he had allowed the magisterial and judicial work to increase till the Divisional Officer was practically snowed under. I set myself to right this, and had some success. First, I found that disputes about land or water, which were very common, were frequently taken by the parties to the Magistrates' Court, instead of to the Civil Courts, where they rightly belonged, with a view to get a decision at less expense than was possible in the latter. The method was simple. The two parties, with their partisans, managed without difficulty to get up a quarrel on the disputed site. The quarrel led to a scrap, and after a few heads had been broken, not too badly, each party lodged a criminal complaint

against the other. The correct procedure, as conceived by them, was for the Magistrate to acquit the party to whom he considered the disputed right to belong, and to find the other party guilty with appropriate punishment. This decision was most generally accepted as determining the dispute, at least for the time being, or at worst, as forming a useful starting-point for proceedings in the Civil Court. I declined to follow the expected course, and unless I found that one party was distinctly and in reality the aggressor, and that the other was only an unwilling participant in the scrap, which was seldom the case, I made it a rule to convict and punish both parties for rioting or other criminal offence, and refused absolutely to constitute myself judge of a purely civil dispute, which ought to be decided in the District Munsiff's or higher civil court. This new view of the matter filled the litigants and vakils with astonishment, and evoked loud protests from the latter, who were making a good thing out of the abandoned procedure; but it was extraordinarily effective in reducing the work which was being improperly thrust upon the overworked criminal court. In consequence, fights about land or water grew much less frequent.

Then, in the rent suits I found that my predecessor had allowed the vakils to follow in practice the procedure which was laid down in the Civil Procedure Code for the regular civil

courts. I insisted on adhering to the summary procedure laid down in the Rent Act for the Revenue Courts, and thereby succeeded in expediting disposal and working off arrears, a course which was greatly to the advantage of the litigants, if not of their professional representatives.

It is a commonplace that the Indian is fond of litigation, and the legal profession, requiring as it does no capital, is by far the most lucrative one in India, granted always the possession of the necessary brains. It was, in consequence, overcrowded, and the resulting competition among its less successful ornaments was by no means for the good of the community at large. It seemed to me that a wealthy Hindu often took to litigation as a sport, just as a wealthy Englishmen may take to racing, and paid excessive fees to the reputed best lawyers just as a racing man does to a fashionable jockey.

The assessment of the Income Tax, only lately introduced, gave me a lot of trouble. The division was the home of a caste of Chettis (traders) known as Nattukottais, mostly very rich indeed, trading over Southern India, Burma, the Straits Settlements, and the Middle East. These Chettis kept most complete and accurate accounts on a system of their own, which no man, except a Nattukottai, could possibly understand. To make them more impossible, they were always written with a pointed stylus on cadjans, strips of dry

palm leaf, which were strung together in bundles. In practice there was no way of assessing a Nattukottai's income except on "information received," and this I had to do. An objector or an appellant often arrived at my office with a bullock cart loaded with his accounts, which were carried in by a servant in two or more journeys. He would then sit down on the floor and proceed, if allowed, to intone the contents of the cadjans for hours. He knew very well that they conveyed no information, and he did not intend that they should, and, in effect, the assessment was little better than guess work. A cynical friend alleged that I assessed Nattukottais by the girth of their waists and the size of the diamonds and emeralds on their fingers. It was not true, though I dare say that method would have been as accurate as any other. However, I felt comfortable about it, because I was certain that, though some of my assessments might be very wide of the mark, they were very seldom excessive.

Ramnad was a lonely spot. It lay on the main pilgrim route to Ramesvaram, the spot from which the god Rama built, with the aid of monkeys, the bridge to Ceylon, which now remains as Adam's Bridge, a semi-submerged reef. Cholera outbreaks were therefore frequent. My only white companion was the Assistant Superintendent of Police, and he never stayed longer than he could help. There were four of them

during my own stay there. Of sport there was very little. No duck and very few snipe, and a very few black buck in widely scattered places. The best available sport was coursing the little grey fox, for which purpose I always managed to have some dogs. I really hated the place, but I know it did me good. It was there that I began to find myself and realise my responsibilities. I was left by the Collector to run my charge in my own way, and he never interfered, though I well knew that he had his eye on me, and that is much the best way to train a youngster. Of the Collector I must say a word. He was one of the ablest men in the service, not popular and not personally pleasant. He kept very much—too much—to himself, but he had his finger on all the strings and knew his job. But he was cursed with a cantankerous disposition, and was restive under authority. He fell very foul of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's government, was absurdly suspected of malpractices, of which I never for a moment believed he was guilty, and was eventually removed from the District under a cloud while an investigation was held which proved absolutely futile. The fact that the enquiry was held behind his back by a senior officer of much ability and great experience, with a fluent command of the vernacular, while the subject of it was in temporary disgrace, and that nothing whatever came of it, is sufficient proof that the suspicions were unjustified. The Collector

was even suspected of having organised the attack upon a member of the Board of Revenue, who was dacoited on his way to the Palni hills and severely beaten. This was really too absurd. The affair was an ordinary dacoity, which was then not an uncommon incident on the road in question. I served under this officer again a few years later, when he had been restored to his proper position and promotion, and although he had the defects which I have indicated, I never received from him anything but consideration, fair treatment and support, while his ability could not fail to secure admiration. Any of my contemporaries will know to whom I allude. I write of him as I found him, but I know that the general opinion would not agree with mine.

After some eighteen months in Ramnad I joyfully accepted the offer, in September 1886, of a temporary job as Deputy Registrar of the High Court in Madras. This I held till the permanent holder of the post returned from leave in August 1887. The latter was not in the I.C.S., but was the son of a former Chief Justice. There was nothing in it of the least interest, and practically no work. All that I had to do could have been done as well by a sensible clerk on Rs. 50 per mensem, but the change from Ramnad to Madras was welcome and enjoyable. It appeared to me that Madras society had, during even my short absence of four years, grown perceptibly less formal and a good deal pleasanter. For

instance, the ancient and absurd custom of appearing on the beach in the evening in London kit was rapidly disappearing, and a greater laxity in the observance of similar obsolete conventions was apparent. Lord Connemara had succeeded Sir M. E. Grant Duff as Governor, and the change generated a decidedly more genial atmosphere at Government House. Lord Connemara was perhaps a little too old to commence an Indian career, but he was a sporting Irishman and very popular. His reign was human and free from unpleasant official incidents, and when it was prematurely terminated, after some four years, owing to domestic troubles, public sympathy was shown by a send-off of a more genuinely hearty and regretful character than any other of my experience, this in spite of, or was it because of, the fact that he was socially in disgrace.

There was plenty of sport of sorts in Madras. I very soon horsed myself a good deal better than had been called for in the districts, and seldom missed a meet of the Madras Hounds. The M.F.H. was Mr John Fortune of Parry & Co., who showed capital sport. I also began to dabble in racing, filling the post of Sub-Secretary for racing to the Gymkhana Club, and achieved some small successes at minor meetings. •

During the High Court recess of two months in the hot weather I had to remain on duty in Madras, but got a few days' leave to Ootacamund,

my first experience of that best of Indian Hill Stations. The distinctive charm of "Ooty" lies in its grassy downs, the undulating plateau which surmounts the Eastern portion of the Nilgiri range. The downs afford the best of riding, and though, owing to swamps in the bottoms, a knowledge of the country is necessary and straight riding to hounds is not possible, the sport with the Ooty hounds cannot be matched by any other pack in India. The swamps, impassable by horses, do not stop hounds, and over the sound turf they travel at a pace which I have never seen exceeded, and not often equalled, in England or Ireland. The hill jackal is an animal of wonderful speed and bottom. I should consider him the superior of most of the pampered foxes of the English counties. The pack then consisted of imported foxhounds, but later on many were successfully bred on the hills, and the country-bred hounds were quite the equals of the imported. Altogether the hunting was really good. Of course, the absence of fences was regrettable, and riot of many sorts a serious nuisance. It is hard indeed to stop hounds off sambur, and quite impossible to make them steady to pig, the scent of which appears to madden them. The pack has at times suffered badly when a fighting boar has been bayed in a difficult place, and encounters with panther and hyena have occurred. In view of this possibility of trouble, the hunt was followed by a

mounted hunt servant, whose appearance used to rouse the astonishment and amusement of new-comers. This functionary carried, among other weapons of offence and defence, a terrier in a bag, a rifle, a hog spear, a pick, and a spade. He looked like an equestrian Christmas tree.

Though there were plenty of pig, pig-sticking was never found possible on the hills, the swamps and the sholas, both impassable by horses except by known paths, were too heavy a handicap. It has been tried, but always without success or with disaster. Mr "Dante" Hodgson, a hard man as ever rode the downs, was dangerously cut by a boar, the tusk just missing the femoral artery, and Major "Slock" Dennistoun also got a nasty wound when whipping hounds off a boar.

The Ooty correspondent of the 'Madras Mail' once astonished sportsmen in the plains by a telegram to the effect that "Mr Rees has broken his collar bone, pig-sticking." That rising member of the I.C.S. and future M.P. was a more enthusiastic than accomplished horseman, and people wondered what he had been doing. Later and more detailed information turned wonder to amusement when it was learnt that the quarry was a "basti wallah," and the lethal weapon a billiard cue. It transpired that Rees and a few other young bloods, in default of the real sport, had organised a lark of the nature indicated. It is, of course, possible to get just as bad a fall in

pursuit of a village pig as of the mighty boar himself.

The charm of the Nilgiri hills, even apart from the sport which they afford, once experienced, never palls—I think they must be allowed to rank among the more delectable spots of the globe. My first experience of them was brief, and I returned to the monotony and tedium of the Madras hot weather until, on the return of the permanent Deputy Registrar, my temporary appointment in the High Court came to an end, and I was granted three months' privilege leave to England in August 1887.

After nearly five years abroad the joy of re-visiting home for the first time is an experience which never afterwards fully repeats itself. Of my seven weeks or so in England and Scotland I enjoyed every minute, but the experience has been shared by all Anglo-Indians, and I need not dwell on it. Of the famous Jubilee I saw nothing, but heard much. Britain was then, it seems to me, just emerging from the dull insularity of the early and mid-Victorian period, and awakening to what became almost an orgy of imperialism, culminating at the end of the century. It was perhaps overdone at times, but it was all to the good in the long-run.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURNING to Madras at the end of October 1887 I found myself, to my great joy, posted to the Ganjam District as Special Assistant Agent. In explanation of the designation I may say that the Collectors of the two northern districts, Ganjam and Vizagapatam, were officially called Collector, District Magistrate, and Agent to the Governor, Collector and District Magistrate as in all other districts, and Agent because of the existence in each of their charges of a large tract of very malarious hill and jungle country, inhabited by backward tribes and administered under a special Act, which excluded the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts and gave to the Agents and their Assistants unusual powers. The District Judge's Court did not function at all in the Agency, and the High Court only as a Court of Criminal Appeal. The Agent was himself District and Sessions Judge in those tracts, and his Assistants and subordinate Magistrates also had civil as well as criminal jurisdiction.

I was delighted to find Hor. 'all still at the helm, as well as many other district officers

whom I had known there four years earlier. My headquarters were at the pretty little station of Russelkonda, just outside the Agency. There the special Assistant and the Assistant Superintendent of Police had good bungalows, though they were never there between November and June, the whole of that period, except a few days at Christmas, being occupied in touring in the hill country.

Russelkonda, or Russell's Hill, took its name from an old-time Collector who fought a small and successful war against the rebellious Raja of Gumsur. It was a pretty spot, surrounded by low hills and jungle, very pleasantly cold from November to February, and furiously hot from March to July.

No one who visited the place in that generation will fail to remember that remarkable character, Thomas Reay. He was the jailer of a small jail maintained there for convicts from the hill country who were unable to stand the Coast climate of the regular District jail. He was nominally under the Special Assistant, who was incidentally Superintendent of the jail, but, owing to that officer's prolonged absences, Reay was in practice supreme. He was an old Company's soldier, born in India and never out of it; but he was a typical British Tommy, and a specimen of the best type of old soldier of that day. Almost illiterate, he wrote as he spoke, misplacing his H's; thus "'e his" sometimes

meant "he is." I have never encountered a similar peculiarity on paper. To myself and the A.S.P. he was invaluable. In our absence he took charge of our houses and gardens, also of servants and horses, if any were left there, kept up our supplies, and acted as forwarding agent. He could have been trusted with untold gold, and was held in the greatest respect by the local inhabitants, to whom, in many matters, his word was law. Like most of his kind, he had married a woman of colour, and had a family which was not up to his own standard. He ran a capital garden, in which the convicts worked and which was manured in the Japanese manner by their agency. In it he grew vegetables for consumption in the jail, and also, in the cold weather, very good English vegetables, as well as all kinds of Indian fruit, which found a ready sale. He has long gone to his rest. May his bones lie easy.

The A.S.P., Jan Meredith, had started his touring season in the hills before I arrived, so I joined him as soon as possible. Meredith had been at Russelkonda for seven or eight years, far more than was good for him, but he was fond of the place, and was the proper man for it. His untimely death some years later was directly due to too long a residence in that very unhealthy tract. He was rather a remarkable character. Not in the least a keen sportsman, though always ready to join in any sport that

was going, he nevertheless loved the jungle and the jungle people. Most men after so long a period, or much less, of solitude and separation from civilisation get very careless about their dress. I must confess that my own every-day kit in the Agency was a flannel or cotton shirt, open at the neck, and flannel trousers or khaki breeches, reinforced in the cold weather by a jacket or a sweater; but Meredith was always turned out neatly. He had the keenest sense of humour, saw the funny side of everything, and was the best of camp companions. We toured together till Christmas, and I learnt much from him about my charge and the people therein.

The inhabitants of the Ganjam Agency, the Maliahs as they were always called, are an aboriginal, or at least pre-Aryan, tribe, the Kondhs, with a smaller number of hill Uriyas, differing little from the Uriyas of the Ganjam plains. The Uriyas supplied the majority of the Chiefs or Patros, each of whom was the hereditary ruler of a larger or smaller "Muttah." Each had a bodyguard of Uriya retainers, called Paiks, some of whom carried matchlocks, but very few any more modern firearm. The Patro's rule was accepted by the Kondhs of his Muttah, and the Government recognised and supported him, *durante bene placito Rege*. The Kondh chiefs or Molikos were under the Patros, but there were Muttahs without any Patro in which

the Molikos were supreme. This feudal system worked very well. It was taken over, more or less in working order, from the Gumsur Raja and other chiefs who were deposed by Russell and other men of old time. The Kondhs were remarkably loyal and faithful to their Patro, and very seldom was there trouble between them. I had one bad case of a bullying and overbearing Patro, who very nearly goaded his Muttah into a "fituri." As it was, when I went to enquire into complaints, and had him and most of his people together for the purpose, he was within an ace of being killed under my eyes. He hurled some very foul insult at his accusers, and in a twinkle he was mobbed. Tangis were brandished round his head, and whoops and yells spurred his quondam vassals to fury. The Subordinate Magistrate, a Eurasian named Bartley, and I had to dash into the mêlée, and, with vigorous language and some hefty cuffs, succeeded in restoring the respect which was due to the Sircar. The Patro had to be removed from his position.

The Kondhs are a very peculiar people. In appearance they resemble many of the other jungle tribes of India, being short, strong and active, broad-nosed, with high cheek bones, and not very dark-skinned, not so dark as many of the Tamilians of the South. But, although a jungle and apparently an aboriginal tribe, they are much higher in the scale of civilisation

than most of the supposed aborigines.- They live in decent villages in substantial thatched houses of roughly hewn timber, and they are good cultivators. They grow rice in the valleys where irrigation from streams is available, and they indulge in the wasteful and destructive "Kumeri" cultivation, burning a strip of forest and growing a crop of millet or pulse in the ashes. They are keen on meat, pig, buffalo, and any kind of game, clever setters of traps and snares, and most destructive hunters. They are also great drunkards. In person they are clean and rather dandies, fond of bright-coloured cotton cloths, home-woven, with gay feathers or flowers in their hair, and they are merry, good-tempered, little men, who seem to enjoy life thoroughly.

At that time, however it may be now, they never used firearms, their weapons being the bow and arrow and the "tangi." With their short strong bows they were very bad shots, except at the closest range, but the arrow, with its barbed soft iron head, was a deadly weapon if it took effect. I have seen the head of one protrude on the far side of a hind sambur, a fairly solid object. The tangi is a peculiar battle-axe: a three feet haft of black wood, profusely ornamented with brass, and a head of various shapes, half moon, double half moon, or star shaped, fixed to the haft by a slender iron neck. The tangi was to the Kondh what the sword was to

an eighteenth century gentleman, a badge of gentility and his constant companion. Seldom would he leave his house without it on his shoulder, but he never used it except in a fight or when hunting; a small thick-headed axe was the tool of utility.

From April to the rains the Kondhs were nearly all, and nearly always, drunk. I have at that season entered villages and found no male inhabitant capable of answering a question. Fortunately the women did not drink. Those hot-weather months were also the season for hunting, for which purpose temporary, or at least partial, sobriety was necessary. Their method of shikar was simply to beat the jungle before them in an extended line. Any living thing which was roused within range was greeted with a shower of arrows, and, if hit, was pursued to the death with wonderful tenacity and endurance. Game was very scarce in their country owing to their determined methods, but one kill in a good many days seemed quite to content them, and was followed by a feast and an extra drink. I always thought that their methods had a resemblance to those of the wild dogs, and they were hardly less destructive. As beaters for civilised shikar they were useless. Their only idea was to put the rifle at a pass or other spot where he took his chance, and very seldom got a shot. Their drink was the fermented juice—called in Madras “toddy”—of

the sago palm, which tree abounded in most places, and, in season, the foul-smelling spirit distilled from the Mohwa flowers. As might be expected among an excitable and bibulous people, never without a lethal weapon to hand, fatal fights were common, but deliberate murder very rare. The trial of a Kondh, charged with any offence, presented no difficulty. He always made a clean breast of the facts; in fact they were a very truthful people, not, I think, from principle, but from sheer simplicity and mental incapacity to invent a false story. Suicide was common, which was curious among such a cheerful people. The usual method was by hanging with "Siyali doudi," literally jackal rope, a tough flexible creeper of the liana kind. Fatal accidents not infrequently occurred from drunkenness. A man would climb a sago palm to get at his toddy pots, and would take such a hearty drink, without waiting to descend, that his descent, when attempted, ended in disaster.

I do not pretend to understand their religion, though one of the earlier pioneers, who opened out the Maliahs, wrote an elaborate account of it. The one thing which stood out in it was human sacrifice, which was really its essential element, a practice which gave much trouble to suppress. It was known as the "Meriah" sacrifice, and was firmly established when the first British officers entered the hills. This was in the middle part of the nineteenth century.

The Kondhs, though unable to meet regular troops or armed irregulars in a pitched battle, defended their independence bravely, and their skill in surprises, ambushes, and such forms of guerilla warfare had many successes. There was a short cut up the ghat between Russelkonda and Udayagiri, where a whole company of Native Infantry, with its British officers, was ambushed, surrounded, and massacred. I knew the spot well, and the story was fresh enough in my time. A cup-shaped depression in the jungle, commanded on all sides by steep slopes, afforded an opportunity which was not missed, and the muzzle-loading Brown Bess was unable to beat off an attack which commenced with an avalanche of rocks and was finished off with the bow and the tangi. This was just one of those nameless and forgotten tragedies which the consolidation of British rule entailed, and of which even the tradition will soon be lost, or is so already.

After much irregular fighting the Maliahs were finally pacified, and resigned to the rule of the Sircar at the cost of promises to the Kondhs, which were religiously observed, and which I hope are so still. The chief of those promises were that the Kondhs should not be taxed, and that their drink should be free of excise.^o On the other hand, they were to afford supplies and facilities to touring officers and to carry their tents and baggage when required,

those forms of assistance to be paid for. These, however, were really minor matters compared with the abolition of the Meriah sacrifice. The Kondhs had to agree to this, and to understand that any return to the practice would entail the death penalty. Its final suppression, however, was, I think, due less to fear of punishment than to removal of temptation, which was easier than might have been expected, owing to the peculiar conditions under which alone the sacrifice was supposed to effect its object. That object was agricultural prosperity, timely rains, and good crops. It is known that the sacrifice was intended to propitiate a species of Earth Goddess. Just any kind of victim would not do at all. The victim had to be bought; he could not be stolen or captured, or provided in any other way than by purchase. It might seem that sellers would be hard to find in sufficient quantity, since very many sacrifices were required, one for each of a large number of small areas, but the difficulty was not serious. There was a caste—the word is inappropriate since these people are not Hindus, but it expresses my meaning—called Panos, weavers by profession, occupying the position of Helots under the Kondhs, and used to do their dirty work for them. These were employed to steal and kidnap victims, generally children from the villages in the plains, and the Kondhs then bought them from the Panos. Once bought, the destined Meriah was

sacred, and was kindly treated until required to fulfil his destiny. He was allowed free about the village until old enough to understand, and was then confined without unnecessary severity. The procedure of the sacrifice differed in different localities, but the following description applies to a large part of the Ganjam Maliahs.

There was at Baliguda, at the gate of the Reserve police lines, a fine and well-preserved specimen of the sacrificial post. It has probably fallen to pieces by this time. It was called "Hatti Mundo," the elephant's head. A strong upright post passed at right angles through another thicker beam, which was free to revolve round it. The thicker end of the horizontal cross-piece had a not too fanciful resemblance to an elephant's head with a downward sloping point to represent the trunk. The victim, with much drumming and piping, was bound to the head and trunk, which were made to revolve round the upright post. At the proper point in the ceremony the assembled crowd, mad with liquor and excitement, fell upon him with their tangis and literally cut him to pieces, each man striving to cut or tear off a fragment of the body, which he then took home and buried in his field. The last was the essential point. It assured the crop for the year. The victims, who were in custody in the villages, awaiting their time, were collected with more or less difficulty by the local Officers and removed to

the plains, where they were settled on the land. There were whole villages of them in the Gumsur Taluq in my time, and I had one as a domestic servant. This wholesale removal took away all immediate temptation, and great watchfulness did the rest.

The suppression was in the end complete, but the sacrifice was allowed to continue with a buffalo to represent the human Meriah. It was cruel and disgusting, but it constituted a step towards civilisation. The substituted sacrifice was far from giving complete satisfaction to the Kondhs, and I have more than once heard them complain of its inefficiency and express a desire to return to the orthodox rite, though they knew and accepted the fact that no such revival would ever be allowed by the Sircar. Perhaps it will revive with the complete attainment of Swaraj.

I never saw the buffalo sacrifice, and even Meredith, who had been so long in the Maliahs, had never seen it. Old hands strongly advised the repression of curiosity. The performers were on those occasions so maddened by drink and blood that it was not considered politic to mix with them. I do not think there would have been personal danger, but small respect would have been shown to any spectator, and, on the old and sound principle that you should never give an order to which you cannot be sure of securing obedience, it would have been unwise

for authority to put itself in a position where its prestige might easily have been compromised.

Dancing, accompanied of course by drink, was a favourite amusement, as it seems to be among all people low in the scale of civilisation. I intend no reflection on the civilisation of post-war Britain. The Kondh dance took the form of a sham fight with bows and tangis. The dancers divided into two parties, which advanced and retreated, feinted and attacked, to the accompaniment of weird whoops and yells and the throbbing of war drums. So excited did the dancers become that it seemed at times that there must be bloodshed. Opposing parties of maddened little men, yelling defiance at each other and brandishing battle-axes round each other's heads, certainly looked like it. Bows were drawn, luckily without arrows, abuse and insults exchanged, and provocative gestures of an indecent character indulged in, all with perfect good-humour and intense enjoyment. This went on for hours, or as long as the drink lasted and the dancers could stand up. A District Officer could have a first-class dance at his camp at any time, as the surrounding villagers were only too pleased to oblige, if only the drink were provided. The difficulty was to stop it when once begun. Half an hour of it was amusing; hours became wearisome. When His Majesty the King visited Madras in 1906 as Prince of Wales, the then Special Assistant Agent,

John Heaney, most cheery of Irishmen, brought a party of Kondhs to Madras to dance before him. The show was a success; the difficulty was to stop it, but Irish tact was equal to the occasion. Heaney suggested to the excited performers that they should dance round the town to show the mild citizens of Madras something worth seeing, and the bait took. The expedition was, however, in one way a misfortune, as the coast climate is deadly to natives of the Maliahs, and of the party who visited Madras to see the Great King's son, many paid the penalty on their return to their hills.

At the risk of prolixity I must mention another outstanding characteristic of the Kondhs, their tendency to indulge in a periodical "Fituri." A Fituri was a small local rebellion, and everything depended on how it was handled. Generally on account of some unredressed grievance, and sometimes for no sufficient ascertainable cause, a village or a Muttah would break out. All the fighting-men took to the hill-tops, war cries and war drums resounded, and there might be isolated attacks on inoffensive Uriyas, probably money-lenders, who really deserved it. There was usually more noise than damage, though there might be a scrimmage with the police, but this was avoided if at all possible. The great thing was to localise the trouble, and if the Fituridars could be brought to parley at an early stage, to which end the services of the

local Patro were invaluable, trouble of a serious character could generally be avoided. If, however, it did spread, there were possibilities of protracted difficulty. How troublesome these things may become, not only in the Kondh country but anywhere in the hill tracts of the three northern Districts, has been proved on many occasions. The most conspicuous instances are the Rampa rebellion of the early 'eighties, and the troubles in Kalahandi of the Central Provinces, just over the Madras border, also in the 'eighties. In the latter case the Ganjam police had to come to the rescue, and there was fortunately a strong man on the C.P. side, Mr Berry, I.C.S., who was obliged to exceed his legal powers to an extent which made it a toss-up whether he was decorated or broken. The C.P. Government and the Supreme Government had the sense and the vision to take the former course. There has also, since my time, been a very troublesome disturbance in the period of unrest which followed the War.

In due course Horsfall came up to the hills for his annual tour in the Maliahs, and held "Bhets" at central places. A "Bhet" was a species of darbar, at which the Patros, Molikos, and other chiefs attended with their vassals, all in their gala finery. The Agent sat in front of his tent or the rest-house with the Police Officers and me beside him. In due order of precedence each chief advanced in turn, made his obeisance

and presented a gift of trifling or symbolical value, was given an audience on matters of interest or grievances, and received from the Agent a gift proportioned to his importance. When all the chiefs had been disposed of, articles of trifling value were scattered among the crowd and scrambled for; then, with yells of delight and laughter, the assembly broke up, the crowd resolved itself into its component elements, and returned to its villages with continuous drumming, yelling, and dancing.

At the end of my first cold season in the hills, Meredith was promoted to Madras, and I finished the touring season alone, and in June I went down to my headquarters at Russelkonda for the rains, as was the custom. The S.W. monsoon is fairly heavy in the Eastern ghats, and the earthen roads became impassable, though I had two elephants. Besides, the Kondhs were then busy with their cultivation, the drinking and hunting season was over, and with it any chance of trouble. The four months easy in Russelkonda was a very welcome rest.

During that time my brother, then a subaltern in the R.F.A. at Allahabad, paid me a visit, and we had some six weeks' shikar about the Gumsur Taluq. The black bear of the plains, *Ursus labiatus*, was very plentiful all over Ganjam; panthers were common, if not easily circumvented; and there was always the chance of a tiger. For some religious reason the Ganjam

Uriya would not kill a bear, though there was a quite unnecessary Government reward for the skin, so the animal flourished. We had fair sport, getting thirteen bears, three panthers, and a very few head of other game. Deer, pig, &c., were very scarce, owing to the number of matchlocks in possession of the villages. When the Gumsur Raja was deposed, his territorial forces were retained by the Government for service if required, and they did prove useful on various occasions, not as a fighting force, but as escorts, guards, guides, &c. They were left in possession of their land, which they held on service tenure, and necessarily of their arms. Hence these tears. A matchlock, five or six feet long, loaded with a handful of locally manufactured powder and a hammered lead slug, sometimes two slugs, and fired by the application of a smouldering coil of fuse, might not seem to be a weapon likely seriously to diminish the wild game, but used as the "Paiks" used it, at a range of from three to at most ten yards, from a machan over a kill or a pit close to the only water-hole within miles, and combined with the endless patience of its owner, it took a heavy toll. Tigers, panthers, deer and pig all fell to it. Besides the bears and panthers, we had our chance at a pair of tigers, and bungled it.

The S.W. monsoon of 1888 was a very bad one, and the Ganjam crops failed largely. Consequently there was a panic in the autumn, and

prices soared wildly. Indignation against the grain-dealers culminated in an outbreak of looting in a part of the Gumsur Taluq. The Indian Deputy Collector, who was the Divisional Officer, proved unequal to the situation, so Horsfall called me down from the hills to take charge for a time. Fraser, the newly arrived A.S.P., was with me, and we made our headquarters at Aska, with a detachment of our hill police, and set about making our plans for suppressing the outbreak of lawlessness.

After some days of rapid marches, raids, and arrests, we struck the final blow. We started one morning at three o'clock, having despatched the police in carts overnight to our rendezvous, surrounded before daylight two of the most offending villages, where the local budmashes had been boasting that we were afraid to tackle them, and scooped in all the able-bodied men who were alleged to have been taking part in the looting in that, the worst, locality. The police were armed, so, after a preliminary show of truculence, there was no resistance. Having cleaned up these two and a few other bad villages we marched the prisoners to Sergada, where the Zamindar, who had been threatened by them and was living in fear, was only too glad to give us safe accommodation in his fort and food for them and their guards. Leaving them there for the night, Fraser and I returned to Aska, pretty tired.

Next day I was very busy trying cases, but I made arrangements for the safe disposal of the prisoners when they should arrive. The sub. jail, attached to the Subordinate Magistrate's Office, had three or four cells designed to hold not more than twelve or fifteen prisoners, so I ordered the Magistrate to clear out of his office and make the court-room, with its veranda and the adjoining walled yard, into a temporary jail. A company of sepoy's under a Subadar had been sent to Aska to be under my orders, and as I did not find them sufficiently mobile for the sort of rough work which the police were doing, I had arranged that they took over, among other stationary duties, the sub. treasury and sub. jail guards. Having so many guards available, I directed the subordinate magistrate, a feeble sort of Brahmin, on no account to shut the prisoners into the building, but to give them the run of the walled yard, as well as of the court-room and its veranda. The captives of the previous day arrived in the afternoon, when I was busy in my tent trying cases and Fraser was with me.

About seven in the evening we finished for the day, and looked in to see that the prisoners were all right. It was lucky that we did. As we approached the jail we heard cries and groans in sustained volume, and running into the yard we found a sepoy sentry stolidly on guard over the doors of the court-room, and as indifferent

to the noise behind him as was the Roman sentry at Pompeii to the impending catastrophe. Inside were about 170 men, packed as tight as they could stand, and the atmosphere, which escaped through the barred windows, told plainly what was the matter. With great difficulty we two, with several sepoys and peons, forced open the door, which opened inwards, and was blocked by the crowd inside. Then we stood aside while they struggled out. We were in terror till the last man was out. Some of them were pretty bad, but no casualties. If we had been an hour later some must have succumbed, and if we had trusted the sub-magistrate and not visited the jail at all, I believe the Black Hole would have been rivalled.

It appeared that the Havildar of the sepoy guard had represented to the sub-magistrate that it was unsafe to allow the prisoners the freedom of the yard, and that unthinkable person had given way, disobeyed my orders, and allowed them to be shut in. Of course, I should have been responsible in the event of a tragedy, but after all it is the common lot of the I.C.S. to take responsibility for what it cannot help, and I was very lucky. I tried hard to break the offending Brahmin, and Horsfall supported me, but the Government absolved him, on what grounds I forget, and it does not much matter.

Next day Fraser hustled the preparation of the charge sheets, and I got to work at trying

the looters. What I wanted was to put a stop to the lawlessness, and to that end to deal out deterrent and above all swift punishment. We therefore strained a point or two, and most of the cases were charged as minor offences, which need not be sent to the Sessions Court with all the consequent delay, but could be disposed of by me as a first-class Magistrate. Wherever possible, I sentenced to flogging, thereby avoiding congestion of the District Jail, and what was of greater value, affording a swift and deterrent example, for the Indian criminal, in spite of his stoicism, hates corporal punishment as much as does his British prototype. The floggings were carried out in public, and, judging by the comments of the onlookers, the sufferers received little sympathy. After this scoop no single further case of looting occurred in the Taluq, and Fraser and I were soon liberated to return to our proper work in the Maliahs.

That cold season was uneventful. Horsfall did his usual tour among the Kondhs, and returned to the plains.

One blistering hot morning in the middle of April I was awakened at dawn by the arrival of a policeman with an express message from Bartley, the Eurasian sub-magistrate at Baliguda, which place was the headquarters of the hill police reserve, to the effect that Fraser had come in very sick, and had just been seized with fits which the native medical subordinate

suspected to be hydrophobia. I knew that Fraser had been bitten, fourteen months previously, by a suspected rabid dog, and had had no treatment at all. When he was bitten he fetched the dog such a sound kick that it died almost at once, and Fraser stoutly refused to believe that the dog was rabid at all. He did not even cauterise the wound. There was no scientific examination of the dog, and there was then no Pasteur Institute in India. The symptoms reported by the medical subordinate, the Police Inspector, and Bartley were afterwards pronounced by the District Surgeon to be compatible with hydrophobia, and no other cause could be suggested.

I was at Udayagiri, forty-five miles of soft earthen road from Baliguda, and I had with me only one pony, a little country-bred mare of thirteen and a half hands, but a good, game little beast, with which I had won minor pony races in Madras. She had to get me the forty-five miles, so I borrowed the Udayagiri Sub-Magistrate's pony, a Burmān, and rode it the first twelve miles, leading my own; then I left the former in charge of a Patro and finished the march in six and a half hours from the start, good enough going in April weather over hilly country. The good little mare was not even distressed—after a good drink she ate up a liberal feed and was quite comfortable. Poor Fraser had died some three hours before I got

in. I had a grave dug on the police rifle-range and a coffin of sorts knocked together, and we gave him as ceremonious a funeral as possible in the evening. I turned out the police, had the coffin covered with the Jack, and read the service from Bartley's prayer-book. The orthodox three volleys and the Last Post by the police buglers made the dreary business as impressive as I could manage. It was all I could do for my only companion and good pal. He was not replaced that season, and I finished my touring alone and rather depressed.

I suffered much less than most men from the malaria which infested all the Agency. Of course, everybody got it, but some worse than others. Now, when everyone knows' all about the anopheles mosquito, it is funny to look back and remember what our ideas were on the subject of malaria and its causes, and to reflect that the doctors knew little more than we did. When we got an attack we accepted it as just a go of fever, and all in the way of business. The remedies were boiling tea, unlimited blankets, and a thorough sweat. If the last could be achieved we followed it up with quinine, licked out of the hand and not even measured. I have often been as deaf as a post from this treatment, and I suspect that some of us did ourselves serious harm by overdoses of the drug. About temperatures and thermometers we knew nothing. I suppose that doctors in the 'eighties

had thermometers, but among District Officers I never saw one until a much later date. Our methods of prevention were not really very different from those which extended knowledge prescribed in later days. We always slept under mosquito nets, which were supposed to exclude the malarious miasma which was believed to rise from the ground after sunset, and we liked to have a large camp fire in front of the tent or rest-house, even on hot nights, which was supposed to disperse the miasma. As a matter of fact, both the net and the smoke of the fire were very good defences against the anopheles, though we had never heard of the pernicious insect. But, do what we would, there was no avoiding the fever, and we all got it, though it was seldom that any one died of it, at least directly. Very many of my friends and old companions have, however, died of ailments which were the result of it. Malaria seems always to pick out a man's weak point and go for it.

As the hot season advanced, the effects of the short rains of the previous year began to be felt in Ganjam, and the situation rapidly deteriorated till it amounted to serious scarcity. We were not badly off in the hill tracts, but the plains country suffered badly. Prices of grain rose very high, but there was never any absolute absence of food, as was the case in the Deccan twelve years before. Men who had fought the horrors of '77-'78 were inclined to say that we

were making a fuss about nothing. That is relativity, I suppose. Horsfall impressed upon the Government the severity of the distress, but he was snubbed and, in effect, told that he was an alarmist. Eventually the newspapers began to take the thing up, and from the Indian papers the home papers took an occasional paragraph.

Some of the self-appointed members for India also asked questions in the House. Then the India Office sat up and took notice, putting pressure on the Governor, Lord Connemara, to go and see for himself what it was all about. This was a very unnecessary step and hard on Lord Connemara. He was an elderly man, and in the hot season Ganjam is no health resort.

He arrived in the beginning of June, it must be admitted, in a very bad temper, bringing with him the Chief Secretary, Mr (now Sir Frederick) Price. Price, as an old '77 man, knew all about it, but Lord Connemara did not, and he was horrified. What he saw, however, was not, in cold fact, much worse than could have been seen even in a prosperous year. The story spread that the Governor himself was coming in person to distribute charity, and wherever he went he passed through ranks of distressing cases. The lame, the halt, the blind, the deformed, lepers, professional beggars, ancient crones, and emaciated children, in fact the always existing submerged tenth, squatted at the road-

side and demanded alms in the traditional manner. One could see just as bad a crowd at any time at any big religious festival in Southern India, but a Governor, not long from England, could not be expected to understand that. He immediately got the impression that the District Officers had wilfully concealed the state of affairs. Among other places he visited Russelkonda, and I had to anticipate my annual return from the Maliahs in order to receive and entertain him. With commendable consideration for a very junior bachelor, he brought only a small staff, just Price and his Private Secretary, and I did my best for him. He left Horsfall with the rest of his staff at Aska. Ice was a luxury which we never saw, but I got a chest of it from Calcutta, about the size of a piano, and with this, or with what was left of it after about three days in a steamer and two in a cart, he managed to get along. He never showed up between breakfast and afternoon tea, but attended to business in his room, and Price told me that his costume was a towel, no more. In the evening of the day of his arrival he walked over to the Hill Jail with Price and me. Thomas Reay took his fancy greatly. Lord Connemara remarked on the low height of the jail wall, about four feet, and asked Reay if it was not difficult to prevent escapes. "Lord bless your Excellency," said Reay in his most paternal manner, "they don't want to escape, too com-

fortable they are. One of them did hop over once, but he soon come back." And it was true. His Excellency was both pleased and amused, but his humour changed when, on leaving the jail, the customary tableau was presented to him. Most of the Gumsur Taluq had sent its miserables to impress the "Bodo Gounor Sahebo." He expressed his horror and disgust, and, turning to me, asked if these people were in receipt of any relief. It would have been strange if they were, seeing that His Excellency's Government had refused to grant any. Anyhow it was not my business, as the place was not within my charge, so I turned to the Indian Deputy Collector, who was the Divisional Officer, and was keeping discreetly out of range, and asked him. I conveyed to His Excellency this gentleman's negative reply. The Irish temper then broke out, and H.E. soundly rated me for neglect of duty. I endeavoured to explain, but all I got was the intimation that it was highly disgraceful, and that he held me responsible.

After our return* to my bungalow I represented to Price that he must make the facts clear to the Governor, which he did, and His Excellency, always generous and impulsive, handsomely apologised. Before he left, however, he ordered that I should relieve the Deputy Collector of the charge of his division for famine purposes, and should immediately organise relief measures. So, for the second time, I was made

to step in where the Indian Officer had failed. This did not relieve me of my own divisional charge, but it was, in any case, almost the time when I would have been returning to Russelkonda for the rains.

The Ganjam famine of 1889 was intensely local. The remoteness and inaccessibility of the District served both to intensify the trouble and to localise it. It was really, as some one called it, a beggars' famine. There was no serious distress among the able-bodied, but the springs of charity had dried up, even inside the family, and the classes which I have mentioned, as well as the very old people and the children of the landless poor, did suffer very severely. No subordinate Indian Official would report deaths "from actual starvation, for fear, no doubt, that he would be blamed for neglect, but I have no doubt that there must have been many which were, due, directly or indirectly, to want of food. The famine code of those days laid down two principal methods of famine relief: work for those able to do it, and the distribution of cooked food to those who were not. For work there was little demand, and the other measure was useless. The famine code took no account of many hard facts, which the famine officer very soon grasped. One of these, and it was enough, was that no Uriya will take cooked food in charity, even if cooked by a Brahmin, and the whole population of the Gumsur division was

Uriya. However, an attempt had to be made to carry out orders. A recently joined Assistant Collector, Elphinstone, was sent to work under me, and two or three hardy fellows from the Salt and Abkari department, of which department more anon. With these I organised a number of "Kitchens" and got them working. They did prevent starvation among a large number of the miserables whom I have described, so far as these were outcasts and pariahs, but the respectable poor would have none of them. They professed themselves ready to die rather than incur the disgraceful name of "Sottrokhyia" (a person who has eaten cooked food in charity), and they proceeded to be as good as their word. Then we tried distributing raw grain, and that was a failure. The waste, delay, and inevitable robbery were appalling. Remained only one thing, to distribute money to those unable to work, and to this the Government were driven to consent. The choice lay between this, with all its waste, extravagance, and embezzlement on the one hand, and, on the other, rigid adherence to the rules, and let those die who were silly enough to do so. In the result, of course, the famine code went by the board. It was an academical document at best. With immense personal labour, continuous travelling, and severe exposure in a very trying season, we got a sort of system working, and had to spend the most of our time in checking it. The waste was, I

am afraid, awful, and I cannot doubt that embezzlement was widespread, but it did good—at a price. If the very old and the professional cripples did not show the good results, the children certainly did, and that is all the satisfaction which I can claim to have got out of it. It was the old story, want of readiness and shirking the facts, followed by panic measures and reckless expenditure. Just a little bit like the Great War!

But far worse than the famine was the cholera. There was some cholera, of course, throughout the hot season, but it was when the rains began that the trouble became serious. The village drinking tank is at all times a poisonous thing, being used for all the most insanitary purposes. In the hot weather the tanks were mostly dry, and the people had to resort to wells, which, bad as they are, are not quite so easily fouled. Meanwhile the tank beds were fouled in every unmentionable way, and when, with the first thunderstorms, a little water began to collect in them, they were crawling with disease germs, which were transferred to the stomachs of the villagers. With the advance of the monsoon the tanks, as well as the previously dry river-beds, were filled with water, and cholera became epidemic. Soon it got so bad that panic and demoralisation set in, and corpses were neither burnt nor buried, but just thrown out into the nearest jungle, where the jackals and vultures

disposed of them. Luckily both of these scavengers were plentiful, and I am inclined to think that, revolting as it seems, this method of disposing of cholera corpses was more sanitary than any other except thorough cremation. The starving village pariah dogs took their share of the work. It was common to bury (!) a corpse by depositing it in the river-bed and throwing a few inches of sand over it, and I several times saw dogs, jackals, and vultures contending for the ghastly spoil. When the water rose and covered the sand, the result is not difficult to understand. There is no doubt that many times more people died of the cholera than want of food. It is, without exception, the most terrifying disease of the many that I have been mixed up with. It may not get on everybody's nerves, but, speaking for myself, it keeps me in one continuous and demoralising state of funk. When the rains, which were good that year, were well established, the disease gradually died down, and, as regards food supply, the situation eased considerably when the earliest crops began to be harvested. By October we were able to close down, and I was able to get away to my own Division soon afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

TOWARDS the end of the cold season ensuing, I was offered by the Private Secretary to H.E. the appointment of Manager of the Jaipur estate, in the adjoining District of Vizagapatam, during the minority of the Maharaja. I think that Lord Connemara wished to make amends for his unjust attack on me at Russelkonda. Jaipur is a grand jungle country with good shikar, and the work would have been highly interesting. The offer was a compliment and I was sorely tempted to take it, but the Jaipur estate lies wholly in the Agency tracts of Vizagapatam and is, like the Ganjam Agency, very malarious, and I was beginning to feel the effects of three seasons in the Máliah and knew that I was in no condition to undertake another term of greater length in a similar climate, so I refused, and I am sure I was wise.

Shortly afterwards I was offered the post of Deputy Commissioner in the Salt and Abkari, with headquarters at Trichinopoly, and this I accepted. It is, I am convinced, always wise for a young Civilian to take a special appoint-

ment if he gets the chance. It gets him out of the rut and leads to other things by bringing his name into notice ; just as, I am told, a young soldier should never neglect the opportunity of staff employment, however humble.

I left Ganjam and the Kondh country with much regret. One thing, which I have not mentioned, helped to make it specially pleasant to me. The language, Uriya, is the only vernacular in which I ever became really proficient and fluent. The Dravidian languages of Southern India are exceedingly difficult, and I never was very good at Telugu and worse at Tamil, though, of course, I could get along with both of them. But Uriya is an Aryan tongue and I found it come easy. Proficiency in the vernacular makes life much more interesting and work easier, by enabling an officer to get inside the minds of his people in a way which nothing else will enable him to do.

It is, I believe, this difficulty of the Dravidian languages which is responsible for the South Indian custom of talking "English" to domestic servants, and requiring them to do likewise. Of course, the English so employed is more or less of the "pidgin" variety, but it serves, and, after all, the domestic brand of Hindustani, as used in other parts of India, is equally bad. A Bengal man once expressed to me the dislike, which is current in Northern India, for servants who talk English. He considered it degrading

for a Sahib to use "pidgin." I pointed out that it is surely less degrading in Indian eyes than the employment of "pidgin" Hindustani, because the stuff which he and his like talked, especially the ladies, was nothing else. That, I think, is correct. Hindustani is, I should say from my slight acquaintance with it, about the easiest language in the world to talk and understand—after a fashion,—and one may hear English ladies, who have been a few weeks in the country, employing it freely, but with a vocabulary, grammar, and syntax which may be imagined.

My new headquarters were at Trichinopoly, a town once famous in history and the centre of constant fighting in the Carnatic Wars of the eighteenth century. Clive made it his headquarters for a time, and his house is still preserved in the fort. Now the name of the place suggests only the cigars which are called after it, though the manufacture of them has largely shifted to Dindigul in the Madura District. It was a fairly large district station, with two battalions of Indian infantry, and socially a pleasant place, but the climate is vile, two months hot and ten months hotter. The district is uninteresting, but the snipe-shooting is very good. My charge, however, covered all the districts South of Madras, as well as the whole West Coast up to the border of the Presidency. I was in fairly bad health for some months,

and indeed had more fever than I ever had while in Ganjam, but, being blessed with a tough constitution, I shook it off before the end of the year.

The Salt and Abkari department was responsible for two very large sources of revenue. Salt was a Government monopoly and was produced in factories on the coast under official supervision, being excised to the extent of about ten times its selling value. Abkari is just the control of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants and the revenue from the duty thereon. Illicit manufacture of both salt and liquor was common, and it was the duty of the department to suppress it. The whole was administered, along with other things, by one of the members of the Board of Revenue, under whom were three Deputy Commissioners. One of the latter, in this case myself, was a member of the I.C.S., and the other two were picked officers of the department. It was considered desirable to train a few I.C.S. men in this specialised work, in order to fit them for the post of Secretary to the Board of Revenue, if they should be required.

The department, as then existing, was the creation of Mr (later Sir Henry) Bliss, I.C.S., a man of remarkable organising ability and indefatigable industry. Bliss began the work about 1880, so that the department was still young when I entered it. I spent most of the

year 1890 in travelling about my very extensive charge, learning the job, and forming my own ideas about it. As a result, I was very greatly struck by the spirit in which the whole thing was administered. That spirit started at the top and coloured the dealings of all the officers with their subordinates. Briefly, the idea seemed to be that no man was ever to be credited with any good intention. It was always assumed that no man did more work than he could help, that his word could not be accepted without the most elaborate check, and that there was no way of getting any work out of any one except with a stick or the threat of one. A subordinate was commended, if at all, only grudgingly, and was soundly rated if there was the smallest excuse for it. In fact, there was no humanity in it. Strangely enough, this system did not result in inefficiency; on the contrary, the department was notably efficient, but it was not happy.

All this, I believe, was the result of the circumstances in which it came into being. Bliss had to create and organise it with what material he could get. That material consisted partly of young Europeans who could not get any better job, some of them sons of Anglo-Indian officials who had failed for the Army or some other profession and for whom their fathers were glad to get any employment which would give them bread and butter, some of them

ruined planters, and some of them just rolling stones. There were many Eurasians and few Indians. The hard outdoor work, exposure to the sun, and the constant riding which were required, did not appeal to Indians who had the necessary education. These men were all carefully selected by Bliss, who looked for physical activity, unremitting industry, and, of course, honesty, combined with willingness to surrender nearly everything which makes life worth living. With a mixed pack, thus collected, it was hardly wonderful if the whip was found more useful than a pat on the head; besides, the former was, it seemed to me, more in accordance with Bliss's own temperament. But, in justice, it must be said that, if Bliss never spared his subordinates, he never spared himself. His capacity for work was marvellous and his grasp of detail astonishing. Besides, it was a certainty that a considerable proportion of his newly enlisted gang would be failures or wrong ones, and perhaps relentless severity was the shortest way of weeding them out.

They certainly were weeded out, or weeded themselves out, freely in the first few years, but the process had far advanced when I began my connection with the department, and I thought it worth trying whether rather gentler methods would not now do as well. This was not easy with Bliss still at the helm, but it was not long before he was relieved by Mr

C. S. Crole, under whom I had served in Madura, and who had not grown up in the system which I found so objectionable. Crole offered no objection when I acted on my own ideas in this matter in my own Division, and I think that the change, gradual as it had to be, had some success. It was at least well received, and several officers of the department expressed to me their appreciation of it.

I managed also, with Crole's approval, to lighten work by reducing or abolishing a vast amount of unnecessary writing and reporting. It was another result of the system which I set myself to modify, that no inspection could be made without writing reams about it to the immediate superior. An Assistant Commissioner, after inspecting an Inspector's Circle, used to write a fair-sized volume of "Inspection Notes," which, while finding every possible fault, were intended really to show to his immediate inferior, who got a copy, how very thoroughly he himself had done his work. This prolixity led to further profitless writing, inasmuch as the Inspector was directed in the "notes" to submit his explanation of every point upon which fault had been found. The same thing occurred when a Deputy Commissioner inspected, only, in that case, it was the A.C. who was the subject of the customary pin-pricks, and a copy went to the Commissioner. I succeeded in amending this cumbrous and annoying practice

almost out of existence, and neither I nor any one else ever found that efficiency was thereby lessened.

In the course of my travels on duty, I made my first acquaintance with the South-West coast in the districts of Malabar and South Canara. These, and Malabar specially, differ widely in climate, scenery, people, and customs from any other part of India except the adjoining States of Travancore and Cochin. Here one realises for the first time the traditional idea of tropical vegetation. The rainfall is enormous and everything grows like a weed. The jungles are dense, almost impracticable. I never had time to do any shikar on that coast, but, from what I saw, I thought it must be a heartbreaking business. The heat is never very great, a trifle compared with that of the Central Districts or the East coast, but the humidity makes it very trying. The cocoanut and palmyra palms flourish exceedingly, and the control of the manufacture and traffic in their fermented juice gave us endless trouble and very uphill work. The people of Malabar are mainly Hindus. The Nairs are the ruling and the traditional fighting class, and the Tiyans are the common people. The Nairs and their women are often well built, with very handsome features, and the Tiyani girls are sometimes decidedly pretty. The women of both wear, or used to wear, no clothing at all above the waist, and to cover

the upper part of the body was considered a mark of improper character. They were remarkably clean, both in person and clothing, and it used to fill me with wonder to see how spotless they kept their white skirts in the unavoidable mess of the West coast rains.

In Malabar there prevails the extraordinary custom of matriarchy. There is in theory no marriage, though in practice a couple generally remain faithful for life. But, though this may be and generally is so, the children belong to the mother. The father has no claim on them. In theory, purely in theory, he does not know that they are his. The lady is free to leave him at any time, or indeed to distribute her favours as she chooses. 'A man's sons are therefore not his heirs; his direct heir is his sister's son. The relationship between the latter and his uncle is certain, but that between father and son is not. This extraordinary law, with all its ramifications, is administered by our courts, and the succession to the ruling Principalities of Travancore and Cochin is governed by it.

Besides the Hindus, there were the Mappilas, strict Mahommedans and fanatical at that. The name means "mother's son" and, though I know little of ethnology, I understand that they were originally the offspring of Arab traders and Hindu women, though a considerable number of them, like the Labbais of the South-East

coast, are in race nothing but converted Hindus. When not roused by fanaticism they are quiet and hard-working people, very poor, and as dirty as the Nairs and Tiyans are clean. From time to time, however, they used to indulge in fanatical outbreaks, which gave much trouble. Such an outburst, on a much more extensive scale than usual, occurred just after the close of the War. I know little about it in detail, but it was a much bigger affair, more intensive, and met with a greater measure of initial success than any previous outbreak.

Before that, the outbreaks mostly followed a stereotyped course. A certain number of Mappilas, from a score to a hundred or so, infuriated by some religious quarrel with their Hindu neighbours, often touching the matter of conversion or perversion, would go on the war-path and murder a few Hindus. Pursued by the police and troops they would, after doing as much mischief as possible, make their last stand in some building, generally a Hindu temple, which they had pleasure in defiling with their blood, and prepare to earn Paradise by dying in war against the infidel.

Then they had to be shot down ; they could not be taken alive. Experience taught District Magistrates, and through them the police and troops, that a massacre was necessary and inevitable. The Mappilas always had some firearms, not of the most modern, but quite effec-

tive within their range, and any attempt to approach their stronghold was met by a volley and a desperate charge with the Mappila knife, which, though it might result in their extermination, at least gave them the satisfaction of sending a few infidels to where they belonged.

This satisfaction it was found unnecessary and undesirable to afford them, so they were shot down from long range, which was easy enough because they scorned to take cover. This may seem to have been brutal and cruel, but I have no doubt that it was the only practical course. There was a story that, after one of these regrettable incidents, I think it was that of 1895, the inevitable M.P. asked in the House whether it was true that, while so many Mappilas had been slaughtered, the losses of the troops and the police were nil. The reply was that it was not thought necessary to have any casualties, but that it could easily have been arranged if considered desirable. I cannot vouch for this Parliamentary incident, but if it is not true, it is at least in accordance with the spirit which appears to prompt questions of a similar kind. To a certain type of mentality the overseas administrator or soldier is always in the wrong, and those with whom he has now and again to deal forcibly are always, to quote a pearl of Mr Gladstone's, "rightly struggling to be free."

It is now ancient history, but it was well

remembered in my time, that, during one of these outbreaks, the Mappilas, before they were rounded up, entered the house of Mr Connolly, the Collector of the District, at Calicut, and cut him to pieces when he was sitting with his wife in the veranda. Since then the Collector has always had an armed police guard at his house. In order to be available to support the police in emergency, detachments of British infantry were always stationed at four places in Malabar, and it is a tribute to the prestige of the Mappilas that these were considered necessary. In the early years of this century, when the Madras regiments were being "mustered out," as was the official euphemism, the experiment was made of enlisting a couple of battalions of Mappilas, but it failed utterly. When not in a state of fanatical excitement, the Mappila is no more courageous than others, and he proved very unamenable to discipline. Besides, the recruiting officers had managed to get hold of a great many of quite the wrong class, and these included a good proportion of thieves and burglars. Whether they were really responsible for all the crimes which were laid at their door was for a time a matter of controversy, but it was true that an epidemic of burglaries in the European bungalows of a large cantonment coincided with the presence therein of a Mappila battalion. After one of the two battalions had been sent to the N.W. frontier,

and had proved unable to stand the climate, which was surely to be expected in view of the violent contrast between it and the S.W. coast, the experiment was abandoned.

Malabar lies off the track of the cold season tourists, but a visit to it would well reward any who might be original enough to make it. It is, for a time, a very refreshing change from the East coast and the Central Districts, but, in spite of its great natural beauty and the attractive qualities of its inhabitants, it is not everybody's climate, and I should have hated to be stationed there. Many men, however, could never have enough of it and, after getting thoroughly broken in to it, were always longing to go back. The people are frank and independent, but, at the same time, pleasant and well mannered. A feature of the countryside, which at once strikes the new-comer, is the absence of agricultural villages. The landholders live each on his own holding, the house being picturesquely situated on rising ground, surrounded by fields of rice and similar crops. The houses are built of red laterite, a kind of soft rock, which is cut out in blocks like cheese and hardens on exposure, and the roofs are often of bright red tiles. The effect, in their brilliantly green surroundings, is exceedingly beautiful.

In October 1890 I was present at the Calicut "Canterbury week," the last, I think, of those once annual festivities. The "week" used to

be largely attended by the coffee planters of Coorg, Mysore, the Wynaad, and the Nilgiris, and, after the dreary months of the monsoon, they used to come down determined to jolly themselves, which they strenuously did. There were races on a tiny racecourse, about five furlongs round, cricket, racquets and the like, and every night a dance or a big dinner, or some other function which was protracted to the small hours. The races were the principal item. I had two very useful ponies and managed to pick up a couple of races. I do not think the week was ever held again. Coffee slumped and hard times came for the planters. They were a splendid set of fellows, good sportsmen, and pukka sahibs. The old race of them is, I imagine, now nearly extinct, and their plantations are for the most part run by Eurasian managers for companies or large firms.

In the monsoon of 1891 I had my second run home on three months' accumulated privilege leave, a hurried but most enjoyable treat, which was not so often taken in later years, when, very sensibly, it was permitted, as then it was not, to combine accumulated privilege leave with furlough. The old rule that not less than three months must intervene between the two was a very stupid one. It caused extra trouble and expense to Government servants and did no good to the Government. On the contrary, it did harm by causing short vacancies to be

filled by stop-gaps to the detriment of the administration. On returning to Trichy, I assisted, in the intervals of work, in reviving the Trichy races, which were held in the Christmas holidays. There was a good racecourse there, a survival of old days when there were not only Indian infantry but also a British battalion and a battery of artillery in the station. The meeting was quite successful, and was kept up for some years afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in 1892 I was appointed to act as Secretary to the Board of Revenue on the Separate Revenue side, and accordingly moved to Madras. There I was directly under my sometime Collector (in Madura), C. S. Crole, who was Commissioner of Separate Revenue, an exacting but quite fair chief, with whom I was one of the few who always got on well.

The work was heavy enough but quite disposable within office hours, so that I had time enough to enjoy the amenities of the Presidency town. I need say little about the work at the Board of Revenue. It was interesting enough to me, but it would not interest any one else. I took the opportunity, however, of persuading Crole successfully to press upon the Government a scheme, which I had cherished, to stop the enormous leakage of Abkari revenue which was occurring through smuggling of liquor into Malabar from the Cochin State.

This scheme involved expense, but it was quite successful and more than paid for itself.

In Madras, during the cold season, I fre-

quently spent my Sundays snipe-shooting, generally from Chingleput, about thirty-five miles South of Madras, where we used to sleep out on Saturday night. "Johnny" Campbell, of Binny & Co., with whom and others I chummed in a house known as "The Cloisters," was my frequent companion on these expeditions, also Percy (now Sir Percy) Symonds, of the same firm. From thirty to forty couple to two guns was a very usual bag, with fair luck, and reasonable shooting. Campbell was also M.F.H. of the Madras Hounds, which hunted twice a week, meeting at peep of day. Hunting on Sunday was not then thought seemly, and it used to be something of a rush on a working day to get home in time for breakfast and office. There were no motors yet. However, I seldom missed a day. The hounds, sixteen to twenty couple, were bought every year from Wilton, the dealer, of Hanwell, and the British India Line used, very sportingly, to carry them to Madras free of freight. On one voyage a hound fell or jumped overboard in the Red Sea. Mercifully there were no sharks about at the moment. Seeing the poor beast swimming bravely after the ship, the skipper, good man, came about, lowered a boat, and picked him up. I remember the hound well, and he was quite a good one. At the end of the season the survivors of the pack used to be sold, at varying prices, to planters and other residents on the hills in

South India and Ceylon, who found them useful for sambur.

Campbell showed capital sport, but fields were apt to be small. It was only really keen men, and still more keen women, who would rise at five o'clock, or earlier, amid the dissipations and late hours of the Madras season. But this had the advantage that all who turned out came to hunt and not to coffee house. In the season of 1893-94 I whipped in to Harry Martyn, Campbell having gone home, and enjoyed it thoroughly. In later years I was M.F.H. myself for three seasons.

Horse in one form or another has always been one of my ruling passions, and, on coming to Trichy and Madras, I was able to indulge it as had not been possible in remote Districts.

In the 'eighties racing in Madras was at a low ebb. There was one meeting a year on the fine old course at Guindy, where fields were small, and added money not sufficient to attract larger. Most of the small up-country meetings like Bellary, Trichy, Calicut, and Vizianagram had perished of inanition, and, besides the one meeting at Madras, there was nothing but Gymkhana racing of little consequence. Lord Connemara did a great deal to improve matters. As a sporting Irishman, with horse in his blood, he set himself to revive the moribund sport, and did so admirably. The Gymkhana woke

up and held what was called a "Grand Annual Gymkhana," which was just a three days' race meeting, which provided very fair sport, and enabled tyros to serve their apprenticeship. This developed into the Madras Gymkhana Sky races, held on the island course twice a year—February and October,—and at the same time the big meeting at Guindy was reorganised and developed. The public and the wealthy Indian nobility were encouraged to take an interest, and it became possible to offer stakes which made it worth the while of owners to bring horses from as far as Poona and Bombay.

Incidentally, I have never been able to ascertain the origin or meaning of the term "Sky" races. In practice it meant a meeting at which the added money for any race did not amount to Rs. 200, generally Rs. 199. Under C.T.C. rules of racing, a horse which had never won Rs. 200 remained a maiden. Owners were naturally unwilling to risk losing a horse's maiden qualification unless the money to be won made it really worth while. Hence the popularity of these Rs. 199 races, at which, though the stakes were not sufficient to pay expenses, an owner could easily stand to win several thousands from the bookmakers and at the lotteries. Lotteries were still held, though dying out. As there were always enough bookmakers as well as a totalisator, there was little need for them, but they were traditional and very popular

with the casual punter who was not interested in racing except as an occasional opportunity to back his luck. Betting was very heavy in proportion to the value of the races, and there were some local sportsmen who thought little of winning or losing several thousands of rupees over a race worth little more than a ten-pound note.

Prominent figures in Madras racing of the day were Mr J. H. Garstin, I.C.S., a member of Council who acted as Governor in the inter-regnum between Lord Connemara and Lord Wenlock; Mr William Morgan; Col. George Moore; Col. Bevan, R.A.M.C.; Major Armstrong, I.M.S.; and the Kumara Raja of Pithapur among others. A strong Bangalore contingent used to turn up in force, De Montmorency and Kenna of the XXI. Lancers, both very good in the saddle, but the former too heavy, Col. Desraj Urs, and his trainer, Pothanna, a remarkable man, the Mysore stable, &c. Lord Wenlock's staff raced to a man. Charles MacCartie, I.C.S., the Private Secretary, was a host in himself. He was only a moderate jockey, but specially delighted in a ride over fences. He had broken pretty nearly every bone in his anatomy except his neck, and his seat was affected by a broken leg, not too well mended, but he was quite undefeated. Captain Holmes, A.D.C., was in the front rank as a G.R., and Lord Wenlock's brother and Military

Secretary, the Hon. Richard Lawley, Lord Douglas Compton, and the Hon. E. Baring were other members of the staff who owned horses or ponies and rode races when weight permitted.

I started racing in a small way when I was at Trichy in 1890, and ran ponies without success in Madras and elsewhere. In 1892 I began to have some success. At the Spring Sky Meeting in February 1892 I won three races, two of them, a sprint and a hurdle race, with "Wild Eagle," owner up. Wild Eagle was a curious-looking Australian pony. He looked like a Welsh cob, was as strong as a little dray-horse, and weight made little difference to him. He was an absolute flier up to five furlongs, but no stayer. True, I won on him a mile hurdle race, but it is a commonplace in England that a non-stayer, cast from the flat for inability to get quite five furlongs at best pace, is often a consistently good performer in races of two miles over the sticks.

The third win was a sprint selling race which I took with another Australian pony, Sergeant. Him I bought from the famous Horace Hayes in 1891. He had malformed forelegs, the pasterns being very upright and the toes turned in, and he also stood over a little at the knee. Altogether he did not look like standing training, and I expect Hayes thought he would not. In the first edition of Hayes' 'Points of the Horse' was a photo of Sergeant's forelegs,

front view, given as an example of pigeon toes, but that very experienced judge was wrong. The dear old pony raced, hunted, trapped, and stuck pig, but he never broke down and never fell on the racecourse, though he was schooled over both fences and hurdles, and won over the latter. He was shot at the age of twenty-two after running in a light American buggy for some years. At first he showed little promise, but when I had had him a year he began to develop form. His forte was sprinting, so I kept him at that, and before the Spring meeting of 1892 I realised that I had a good thing which only needed keeping quiet to be worth solid money. So I entered him for a sprint race with a very light weight and got 4 to 1 from the bookies, besides taking owner's share in the lotteries. He won easily, and I made quite a lot of money over it. Altogether I had a very good meeting, and was keener than ever on the game.

Wellington races, on the Nilgiris some ten miles from Ooty, used to be a very popular function at the beginning of May every year. The picturesque little course was only five furlongs round and quite unfit for anything but ponies, but horses used to race there, and if, as was often the case, a hot-weather thunderstorm had made the going slippery, there were nearly always several falls on the flat. I took Wild Eagle there and won a race with him.

Captain Holmes rode him, and, so far as I could see, was beaten half a length. He thought so too, in fact we neither of us doubted it, but when I walked beside him to the weighing-room we found them waiting for him to weigh in as winner by a head. So the judge had given it. It was the old story. In a close finish no one, not even the jockeys, can place the horses except the judge, and some courses are very deceptive from any but the absolutely correct angle.

Either at that meeting or in the following year, I forget, a horse called "The Judge," belonging to Oscar Dignum, the Bangalore trainer, fell at a slippery bend of the course, unshipping the jockey, Mirza, who rode him. The old horse was up first and followed the other horses, riderless. When they were pulled up at the finish, The Judge, who had had a glass of whisky before the race and was perhaps feeling a little gay, continued to gallop round the course despite the efforts of his owner and syce and the spectators to stop him. Dignum then got some bystanders to put the hurdles, which were lying handy, across the course as a barrier. The horse had never been over hurdles but he was quite game to try. He jumped crooked and cleared the hurdles but landed on the rails, broke them, and fell. One of the broken timbers transfixed him between the chest and foreleg, coming out behind his elbow. He

was a ghastly sight as he was led away on three legs spouting blood, and I never expected to see him again alive. There was, however, no vital or even disabling injury, and he recovered quite sound and raced again after many months. In the year following he ran in a race on the island course at Madras, and, coming down the straight, he swerved, faltered, and rolled over dead. Heart, no doubt, but I do not think that the accident had anything to do with it.

I witnessed another tragic accident about that time on the same course to a really good old horse, MacCartie's "Gold." He was being ridden in a hurdle race by "Freddy" Lane, R.A., and, either blinded by the dust or perhaps out-paced and unbalanced, he took off a stride too soon and landed on the top of a flight of hurdles, turning a clear somersault. Lane was rolled over and over for many yards and was unhurt, but the good horse broke his neck and never moved.

During the monsoon of 1892 I bought a very good Australian pony from Calcutta, a grey called "Mabel." She was difficult to train as she had a queer temper and was apt to buck, the real Australian performance, not what passes for bucking at home. This was a very good investment. She came out at the big Madras meeting at Christmas and won two races, value Rs. 1000 and Rs. 2500, besides getting second

in another. I won a good bet over the first race, but in the others the odds were too short and I let her run for the stakes. As she had cost me less than £100, she had done me really well, and had I been wise enough to sell her at once I could have done so at a further big profit.

At that meeting the mare was ridden for me by Armstrong, I.M.S., who, though his health did not allow him to ride often, was one of the best G.R.'s in India. He was marvellously quick off the mark and none of the professionals could give him anything at that end of a race, while at a finish he was inferior to very few of them. Though six feet high, he could ride nine stone without wasting, rather the build of the great Fred Archer, and he never wasted as his health would not stand it.

Having made a good deal of money at the Madras meeting, I invested some of it in the purchase of a newly landed Australian pony which took my fancy. He did not prove of any use for racing, but I sold him well enough later on for other purposes. This pony was being exercised round the island course one day with a new riding boy up, and, at the corner near the Fort, he bolted off the course across the Mount Road. The boy lost his head and either fell or threw himself off right in the middle of the road. He fractured his skull and died in the hospital. A very unfortunate accident as,

of course, I had to compensate the widow liberally.

As it was impossible to get a horse up to concert pitch in the climate of Madras between March and November, I used sometimes to send them to Bangalore in those months, either to Tingey, the trainer, or to Armstrong, who trained as well as most professionals. In the year following Mabel's wins at Madras she was for a time with him at Bangalore, and in the course of her preparation he sent her a fast mile gallop against the watch, with his boy up. He himself accompanied her on a horse of his own. Mrs Armstrong, who knew all about it, was timing the gallop from the stand. A few strides after they jumped off, Mabel's bridle broke and the snaffle fell out of her mouth. The boy was about to throw himself off, but Armstrong shouted to him to catch hold of the saddle and sit still, and he then rode on the outside of the pony and close against her all the way round, so that she could not bolt off the course. After passing the finish the mare slowed down, as she was used to do, and the boy was able to get his hands round her muzzle and gradually stop her till he could slip off. This was a fine piece of horsemanship on Armstrong's part, and the whole thing was so well done that Mrs Armstrong never saw that anything had gone wrong, while as a trial the gallop was a great success, the time being first-class.

Besides Mabel, Wild Eagle, and Sergeant, I had at various times several other useful animals which won races. Sergeant took easily to hurdling and won over the sticks in Madras. Wild Eagle, after a successful career, broke down and I sold him to the Raja of Ramnad. He kept him pig fat and short of work, with the result that he developed what the Babu in the story called a devil-may-care attitude and bucked the Raja's boy off, breaking his neck. Then my friend Crossley, Secretary to H.H. the Raja of Pudukota, bought him, and he lived to a good age drawing a light trap.

At the beginning of 1893 I had applied for furlough, having then done over ten years' service and had no leave except two short periods of three months each. I was refused on the ground that there was no I.C.S. man sufficiently trained in the Salt and Abkari to take my place as Secretary to the Board. This was rather hard, but I was promised furlough a year later. With furlough imminent, I did little racing in the cold season of 1893-94, but at the Spring meeting of 1894 I gave Sergeant a last dart over hurdles. It was a one mile handicap and he had to carry top weight. I considered that he had too much, but, as it turned out, it was as good a handicap as could have been made. I rode the pony myself, and at the finish, Holmes on a very good Arab called "Sutlej," Kenna on "Moonshine," and Ser-

geant, all three finished in a line, so that none of us knew who had won till the numbers went up. Sutlej won by a short head, and Sergeant beat Moonshine by a similar margin.

That was the end of my racing as I went on leave a few weeks afterwards, and when I returned to India I was altogether out of reach of it. It has always been to me a pleasant memory that, in the last serious race that I ever rode, I split two of the best G.R.'s by short heads. I am sure that Sergeant would have won with either of the other two riders.

I have interesting memories of some of the personalities with whom racing brought me into contact. Almost the chief among them was the Kumara Raja of Pithapur. He was a younger son of the Raja of Veukatagiri, a nobleman of Velama caste, who had, as is very unusual in his class, a large family of sons. The younger ones were all, or nearly all, given in adoption to other families of the same caste and status in which the succession was unsecured for want of sons. My friend Pithapur was adopted as heir by the Raja of Pithapur in the Godavari District, but his adoptive father, rather late in life, developed a natural heir and the adopted son's claim lapsed. There was a law suit of prodigious length in the Godavari District Court, the High Court, and, I think, the Privy Council, which must have cost lakhs and lakhs. It excited great interest, principally

on account of the extraordinary evidence which was given to support or contest the legitimacy of the natural son. On the Kumara Raja's side, it was contended that the Raja's age and physical condition made it impossible that he could have been the father of the child, and there was any amount of expert evidence to support the contention. This was countered by a mass of evidence to prove that the Raja was in no way physically disqualified, and much of it was of a nature to move the ribald to mirth.

Eventually the natural son won the case on a point, so far as I can remember, purely of law, and the question of parenthood was never definitely decided. The result was that the Kumara Raja lived in Madras with an adequate allowance from the estate. He was keen on racing and ran horses with quite a respectable measure of success, but he never betted a rupee, racing purely for sport. Nevertheless he had a passion for secrecy, and loved to spring a surprise with an unknown outsider. He also delighted to penetrate other owners' secrets and, to that end, was always on the course at daybreak and never without a stopwatch. As it was difficult to bring off a trial or even to time a gallop without Pithapur knowing all about it, by far the best way was to take him into confidence, as he was a pattern of honour and would never give away what he was trusted with, while, as he did not bet, he

did not spoil the market. A man of few words, those which he let fall were generally very much to the point and, phrased in his quaint English, were sometimes exceedingly funny. Two of his originalities I remember well. Of a certain bad horse he remarked that the animal could hardly get five furlongs "with the awful pushes," and, seeing an unfit horse distressed after a gallop, he observed that it was "blowing the awful pumps." On one occasion Mr Garstin, I.C.S., wanted to try a horse against the clock and found Pithapur in his usual post of observation. Thinking to spike his guns, he asked the Kumara Raja for the loan of his stop-watch, pretending that he had left his own at home. Pithapur handed it over without hesitation, and Mr Garstin, having timed his horse and carefully snapped the hands back to zero, returned the watch with the hope that he had not inconvenienced its owner. Pithapur, without betraying his amusement by a quiver of an eyelid, replied, "Not at all, but I always carry two, see?" and showed a second watch with the time of the gallop still accurately marked on it. Poor old Pithapur! His later years were clouded and soured by the result of the lawsuit, but he was a Sahib and a sportsman. As early as 1887, when I was a very raw hand, he was rash enough to put me up in a small race on one of his horses, which won in spite of me. Thereafter he was my friend for life.

Another remarkable personality on the South Indian turf was Mr Pothanna, who-trained for Col. Desaraj Urs. Col. Desaraj was a cousin of H.H. The Maharaja of Mysore, a strikingly handsome man and a keen sportsman. He was for a time an Indian Officer in the Madras Cavalry, but the position was unsuited to a man of his birth and status, and he found more suitable employment in the Imperial Service Cavalry as C.O. of the Mysore Imperial Service Lancers. Pothanna held, I believe, originally some clerical appointment connected with the regiment. Indians of his class have generally little taste for horses, but, wherever he got it from, he was an exception. From helping Col. Desaraj with the accounts of his racing stable, he gradually came to take a hand in the actual management of it, and showed such aptitude for the game and such shrewd judgment that he did not take long to become trainer, in which capacity he became a worthy rival of the best of the English and Australian trainers who carried on their business at Bangalore. As a judge of racing, in capacity for valuing form and in ability to get a horse to his best, he was the equal of any of them. To any one who knows the educated Indian of the clerical class this must appear an astonishing thing, but it is the fact.

I have written, on the subject of racing, a great deal about very little, and I am afraid

I have been garrulous over my reminiscences, but I enjoyed my brief and modest career on the turf so much that I have been too easily led on. I hope I have not given the impression that in Madras I did nothing but play with horses; on the contrary I worked very hard indeed, but the work was technical and specialised, very interesting to me but only tiresome to any one not familiar with it. I comfort myself with the truism, which nearly all Indian administrators will admit, that a love of sport, and reasonable indulgence in it, make a better officer. In the case of the District Officer there can be no doubt of it. A sportsman mixes more with the people, and is better known to them, than one whose tastes and habits are more sedentary. He gets more into the minds of the country people, and increased mutual knowledge leads to increased mutual respect. The uncorrupted Indian likes personal government, and a Sahib, whom he knows and trusts, is more to him than Governors and Councils of whom he probably never heard, or at best knows merely as component parts of that powerful but impalpable entity the Sircar, with which he has no need to trouble his head so long as his own Sahib is approachable. It may be said, "Right, perhaps, but how does all that apply to racing?" Well, I think it does. Indians take readily to that sport, and it brings Europeans and Indians into contact on terms

of perfect equality. The religious and caste customs, which put such real obstacles in the way of ordinary social intercourse, do not operate at all on the turf, and I can say that I personally thus made many good friends whom I should not have made in any other way.

I got my furlough for eighteen months from the beginning of April 1894, and engaged my passage from Bombay in the middle of the month. The interval I employed in visiting my brother, who was in the R.H.A. at Kirkee. He was secretary of the Poona Hunt, as the local pig-sticking club was called, and, as the Hunt had a meet fixed for the first fortnight in April in the Sholapur District, he arranged that I should join them, which I was only too pleased to do, as I had had no opportunity of seeing anything of that particular sport. There is practically no pig-sticking in Madras. Pig there are in plenty but hardly ever in ridable country, and there is plenty of grand pig-sticking country without any pig. It is only in the Madras Deccan that I feel sure that it could be managed. The country there much resembles the Sholapur country, and there are pig, but the villagers hunt them down with nets, guns, dogs and everything else, so they are scarce. Moreover, these districts are thinly populated and sparsely officered, and one man alone cannot do much with pig in places where the villagers and the soi-disant shikaris do not

understand the sport. Only once have I seen pig killed, and helped to kill them, with the spear in the Madras Presidency. That was in the Bellary District, when the 27th Cavalry stationed at Bellary, by means of very hard work and the enthusiasm and perseverance of some of the younger officers, and through the cordial co-operation of the district staff under that good sportsman Donald Cowie, the Collector, succeeded in organising the sport sufficiently well to make some success of it. I joined them once, when on tour in the district, and, in a hard and hot day's work, we killed two. But that was some years after the time with which I am now dealing.

I took with me from Madras to Sholapur my great pal Sergeant, an Australian mare, on which I had been turning hounds to Harry Martyr, and Johnny Campbell's old steeple-chaser, Benlomond. None of these had ever seen a pig, but they were just as good at the game as any of the horses that I met there. We had what I considered very good sport, killing sixteen boars in something under a fortnight.

Pig-stickers in the grass jungles of Bengal, where they number their day's bag by the dozen, would not think much of that, but one appreciates sport for which one has to work. And we did work. We were out from early morning to late afternoon, spending perhaps a couple of

hours at mid-day in the shade of a tope over tiffin and a snooze. We had more than one blank day, but there were other days on which we killed two or three boars. The camps were a long way from Poona, and some men could only get out for a day's sport now and then, so that the number of spears varied. I should think it averaged six and was sometimes eight, generally divided into two parties. We had two horses cut. Mr Brown, I.C.S., was knocked over and his pony cut in the stifle, and Captain Upperton's Arab was cut across the back of the hock. The former animal recovered completely, thanks to the first-aid rendered by my brother, who tied up a severed artery. The other, with an apparently much less serious wound, was, I believe, permanently lamed.

Besides this, to my great regret, I lost old Benlomond. My brother and I were after a smallish galloping boar which had given a long hunt. The other spears had got left on the wrong side of a field of sugar-cane. I had got in a slight and harmless spear and we were galloping down the dry bed of a small river, when old Ben put his forelegs into a sort of pit, probably dug to collect water and since grown over with grass, and turned a somersault over me. It was a crumpling fall. The saddle was smashed, one stirrup crumpled up, my spurs torn off, hat bashed in, and myself not even perceptibly bruised. The spear was

also smashed in the way in which a bamboo breaks, a green-stick fracture, but not severed, and I imagine the point must have turned up when it broke and Ben must have landed right on to it. Anyhow, he got up and galloped off with the spear sticking upright in his back behind the saddle and waving about. Bucking and kicking, he got rid of the spear and then rolled over. He was dead when I got to him. A knot of bowel was protruding through the hole in his back, and I should suppose that his kidneys were pierced. Poor old fellow. He was a gallant horse and had had a good life, but his day was over in any case. It was just the right death for him. Better than dragging on till the merciful bullet became inevitable. Johnny Campbell took the ill news like the man he was, and I insisted on giving him a mare which I had left with him in Madras suffering from some temporary ailment. I am glad to say that she served him well for many years.

As may be gathered, my personal knowledge of pig-sticking is small, but, from that small experience, I am inclined to class it as the finest sport of any that I have enjoyed in India or at home. The discussion of the comparative merits of pig-sticking and fox-hunting has been worn threadbare, and it is, after all, purely a matter of personal taste. My own preference leans to the former. I have had quite enough of fox-hunting, and am quite fond enough of it to

appreciate its unique fascination. Still, I think it lacks something which the pig provides. As regards the riding, pig-sticking misses the joys of jumping; on the other hand it far excels in pace, and no one can say that it does not afford ample opportunity to fall. The going is often quite blind, scrub jungle and long grass concealing boulders, holes, logs and everything else, and these must be crossed at top speed. There is no cantering, the pig must be hustled and pressed or he will out-last the horse. All that affords excitement enough, but the crowning joy lies in the fact that the hunter hunts his quarry and kills it himself, instead of being a spectator, and further, there is something that appeals to the ancestral savagery, which survives, in greater or less degree, in most men, in killing with the cold steel a formidable animal, sure to do his best to retaliate, who obviously enjoys the scrap, and who dies, like the gallant gentleman he is, without complaint, and fighting as long as he can stand. Well, well! *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

CHAPTER VII.

I NEED not enlarge upon my two years' furlough. It is enough that I had a very good time, and spent a great deal more than my exiguous furlough pay. In the winter I established myself with four horses at the Digby Hotel, Sherborne, and hunted diligently with the Blackmore Vale, Lord Portman's and the Cattistock affording occasional variety. In January 1895, however, there set in the historical frost which lasted for two months, and the season was spoiled. We had almost a month's hunting after the frost, when horses were very unfit, and the B.V.H. brought off their point-to-point races. I rode in the lightweight race, 11 stone 7 lb. or over, and carried some ten pounds overweight. Under the National Hunt rules, as they then stood, flagged courses, such as are now the rule, were not allowed in point-to-point races. Only one turning-flag was permitted, so the race was a real point-to-point. Competitors might go where they pleased, barring roads, from start to turning-flag and thence to the finish, and I venture to think that that afforded a much more sporting

test than the present flagged course and trimmed fences. Our race was sporting enough in all conscience. Only seven started, but we took among us eleven tosses and killed one horse. I was one of the unfortunates who fell twice. My first fall was nothing to matter, and I was up with the leaders when we turned for home. The second was only two fences from the finish, when I was alongside the winner, whom I saw I could not beat, but hoped to be second, but I pulled the bridle off in the fall, and the horse finished without me.

I was due back in India in the autumn of 1895, but so disgusted was I at having had only ~~half~~ a season's hunting at the cost of a whole one that I applied for and got six months' extension, which gave me another season or the best part of it.

I was glad in the event that I did this. Had I returned in the autumn, I should not have got a district, for which I was nearly due. By returning at the beginning of the hot season of 1895, when men were going on leave, I stepped straight into a Collectorate, and was lucky enough never to change my district or to revert to a lower appointment.

I found myself posted to Malabar as acting Collector, and I was not delighted. I knew the West Coast only as a touring officer, and I knew no word of the language, while the climate was not to my taste. Besides, there had lately been

a pretty bad Mappila rising, which had been suppressed with the usual and inevitable bloodshed, and there was a lot of troublesome mess to clean up, which, as I had had nothing to do with the making of it, I did not at all want. So I pressed my views upon Sir Frederick Price, who was still Chief Secretary, and pointed out that the Vizagapatam District was then in charge of one of my juniors, and that I was in some sort qualified for it by experience of the neighbouring District of Ganjam, by my knowledge of the Uriva language, and by some years' experience of the Agency tracts. Of these, Vizagapatam contained, like Ganjam, a large area. It appeared that Lord Wenlock, who had lately relinquished the Governorship, had, after the Mappila trouble, recorded a note to the effect that he would never again post a married man to Malabar, and that, as I was a bachelor and was shortly due from leave, he thought I had better go there. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. I succeeded in converting Price and, on his advice, the new Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, to my view of the matter, so I was duly posted as acting Collector, District Magistrate, and Agent to the Governor in Vizagapatam, which post I held to my exceeding content for five years.

Vizagapatam was, without doubt, the finest and pleasantest district in Madras, as it was also the largest, being over seventeen thousand square miles in extent, which I think is about one-third

the size of my native Scotland. Of this about twelve thousand square miles were Agency tracts, a thinly populated jungly country, from one thousand to three thousand feet above sea-level, with peaks running up to five thousand, and mostly the property of the Maharaja of Jaipur. It was inhabited by a very mixed collection of hill people, some of them akin to the Kondhs, but no true Kondhs as in Ganjam. The remainder of the district lay between the coast and the hills, and was ordinary plain country, pleasantly varied by isolated hills more or less jungle clad.

The District headquarters were at Waltair on the coast, a name which is really Valteru, but was corrupted and anglicised by our forefathers. It was a good station with a considerably larger European population than usual, since a number of superior departmental officers, such as the D.I.G. of police, the Superintending Engineer, and others had their headquarters there, and the East Coast railway, still under construction, supplied a contingent of engineers and others. Thirty-five miles inland was Vizianagram, the seat of the Maharaja of Vizianagram, with a battalion of Indian infantry. The district had a much better cold season than was experienced farther south, the climate being most pleasant from November to February, and in the Agency really cold. There was plenty of sport. We had a good club in Waltair, a racquet court,

tennis courts and station polo, occasional cricket, and so forth, while the small game shooting was good in the cold weather, and there was shikar of many kinds in the Agency.

I joined there in April 1896, and having come straight out of the English winter, I found the hot season on the coast one of the most trying that I ever remember. I sat tight at headquarters till June, getting the feel of things, and started touring about the time when the S.W. monsoon might be expected. Then I did a short tour in the southern part of the Agency, and incidentally shot my first bison, quite a decent bull.

One of the things which made Vizagapatam a pleasanter district than the average was that the bulk of the land was the property of "Ancient Zamindars" holding under a permanent settlement. The Collector and his assistants were therefore not so apt to be immersed in a sea of detail, such as is inevitable in a district where the land is held direct from the Sircar by the cultivator, and had more time for the broader aspects of administration. The chief of the Zamindars were very big men indeed. The ancestors of Vizianagram, Bobbili, Jaipur, and others had taken part in the continual warfare of the eighteenth century, sometimes on the British side, sometimes on the French, had made treaties of alliance, and had been in effect Ruling Princes, considerably bigger than some who now

hold that status. The process by which they came to occupy the lesser position of Zamindars need not be elaborated, but there were still traces of lingering soreness on that account. Several of them had the hereditary title of Raja, and the Rajas of Jaipur, Bobbili, and Vizianagram all had that of Maharaja as a personal distinction. With these and others the relations of the district officers were of the most cordial nature, and I personally found them staunch and valued friends. Their class had naturally little sympathy with the unrestful elements in India, still less with the tendency to play with the edged tools of revolution, which was even then making itself manifest in many parts of the country, and which received an impetus from the suspicion and dislike with which the measures taken to combat the plague were regarded. Thanks to the powerful influence of this aristocratic class, which did a great deal to keep the vakil element in its proper place, there was not in the District, either in my time or later, any political ferment such as gave so much trouble in the Bombay Presidency and Bengal, and even in the Southern Districts of Madras.

The Maharaja of Vizianagram was a splendid specimen of the high-bred Indian. A tall handsome man, athletic and a fine horseman, he looked the part to the last detail. His manners were polished, and his courtesy was of the kind which manifested itself just as much in contact

with small people who did not matter, as with bigger people who did.

He had, unfortunately, some of the weaknesses as well as the virtues of his class and race. He was reckless in expenditure, and used to waste money on expensive trifles of no real value, to which, after purchase, he never gave a second look or thought, as well as upon favourites of both sexes whose influence was not for his good. He was also apt to be victimised by undesirables of British nationality, who ingratiated themselves with him by playing up to his weaknesses. Had he not died when he did, rather more than a year after I joined the district, the estate would, in spite of its enormous income, have become seriously involved. As it was, the process of ruin was in its earlier stages, and was easily arrested.

He was also apt to be too convivial, not, I think, from any fondness for drink, but out of sheer idleness and boredom. He was of the old style of Indian Prince, and regarded it as beneath his dignity to take any active part in the management of his estates. Having appointed a Brahmin to relieve him of that drudgery, he left everything to him, merely demanding from time to time what money he required for personal expenditure. He was a charming companion, and could be very interesting to talk to. When he was in Waltair, or when I was in Vizianagram, he often used to spend a couple of hours with

me in the evening, smoking his huqa and drinking bottle after bottle of Pilsener beer, which was the beverage in favour with him at that time. Before that it had been what he called Plymouth water, and before that again, champagne. Probably the beer did him less harm than the others.

I shall never forget a conversation which I had with him when, after our acquaintance and friendship had advanced far enough to justify the impertinence, I ventured to give him some very stale advice. To this day, after thirty years, I remember practically his exact words. He said, "I know, sir, I am an idle drunken fellow." (This was grossly overstating the facts.) "But what can I do? Your Pax Britannica (*sic*) has robbed me of my hereditary occupation. What is my hereditary occupation? It is fighting. With whom can I fight? I cannot fight with the British Government. You will not allow me to fight with the Maharaja of Bobbili, who is my ancestral enemy. I shall be the third of my name who has died in his bed, and it is shame to me." I was very greatly struck by his obvious and simple earnestness. For a moment he had bared his soul, and he meant every word he said; the next minute he laughed it off and asked for another bottle. It was a brief but illuminating glimpse of the point of view of himself, and, I do not doubt, many of his class, and it struck me as extremely pathetic.

I am glad that endeavours are now being made to alleviate the grievance which this fine but wasted man felt. Perhaps it will be possible in time to extend the scope of these endeavours to an extent which will remove the grievance altogether. It all depends on whether opportunities are offered to the right class of man, and not to families which have for generations and centuries been occupied in sedentary and peaceful pursuits.

The Maharaja died in 1897. He was a widower and childless, and had steadily refused to take a second wife, or had postponed that measure until too late. He was survived by his mother, an old lady of remarkably strong character, and considering the restrictions imposed by her caste and position, of wonderful aptitude for affairs. Her son having no issue and having adopted none, she obtained the sanction of the Courts to the adoption of a son by herself, on the authorisation of her late husband. The boy chosen was a relation of her own from Rajputana, and duly succeeded to the estate. He being a minor, the estate was taken under Government management during the minority. My great friend Herbert Gillman was appointed manager, and by the way in which he restored the solvency of the estate, as well as by the tactful way in which he secured the co-operation of the old lady, confirmed the high reputation which he had already earned. I was, of course, con-

stantly brought into close relation with him officially, and I am happy to remember that, during the years in which he held this important post in my district, there was never even the shadow of friction between us, and he did me the honour of being my best man when I got married.

The old Maharani was, of course, strictly purdah, and could not properly be seen by any man, but she was a strong-minded woman, and had no hesitation in claiming the privilege of age in order to receive either Gillman or me. We carried on our conversation in Telugu, not her language any more than mine, and she loved to interpolate a few English words, which it was easy to see she had learned for the purpose. Gillman had a very perfect command of Telugu, which he spoke with an Irish accent, pleasantly reminiscent of his native County Cork. He rose eventually, during the war, to be Member of the Executive Council, over the heads of several of his seniors, who were quite competent for the post, if they were not quite his equals, and who were better men than others who had at times held it. This caused ill-feeling, but I believe it was right, and it was a refreshing innovation in Madras, where, up to that time, promotion had gone far too much by seniority, to see the best available man chosen for a post in which the highest possible qualities were at any time required, and more so at that time in particular.

The Maharaja of Bobbili was quite a different personage to Vizianagram. He was a good landlord who was scrupulously attentive to business and allowed no detail of the administration of his large estates to escape his personal notice.

He was one of the numerous sons of the Raja of Venkatagiri, and had been adopted into the Bobbili family. He had been very carefully educated under a distinguished educationist, Dr Marsh, as private tutor. Dr Marsh was very successful as a tutor of young Indians of position, and in no way more so than in inculcating the duty of personal management of an estate, and in eradicating the tendency to irresponsible extravagance. Bobbili was a conspicuous example of the success of Marsh's methods. Although a devout Hindu, he paid two visits to England, and broadened his mind thereby, to the great advantage of himself and his estate.

The Bobbili family is often referred to in Indian histories with reference to an incident which occurred in the wars of the eighteenth century. Bobbili and Vizianagram were then fighting on the sides of the British and of the French. I forget which was for which. In the course of operations, Vizianagram laid siege to the Bobbili fort, and succeeded in reducing the garrison to such straits that they took the desperate course of firing the fort, slaying their women, and

making a hopeless sortie, in which they were destroyed to a man. A male child was, according to the story, smuggled into safety by a faithful retainer, and later carried on the line. The Maharaja was justly proud of this heroic tradition, and he erected on the site of the old fort an obelisk, on which the story was commemorated, along with an addition to the effect that, a few nights after the fall of the fort, a faithful Bobbili vassal succeeded in entering Vizianagram's tent and stabbed him to the heart. Assassination as revenge for military success is perhaps not quite in accordance with Western ideas of chivalry, but East is East and West is West, and neither should judge the other by its own standards.

The other principal magnate in the District was the Maharaja of Jaipur—not to be confounded with the Ruling Prince of similar name. He was the proprietor of the greater part of the Agency tracts. Much of his country was forest and jungle, but it comprised also some rich rice-growing tracts, which only needed the development of communications to make Jaipur even richer than it was. The Maharaja was, like Bobbili, a pupil of Dr Marsh. He was of a very good-tempered easy-going disposition, and would, no doubt, but for Marsh's training, have fallen into the habit of personal idleness while his estate was managed for him by a Brahmin. As it was, he gave a good deal of personal attention to his

affairs, and was reasonably careful of his money. Great as was my admiration of Dr Marsh's success as an instructor of youth, I sometimes thought that he was almost too successful in his campaign against extravagance. There is a medium in everything, and with an Indian of high birth and exalted position it is possible to overdo the teaching of economy.

It was pleasant to see how Marsh's pupils retained their affection and respect for him long after the relation of master and pupil had ceased to exist. Bobbili was no weakling, and was quite capable of forming his own opinions and taking his own course, but even he, to my knowledge, sometimes consulted Marsh when an important decision had to be taken. Jaipur, who had come of age and into control of his estate shortly before I joined the district, induced Marsh to stay on at Jaipur in the position of guide, philosopher, and friend. This has happened before on other large estates, but it is in my opinion not a very desirable course. Unless the newly emancipated pupil is a youth of unusual strength of character, it too easily falls out that the late tutor becomes *de facto* manager of the estate. Success as a tutor is no guarantee of competence as a manager, and it is hard indeed for the pupil to avoid attaching to the opinion and advice of his late tutor a weight which they do not always deserve. In this case Dr Marsh was, as I saw, doing good by keeping

the young Maharaja up to the collar, but he was also inevitably interfering in affairs which he did not understand. He and I did not by any means always see eye to eye, and I had to point out to him, quite clearly and without circumlocution, that my business was with the Maharaja and not with him. Failing health caused him to leave India shortly after that, and, greatly as I respected and admired him, I was not very sorry.

Besides these "Big Three," there were in the District numerous other Zamindars and proprietors. Several of them had been, as minors, wards under the Court of Wards, and had received a good education. Such were Kurupam, Siripuram, and others. They were mostly members of our station club at Waltair, and were both liked and respected by the District Officers and other European members. Altogether, I have never known any district where such happy social relations existed between the two races.

There was residing in Vizagapatam a very remarkable old gentleman, the Raja (later Maharaja) G. N. Gajapati Rao. He was the proprietor of the Anakapalli Estate and of much property in and about Waltair and Vizagapatam, but he was not an ancient Zamindar, he or his predecessors having acquired the property by purchase. The fortunes of the family were, in fact, founded on trade, and trade is looked upon by Indian aristocrats in much the same way as it was by mediæval barons. In spite of this disadvantage,

Gajapati Rao was so highly respected by all classes on account of his modest and retiring carriage, his almost saintly character, and his princely benevolence and charity, that he was given first the title of Raja, and later that of Maharaja, as a personal distinction. Unfortunately he had no son, but his two daughters were highly educated under an English governess, and were very accomplished ladies. They mixed, as young girls, in British Society, but after marriage they retired to the seclusion of the purdah. One married the young Zamindar of Kurupam, and the other became H.H. The Rani Sahib of Wadhwan in the Bombay Presidency. On the death of her husband she came to live in Vizagapatam. She received European ladies, but not men. I had, however, occasional correspondence with her on business, and she wrote a letter which could not have been distinguished from that of an English lady.

In my Assistants and Divisional Officers I was as fortunate as in the leading Indians of the district. They were all young men of the best kind, keen on their work, and running their charges on their own responsibility and initiative, never requiring more than the merest hint from me, but loyally carrying out and backing my ideas. I have always found that it pays to give good men their heads, to ride them with a light hand, just feeling their mouths, not pulling them about, and, if this is done, it is sur-

prising how few ever need a touch of the spur. I apologise for the stable metaphor, but it exactly expresses what I mean. Paddison (later Sir George Paddison) came to me straight from home as Assistant. I knew he would go far. He succeeded Harris in charge of the Jaipur Division, and held it till he was badly smashed up in a shikar accident, a misunderstanding with a wounded buffalo, in which he ought, according to all the rules, to have been killed. Another very first-class youngster was John Heaney, the very best and wildest kind of Irishman from Trinity, Dublin, a most lovable lad who had only one fault, a quick temper, which made for him difficulties out of which his otherwise sunny disposition always succeeded in rescuing him. He had never been out of his native island till he came over to London to pass the I.C.S. examination, and his brogue, which became strong in moments of excitement, was a pure joy. Unfortunately he died young. Cotterell, afterwards Private Secretary to Lord Carmichael and Lord Pentland, and Vernon, afterwards Private Secretary to Sir Arthur Lawley, were two other very smart youngsters whom I had the privilege of handling as raw material, and I am rather proud of having turned out four such good ones in five years. I did not, perhaps, train them on stereotyped or orthodox lines, but they did not seem any the worse of it. Paddison used to say that I trained my Assistants on the lines of the ancient

Persians, who, according to Herodotus, taught their boys to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. I cannot remember if it was Herodotus, but Paddison took a first in classics, so he ought to know.

Then there were a lot of good men in other departments besides the I.C.S. In the P.W.D. Walter de Morgan, most witty and entertaining of companions, too clever for his job, really seemed always to regard his work, which, if he chose, he could do better than most, as a huge joke. He was very popular with all of us, but less so with his immediate superiors, which was hardly surprising. Archie MacKenzie, also of the P.W.D., was one of my best friends, a first-class man who has left his mark on most of the large irrigation projects in the South. Stephen Cox of the Forests was a model District Forest Officer and a keen sportsman with an unfailing sense of humour.

In the Police we had more officers than the usual district, there being two independent police districts—Vizagapatam and Jaipur, each with a superintendent. Claude Carmichael was D.S.P. of Vizagapatam during the whole of my stay in the District, a first-class policeman, but very unpopular with his subordinates, with whom he was too harsh. Carmichael claimed to be the Earl of Hyndford, a dormant peerage, but could not afford to advance the claim, the more so as there was neither money nor land to be got in

case of success. Some twenty-five years ago I was grouse-shooting in Peeblesshire and noticed a ruined tower on the moor. Enquiry elicited the information that it was formerly the seat of the Earls of Hyndford, but now the property of my host. This was interesting to me, as the "Earl" was one of my friends. Touching Carmichael's unpopularity with his subordinates, we used to chaff him about one of his inspectors, who, hearing that a steamer upon which Carmichael had booked his passage on return from leave had been wrecked off Ushant, approached Carmichael's Assistant Superintendent and asked, with undisguised hopefulness, whether it was true that Carmichael was returning to Vizagapatam after his leave. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he went on, "Do you know, sir, upon which boat Mr C. will sail?" The ship's name being furnished, he exclaimed, with still less disguised hopefulness, "But, sir, she is sunk!" Disappointment awaited him. C. had, fortunately for himself, changed his ship.

There were too many changes of D.S.P. in Jaipur. It was particularly a post in which local knowledge and continuity of administration were required, but the climate was not one which every man could stand for long. More than one D.S.P. knocked up, and one, Sandell, died of hydrophobia after a bite from a wild dog. Eventually Charles Pelly got settled there. He was a fine cheery Irishman, and worked his

difficult charge admirably. Icely, the Port Officer at Vizagapatam, was a breezy little sailor, ex-skipper of the B.I. Line, with a morbid penchant for death-beds and funerals, always ready to act as volunteer nurse, and, if his services and those of the doctor were unavailing, as undertaker and chief mourner. He was kindness and gentleness itself, but could generally extract material for a joke from the grimmest happenings, an ability which is not without its value in a country where many fall by the wayside and memories are short. Some of his yarns might offend, so I will only refer to one, which is true. A certain Mr T. came in from camp to Waltair very ill, and eventually died and was buried. After the funeral the custodian of the cemetery, an old English soldier, asked Icely, "Who was this Mr T., sir?" Icely told him that T. was an Inspector of the Salt and Abkari Department, and elicited the shocked comment, "Good Lord, sir, I thought he was a gentleman, and I've gone and put him in the front row along of the E-light." As T. did happen to be a gentleman, in spite of his undistinguished position, let us hope that the E-light were not unduly scandalised.

In our District Medical Officers we were exceptionally lucky. Giffard (afterwards Sir Gerald Giffard, Surgeon-General) was a tower of strength morally and physically. His powerful build and shoulder-of-mutton fist belied the sympathetic delicacy of his touch and his acknowledged skill

as an operator, as much as his fervent John Bullism belied the strain of French blood which was in him.

Leapingwell, a Lt.-Colonel of the I.M.S. near the end of his service, was a favourite with everybody. On retirement he was employed as family physician to the Maharani of Vizianagram. He was greatly trusted by all classes of Indians, and had a great reputation among them as a worker of miracles by operation. I remember he told me he had been pestered a long time by an old man who hung about the hospital asking to be operated on. Leapingwell examined him carefully more than once and could find nothing wrong, but he insisted that he was very ill and that L. should operate. Eventually L. consented to perform an exploratory operation, and opened him up. Finding all correct, he sewed him up again, and when he recovered, the old man asserted that he was now quite well, and he certainly looked it. Faith healing, I suppose, but I have myself often performed the same operation upon clocks, carburetters, and such-like mysterious machinery with complete success.

Of my superior Indian Staff, by far the best man was the Deputy Collector in charge of the treasury, Surya Rao Naidu, a man of the old style, independent, straightforward and reliable, a favourite with all. He distinguished himself when I was young by killing a tiger which was in the act of killing Robinson, I.C.S., a young

Assistant Collector. Robinson was bitten through the skull and died at once, but Surya Rao did his part.

The Staff of Indian Subordinate Magistrates was very much the ordinary, neither better nor worse. Some were good, some bad, and a few very bad. One tahsildar was notoriously corrupt and defied detection. I hunted him for four years, and at last caught him fairly, and, rather to my surprise, for it used to be said that it took a lifetime to break a bad tahsildar, the Government dismissed him. A couple of years later, when I was in Madras, this man came to see me. He said, "Your honour has brought me to ruin," and I replied, "And you know very well that you deserved it." He waved all that aside, with the air of a well-bred man ignoring a *bêtise*, and remarked with a sigh, "Your honour, it is my bad days. Without doubt it is on account of some evil deed which I did in a former life." I refrained from the too obvious comment, and he continued, "Anyhow, one thing now your honour must do for me. Your honour must write to Mr Gillman and get him to give me a post in the Vizianagram estate." As Gillman knew as much about the old ruffian as I did, the proposed action would have been quite fruitless, and I did not take it.

Corruption among the inferior staff of a Collectorate is or was rampant, and finds scope in directions in which the Western mind would

never think of looking for it. My old friend, Surya Rao, put me up to several tricks, which, he said, were commonly played by the clerks in my office. The following is typical. Every day when at Headquarters I interviewed petitioners at a fixed hour. Of course, it was generally impossible to deal straight off with a man's request or complaint. Some local enquiry or reference was almost always necessary, and the man had to be told that orders would be communicated to him in due course. Instead of going back to his village, the petitioner would hang about the office, often for weeks. When orders were passed, a clerk would make out the fair copy of the order for signature, and now came his chance. If the order were favourable, he would seek out the man and show him the unsigned copy, telling him that he, the clerk, had drafted the order, and for a consideration, which varied with the means of the victim, would get the Collector to sign it. The result was, of course, a certainty, and not only was the clerk's pocket benefited, but his reputation in the bazaar and his opportunities for future gain were increased. I must admit that I never could devise any means of effectively countering this trick.

But, frequent as corruption is, I sometimes think that we in India are apt to dignify by that name and to make an unnecessary fuss about what, in England, would be no more than a

customary tip, and though I have no wish to defend corruption, I feel that the average Indian not only does not object to it, but indeed rather likes it. It is as likely to operate in his favour as against him, and it puts the issue to a certain extent into his own hands.

I have seen a minute by a very distinguished and wise judge, the man who was responsible for the excellent criminal codes which are in use in India, in which he discussed the very point which I am now taking, and, in illustration, he referred to a conversation which he had with an Indian gentleman of the old school. I cannot give the reference, and I may be misquoting verbally, but not in substance. The judge's friend was expatiating on the virtues of an old-time native Indian judge, and said, "Praise be to God, he was an honest and an upright judge. His house was open to all. With his own sainted hand he took bribes *and did justice according*. But now, under the rule of the Sahib-log, we have to fee the clerks and the chuprassis, and God knows what decision will be given."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER I had been in Vizagapatam only a few months we very narrowly escaped trouble in the Agency. A Hill tribe, called Savaras, existed in a small area of country on the south-west of the Ganjam Agency, and overflowed into a smaller area in the north-east corner of Vizagapatam. Ethnologically the Savaras were rather a curiosity. They bordered on the Kondhs, but never mixed with them, each letting the other alone and there being no love lost. In facial appearance and in dress, what there was of it, they were easily distinguishable from the Kondhs, and they had never, I believe, shared in the custom of the Meriah sacrifice, but they were much shyer and more difficult to deal with. Once when I was holding a bhet, and when they were assembled at the rest-house, in which I was camped, for the usual pow-wow and exchange of ceremonial gifts, some Uriya boys from the adjacent village began to crowd on to the corner of the verandah on which I, with Carmichael and Lys, the Divisional Officer, were sitting. I motioned to an orderly to shoo them off, and one

of them tumbled backwards off the verandah and upset one or two others. In a flash, before we realised what was happening, the whole assembly, some hundreds of Savaras, chiefs and all, arose as one man and stampeded. The six-foot bamboo fence, which surrounded the rest-house, went down with a crash as if a herd of bison had charged it, and they were in full flight for their homes. There was no stopping the panic, and the bhet was over for the time. I did not court failure by attempting to get them to attend again at the same place, but later on, after I had, through a tactful Subordinate Magistrate, calmed their fears, I held another bhet at a place in the middle of their villages and got through it without untoward incident. That, however, was at a time later than the trouble to which I am now referring, and had nothing to do with it.

To revert to it, there had been, a few years before, a Savara killed in a fight by another Savara. The slayer was sentenced by my predecessor to a long term of imprisonment, but the sentence was revised by higher authority and reduced to, I think, three years. The convict was a man of means, as property is counted among Savaras, and when the imprisonment expired and he returned to his village, the relatives and friends of the dead man demanded a blood fine of a large number of cattle. The ex-convict had, however, after mixing with jail-

birds, become something of a sea lawyer, and refused on the ground that he had already expiated his offence by undergoing the punishment which the Sircar thought sufficient. The dead man's fellow-villagers disagreed with him. They pointed out that he had not served the sentence which had been imposed upon him by the Agent Sahib, and they refused to listen to any talk about higher authority. They knew none. On their demand being refused, they went on the warpath, and forcibly drove off the cattle. Complaint was made to the nearest police station, and the head constable, with a few men, went to the raiders' village to recover the cattle. He was met with an emphatic refusal, accompanied by threats and preparations for battle, so he wisely retired. Matters could not be left there, or the Sircar's prestige would have suffered badly, so, as soon as I got the news, Carmichael and I hurried up to Parvatipur, Lys' headquarters, and made our plans. The rains were just setting in, and no one wanted a little campaign against an elusive enemy in a difficult country at that season, but we reckoned that the Savaras, who would be starting their cultivation for the season, would want it just as little, so we decided to try bluff before proceeding to direct action. We therefore sent a message to the raiding village to the effect that on a named day, Lys would be present at a place convenient for the purpose, and that on

that day the missing cattle, to the last cow, must be produced and handed over, when all would be well. Failing obedience, it was explained that the Agent Sahib himself would come with all the police and would take strict measures. What those measures would be was explained in by no means under-coloured detail. Meanwhile I arranged with Weir, the Collector and Agent in Ganjam, that he should be ready for active co-operation from the other side, so that the Fituridars, if it became a Fituri, should be caught between two fires. The bluff was effective, and was not called. On the appointed day the cattle were delivered over to Lys, who after reading the delinquents a lecture, and also, though that was not part of his instructions, paternally boxing the ears of the penitents and receiving their promise of future good behaviour, marched off in triumph with the booty. Had the bluff failed, we should have found it extremely difficult to enforce obedience.

The monsoon of 1896 was a very bad one, and crops failed extensively. By Christmas it was plain that measures of relief would be required to carry the more necessitous part of the population through to the next harvest. The upland part of the district was not materially affected, but nearly the whole of the plains were more or less so.

Ganjam suffered equally, and the four Deccan Districts as well. By the early part of the hot

weather we had in operation famine kitchens, where we fed those who needed it and who were unfit to work, and also relief works of sorts, where the famine code rate of pay was available for those who were willing to earn it.

A senior officer of the I.C.S., a Member of the Board of Revenue, was appointed Famine Commissioner for the affected districts. He was a very whole-hearted and enthusiastic administrator of relief measures, and in this he was very ably seconded by the Sanitary Commissioner. The latter's functions were only advisory, but the Famine Commissioner was a good deal guided by him, and both officers took a graver view of the state of affairs than did some of the Collectors of the districts concerned. Of these I was one, and certainly I thought that my chief viewed the situation too seriously. The Sanitary Commissioner was an enthusiast in his profession, and I have found that it is always well to be careful of taking the advice of specialist experts, who are apt to take a purely specialised view without much regard to considerations which are outside of their special province. So far as my own district was concerned, I did not consider that the emergency was ever really serious, and I believe that it could have been sufficiently met at less cost to the public purse than that which was actually incurred. The more excitable portion of the Press, egged on by philanthropic missionaries and hysterical corre-

spondents, was responsible for a good deal of exaggeration, and one paper, no doubt in perfectly good faith, published a photograph of distressingly emaciated famine coolies which was found on investigation to have been taken not in 1897 but in the great famine of twenty years before.

My view is that the duty of the State is to prevent deaths from want of food, and that it should not attempt to undertake the impossible task of keeping a whole population in its normal condition. That task cannot be performed, and the attempt to perform it is both expensive and wasteful. Yet there are enthusiasts who insist upon it.

In Vizagapatam I doubt if there was a single death from pure starvation, but I do not make that statement with the idea of taking any credit for it. On the contrary, I believe that very few indeed would have died from starvation, apart from disease, if no relief measures had been undertaken at all. It was right, of course, to undertake them within limits, but I thought, and still think, that too much was attempted. It all depends on what view is taken of the duty of the State. My views are as I have given them, but they are only mine, and there are many, perhaps more competent to judge, who think otherwise. In any case, I had to do as I was ordered.

Famine work is one of the hardest and most

disagreeable duties which fall to the I.C.S. Inevitably, the subordinate staff, employed for the purpose, is to a large extent temporary and experimental, and it is bound to comprise a proportion of wrong ones, lazy ones, incompetents, and robbers. To keep things going and to maintain control, the Collector and his Divisional Officers have to be continuously on tour, inspecting and instructing, and this throughout the hottest months of the year. The unending worry, constant exposure, and inevitable breakdowns in the extemporised machinery take it out of most men, but I must admit that the hot seasons which I have felt least, and in which, apart from some loss of flesh, I have kept fittest, have been those in which I was most constantly employed in the open air and in full exposure to the rigours of the season. I say nothing about the risk of disease; that is all part of the game. Cholera is never absent and smallpox frequent, but in Vizagapatam in 1897 we had no extensive epidemics, and never encountered the horrors which attended the famine and cholera in Ganjam eight years previously. By October we were pretty well finished and the cleaning up of the mess was well advanced, so I was able to do a long tour in the remotest part of the Agency country before Christmas. My assistant in charge of Jaipur was Leonard Harris, and he accompanied me. We did some shikar after buffalo on the borders of the Central Pro-

vinces, and, just after we had parted, Harris was lucky enough to bag a bull, the measurements of which take a good place among the records in Roland Ward's book. I also got a very good Bull, which gave considerable sport.

As the east coast railway ran only along the coast of the District, communication with the interior was entirely by road, and, off the main routes, by footpath. Bullock-carts could be taken right through the Jaipur country, but they could not leave the few main routes. The Agent, therefore, had three Government elephants and the Divisional Officers two or one each. The elephant is a useful baggage carrier so long as he is fit, but he requires skilful and careful treatment to an extent to which his ignorant and careless attendants cannot be trusted to exercise it. Sore backs are the great trouble. A little carelessness in the adjustment of the pad or the disposal of the load results in a bruised back, and a swelling, which, if taken in hand at once and work stopped, may be cured in a few weeks, but which, if neglected, is sure to develop into an abscess which must be lanced, and which will take anything up to a year to get quite sound again. To stimulate the mahouts to carefulness I found the only way was to cut their pay while the animal was out of work. Naturally they had an easy time when their charge could not carry a load or even collect its own fodder, and I do not think they were

sorry when this occurred, at least not till the reduction of pay came into force. I dare say there are good elephant servants in some parts of India, but ours were great rascals. Once, when approaching my camp at the end of a march, I met a string of carts, and one of the cartmen complained to me that when he passed my elephants, which were ahead of me, a mahout had stolen his axe, which was tied to the top of the cart, and, when he expostulated, had threatened to make the elephant upset the cart. I took the man back to camp with me and made him point out the offender. Of course, the latter denied the accusation, but the axe was found among his belongings. I accordingly sat down and tried him at once summarily, found him guilty, and sentenced him to whipping, one dozen, which was well and truly laid on by a stalwart police orderly, to the emphatically expressed satisfaction of the crowd of cartmen and others who had rapidly collected, and to the great improvement of all the mahouts' subsequent conduct.

Elephants cannot carry a very big load in a hilly country, and, owing to this, we never took large tents with us into the Agency, generally only one "Field Officers' Cabul" tent. Instead we had rest-houses at ten to sixteen miles apart along all the main routes, and some also in less accessible spots. These were two-roomed bungalows, mud walls, and thatched

roof, with a cook-house and a stable adjacent. They were an enormous convenience and aid to mobility, as well as very cheap to build, since the materials were to hand, and the nearest villages were very glad to do the work.

Agency tours form one of the pleasantest of my recollections of Indian life. The climate was, no doubt, unhealthy, but it was generally more congenial than that of the plains, while in the cold months it was perfect. I always had one or two, sometimes three, other men with me. There were no vakils, and there was generally sport of one kind or another to be got. I kept up the good old tradition that the Agent ran the camp and the others were his guests, an arrangement which had only one drawback, the difficulty of transporting enough soda water. This necessity of daily life was both heavy and fragile. I well remember my consternation when a clumsy mahout, unloading an elephant, let a six-dozen case slip off the pad. Of course, it exploded, and every bottle was smashed, but the crate prevented damage to bystanders.

I have said that the administration of the Agency tracts was primitive and paternal. Much of the ordinary law, applicable to the plains, did not run, and the Agent was very nearly an autocrat. Both in Vizagapatam and in Ganjam he possessed a power which, I think, few Civil Officers in India exercise, and which the Governor himself did not possess in the regulation tracts.

He could by warrant arrest and intern, for such period as might seem desirable, any person whatever, and there was no appeal and no Habeas Corpus. All that was required was a report of the facts and reasons to the Government, who might, but never did, cancel the order. The value of this power as a means of keeping the peace and anticipating trouble could not be overstated. It was seldom necessary to exercise it, and in five years I did so only once. The mere threat was always sufficient to quell a mischief-maker.

The occasion on which I used this power was unusual. A small colony of trans-frontier Pathans, under the leadership of one Roza Khan, had, in my predecessor's time, established itself at the village of Motu, at the junction of the rivers Saveri and Sileru, which there united to form an important tributary of the Godavari. The spot was on the border of Jaipur, and close to the boundaries of the Godavari District and H.H. the Nizam's dominions. These settlers were ostensibly occupied in trade, but there were complaints, fairly substantiated, that they were bullying and exploiting the timid and ignorant local villagers, and they were more than suspected of being responsible for several dacoities. My predecessor found them a nuisance, and warned Roza Khan that he would be removed if he gave further cause of complaint, and, in particular, the number of his Pathan

followers was limited to a named figure. Trusting, no doubt, that a change of personnel would entail a change of policy, he began, soon after I joined, to import more and more hefty ruffians, to the discomfort and terror of the neighbourhood. In a spot so far removed from supervision, nearly 200 miles from my headquarters, this colony of more than questionable characters was clearly undesirable. I therefore sent for Roza Khan, but he did not turn up, so I issued the dreaded warrant. Evidently he got wind of it, for he vanished, and the warrant could not be executed. Meanwhile one day he walked into my office in Vizagapatam, a magnificent specimen of a man, a tall, burly, hawk-nosed, swaggering fellow, whom I could not help admiring. He tried bluff, saying that I had no right to arrest him, and so forth. I did not argue, but sent him straight to the district jail, with the intimation that I would have a talk with him when he felt more like it. In about ten days he asked for an interview, and was a different person, apologised for his contumacy, and promised to send away his superfluous followers, so I let him go. Within a few months he and his gang cleared out altogether, and I heard no more of him.

I was always very struck with the apparently happy existence which the hill people in the Agency led. They seemed always well fed, well clothed—so far as they wanted,—had plenty

of drink, seldom got a bad monsoon, and were not exploited by vakils to any serious extent. Their great sport was cock-fighting, and at every hâto (market) the sport was freely indulged in. There always seemed to be a hâto for every day of the week within easy reach, and they were largely attended, quite as much for fun as for business. They used spurs on their cocks, and I have seen a man produce a neat leather case packed with steel spurs of various shapes and sizes. I suppose the sport has its charms, but I cannot see them. If no spurs are used the fight is tedious to a degree, while if they are it is often all over in a minute, and a chance blow may defeat the greatest champion. So far as my experience goes, quails put up a much more lively scrap than cocks do, but I suppose the combatants are less easy to procure.

A vice, if it was a vice, which was very prevalent was opium eating. A great proportion of the Hill men took a small pill of the drug every morning. This was supposed to be a preventive of malaria, and I believe it did act to some extent as such or as a cure. I do not think the drug was often used to excess or for the pleasure of intoxication, but merely as a medicine. Opium smoking was not practised, and the lurid pictures, which are commonly drawn by temperance enthusiasts, prohibitionists, and the like, of besotted debauchees in festering dens, had no parallel in those parts. Such

things may, no doubt do, exist in China and where Chinese are found in numbers, but I assert that opium can be used, as alcohol can, in moderation and with benefit. The case for prohibition is only weakened by sensational exaggeration.

Early in 1898 the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, paid a visit to the District. Sir Arthur was not a spectacular Proconsul, and had little taste for the social displays which are no doubt necessary in his position, but he was a good Governor, a sound and practical administrator, who understood the secret of letting his men alone to do their own job, unless or until they proved unequal to it. He was no trouble to entertain, as his tastes and habits were simple. This is not always the case with Governors. There have been those who, no doubt from sheer inability to understand the difficulties of lesser people, and without for a moment intending it, have involved their official hosts in expenses which absorbed several months' pay. Others, fearing to fall into this error, have avoided the acceptance of hospitality with a punctilious care which gave offence. It is also not every Governor who realises to what an extent his personal popularity is affected by the character and bearing of his personal staff.

In the cold season the touring in the Vizagapatam District was almost as pleasant in the plains as in the Agency. The weather was not quite

with one or two companions. We rode from one tank or swamp to another, our guns carried behind, and the Berthon following on an elephant. A halt was called here and there to shoot a patch of snipe ground, or to surround a small tank and blaze away for a few minutes at the bunch of duck which had been resting in it. Then the Berthon was unlimbered and the dead collected. When we reached camp we would have twenty to fifty duck, also snipe according to luck, and perhaps a few green pigeons. The latter were, I think, the best of all the ingredients of a game stew, and no chance of adding them to the bag was ever neglected. Besides, they are one of the most difficult of birds to shoot. They can often be potted on the tree, ~~but~~, if sport is the object and they are flushed by a well-placed stone, they leave the tree with a dip and a swerve which I have seen equalled only by the blue-rock from a sea cave, and which might defeat better guns than we mostly were. In the matter of snipe grounds Vizagapatam was not first-class. Of course, there were snipe everywhere in suitable places, but there were no grounds to compare with those found farther south, as in Nellore, Chingleput, Madura, and Trichinopoly. The best was at Gunupur, a rather remote spot, but accessible if one happened to be in the neighbourhood. Lys and I, one February, shooting two days over the same ground, got over one hundred couple. The

next year, he and I, with Carmichael, arranged to shoot it again at the same season. We arrived there with keen anticipation and many cartridges. After about an hour and a half's work we had some five couple among us, and realised that the snipe were not there. Compensation was, however, to hand. The ground consisted of a number of small scattered "tamparas," what are called jheels farther north, and these had a good deal of water in them, and were surrounded by tall reeds. While after the snipe we had realised that there were a lot of duck on the tamparas, as they rose at every shot and flew back and forward. We therefore decided to leave the snipe and switch on to the duck. The only trouble was that none of us had a cartridge loaded with anything larger than No. 8, and with that we had to do our best.

We concealed ourselves in suitable positions, well apart, and sent our coolies with the elephant, which was carrying tiffin and the like, to beat up the jheels and intervening swamps. The result was wholly satisfactory. In two or three hours we got over eighty duck and teal, and the No. 8 seemed to pull them down just as well as the No. 4, which we generally used for the purpose. Since that day I have had faith in small shot, but the preference is confined to its use in an ordinary game gun. With a long range duck gun of whatever bore I have found big shot necessary, even up to Nos. 1 and 2.

The smaller grains lose velocity too soon, and the extra ranging power of the special gun is lost.

Except in the cold season, there was little in the way of small game shooting. Grey partridges, painted partridges, hares, and green pigeons were often to be got, but nowhere in numbers sufficient to make it worth while to take much trouble about them. In the forest tracts there were red jungle fowl, spur fowl, and pea fowl, sometimes sufficient for an hour or two's amusement in the evening close to camp, when a dozen boys could be collected from the nearest village as beaters.

A member of the I.C.S., who not only was a very good and very quick rifle ~~shot~~, but also, what is worth even more, was notoriously lucky, was doing this, and had caused his orderly to bring his rifle in case of a barking deer or the like turning up. What did turn up was a tigress, followed by two nearly full-grown cubs, and my friend bagged the bunch with three cartridges. That was after I left the district.

In the absence of shooting I and others often amused ourselves in camp or on the march by hunting jackals, either with long dogs or with a pack of promiscuous canines. I generally had two or three useful dogs of the greyhound kind, preferably not pure bred and, for choice, with a strain of country blood. The pure greyhound is too fast for the jackal, and lacks the courage

to tackle such a hard-bitten quarry. The big coarse greyhounds, sometimes imported from Australia and known as kangaroo hounds, would tackle, but were also too fast, and the same applied to the Persian greyhound, of which I have seen a few couples, and which were apparently identical with the now fashionable Salukhi. The best was something between some kind of greyhound and the poligar dog, the indigenous hunting dog of the south of the peninsula. The latter cross supplied the spice of savagery lacking in the greyhound, and reduced the pace. It also gave ability to stand the climate. Dogs of that sort were generally very untrustworthy with sheep or goats, and, once they took to that form of shikar, no punishment would cure them.

Talking of dogs, I had often heard the Bunjara dog mentioned as a good one. The Bunjaras were a tribe of gipsy-like appearance, who, with thousands of pack bullocks, used to conduct a carrying trade between the Central Provinces and the remoter parts of Jaipur on the one hand, and the Vizagapatam coast on the other. They used to come down through Jaipur from December onwards in enormous droves, loaded with grain and forest produce, which they sold at the coast or in the plains on the way to it. There they loaded up with salt at the coast factories and returned to the interior. To meet one of these droves on a katcha

road was far from a treat. The column of dust which hung over them advertised their approach for miles, and, even if they were stopped and driven off the road, one emerged from the cloud half-choked and whitened or reddened from head to heel. The men were fine big fellows, of a free and independent bearing, and their women were strappers. They looked fierce and truculent, but they were frauds. Even when in numbers, they knuckled under without a fight to the local dacoit, himself no hero, and often submitted to be looted without resistance. Their dogs were of no one type. They were mostly rather large and they looked savage, but I rather think they were frauds like their masters. I once got a couple of pups, which were alleged to be of the best breed, but they developed into very ordinary specimens of not very superior pariahs, and I soon got rid of them.

I have mentioned dacoits, and I should say that the crime of dacoity was very prevalent in the Jaipur country. Drove of pack bullocks and convoys of carts were frequently looted with violence, and attacks upon the houses of wealthy grain-dealers and money-lenders were not uncommon. The Agent, like Pooh-Bah, had many official capacities, and among these he was Sessions Judge for the Scheduled Districts. As such I had to try many cases in which batches of from a dozen to thirty or more men were accused of having taken a part in one of the

above-mentioned crimes. These cases were really very difficult, because, while it was desirable to repress dacoity, the evidence against the accused was generally confined to identification, and required very careful sifting if injustice was to be avoided. Even when stolen property was alleged to have been recovered from any of the accused, it was necessary to be on guard against the tricks of the subordinate police. One consoling thought was that those who practised dacoity, Kangars as they were called, were well known as such to their neighbours, and, if it should happen that one of them was wrongly convicted of a crime in which he had had no part, it was a certainty that he had been guilty of some other for which he had escaped punishment. No one, of course, could act on such a cynical principle, and I did not, but it was nevertheless a consolatory reflection. The view which the local inhabitant took of it was well exemplified by the reply of a witness whom I was cross-examining closely on the point of identification. "What matter," he said, "whether these men were there or not? Are they not Kangars?" The answer was no doubt in the affirmative.

In the summer of 1899 I took three months' privilege leave for the third time, and had a very welcome change of scene and climate.

In the following hot season we had rather a serious upheaval in the hills and a "fituri,"

which, by the greatest of luck, was quickly and thoroughly suppressed.

For some months I and my assistants, as well as the police, had been puzzled by an obvious but indefinable air of unrest which we could feel to exist in the hill country. It was not until the beginning of May—these things always come to a head in the hottest season—that the unrest crystallised into definite shape. Lys, my assistant at Parvatipur, reported that a religious leader had appeared and settled himself in a tiny hamlet called Korraivanivalsa, just at the foot of the hills, and actually a few yards inside the ordinary tracts and outside of the Agency. This man was attracting an immense crowd of devotees and disciples from the hills, but what his doctrines were, or what was in the wind at all, was very uncertain. Lys was unfortunately under orders of transfer from the district, and was unable to give as much personal attention to the matter as he otherwise would have done. The Sub-Magistrate and the nearest police station had orders to watch it, but the gathering was apparently quite peaceable, and a fituri of a religious character was without precedent.

Hardly had Lys handed over charge of the division to his successor, Turing, when the trouble started. The Head Constable in charge of the police station, carrying out his orders to keep the gathering under observation, went on patrol with one constable to the hamlet, which

had by that time grown into a very large camp of temporary huts. The two policemen were seized by the leaders of the assemblage and taken into the presence of the "Swami," who had by that time become a sort of divinity. They were ordered to do puja to the Swami, and pluckily refused, upon which the latter ordered his three principal lieutenants to take them out and kill them. The unfortunate men were accordingly battered to death with lathis by the excited devotees, under the leadership of the said lieutenants, and their bodies were thrown into a shallow tank adjacent to the camp, which tank was, incidentally, the only water supply of the assemblage for all purposes.

Most of these facts came out in detail at a later stage; for the present it was known only that the policemen had been murdered by the orders of the Swami and his three head men, who were known and named.

The information reached me at Waltair in a telegram from Turing—Lys was actually in my house on his way to his new district. Fortunately Carmichael was at headquarters, so with him I at once made arrangements to deal with the gathering, which had now declared itself in its true colours, and which was likely, owing to initial success in defying authority, to swell to dangerous proportions.

I wired to Pelly, the D.S.P. of Jaipur, to join me as quickly as possible with the Jaipur

police reserve at Salur, the Taluq headquarters nearest to the scene of trouble, and the Vizagapatam reserve was to march that night for the same objective. Turing, with the Parvatipur police, and Conyngham, the A.S.P., were also to concentrate. I wired Gillman to lay a carriage dâk for Carmichael and me to Salur. We two took the train to Vizianagram, where we arrived about midnight, and then drove over the very vile thirty-five miles of road to Salur, leaving our camp and kit to follow by cart. At Salur at daybreak we found Turing's two ponies, and rode out to Pachipenta, where he and Conyngham were camped with the Parvatipur police, only a couple of miles or so from the Swami's camp. There we spent the day and collected all the information we could. In the afternoon we took a small armed party and rode out to within easy view of the camp. From an eminence we thoroughly surveyed the place. None of us had ever seen or heard of anything quite like it. A thousand or more of bamboo and mat huts, not much larger than dog kennels, were crowded together on a level piece of ground close under the wooded hill slope which was the boundary of the Agency. It was full of men, apparently busied with their own affairs, and it was surrounded by a very high flimsy bamboo fence. The main entrance was on the side farthest from the hill, and consisted of a bamboo gate, flanked on either side by a sort of tower

of bamboo scaffolding, highly ornate. We could see the bodies of the murdered policemen lying in the shallow water of the tank. The recovery of these was the main purpose of our reconnaissance, and we had brought some low-caste men for the purpose.

Under the protection of the police rifles this was effected, and the bodies, slung on bamboos, were carried off for disposal, according to their caste customs, by their relatives and comrades. The job was not a nice one, even for us who only supervised and were able to keep to windward, as nearly three days of May heat had passed since the murders. The camp buzzed and swarmed like a hive of bees, but no attempt was made to attack us, as soon as it was seen that the police were armed and that we were not being aggressive.

Having got all we wanted for the moment, and having reconnoitred the place sufficiently to enable us to make our plans, we retired to Pachipenta. Turing and Conyngham, with their men, were left there as a force of observation, and Carmichael and I rode back to Salur, where our camp had arrived that evening. Next day the Vizagapatam reserve arrived, and also Pelly with the Jaipur reserve.

These armed police reserves were the result of a sound idea inadequately carried out. Every ordinary district had such a reserve at headquarters under a British Inspector, usually an

old soldier. It was supposed to be maintained as a striking force, immediately available in an emergency. It varied in strength from fifty to a hundred rifles, and, had these been generally available, would have been amply sufficient for its purpose. It had, however, to supply all sorts of guards and escorts for prisoners and treasure, treasury guards, magistrates, orderlies, and other duties, and sometimes there were not enough men at headquarters to do even squad drill on morning parade. Apart from this, they were well drilled and disciplined, and were armed with the Snider rifles which became available when the Indian infantry were promoted to the Martini. In Vizagapatam, owing to the size and character of the District, we had two large reserves at Vizagapatam and Jaipur, and a small one at Parvatipur, but so heavy were the calls upon them for outside duties that on this occasion the three provided us with a striking force of no more than about seventy men.

The Inspector of the Parvatipur reserve was an old soldier named Pitts, who had served in the 24th Regiment in Zululand, and who had escaped the slaughter of Isandhlwana by a stroke of luck. We gave the Jaipur and Vizagapatam police a night's rest at Salur after their forced march, and arranged to endeavour on the following night to effect the arrest of the murderers, which it was plain could only be done with a fairly strong force. Our plan was to make a

night march, and, arriving as close as possible to the Swami's camp before dawn, to rush it as soon as it was light enough and do our best to capture the Swami and his three chief men. To this end we were to envelop the camp by means of parties of police on every side, while the main body rushed the gate and made for the Swami's hut, which we had located. The weak point in the plan was the side of the enclosure which almost touched the foot of the wooded hill. We could not get round this, and it left a bolt-hole through which escape was only too possible. However, we had to trust a great deal to luck, and it served us. In the evening the police were paraded and confined to camp, no hint, for fear of leakage, being given to them of our intentions. Then, towards midnight, they were quietly roused, no bugle calls or similar noises, ammunition was served out and they were marched off, "secretly and without ostentation." Through the rougher country near the foothills we had to march in single file, and, until one has tried it, it is difficult to believe how this results in stringing out. It seems impossible for the head of the column to go slow enough or the rear fast enough.

Making a detour round Pachipenta, so as to avoid alarming the villagers, we picked up the Parvatipur men, and, proceeding with more caution, got safely to within half a mile of our objective, where we detached flanking parties

under Turing, Conyngham, and Pitts, and the rest moved quietly forward to the bund of the tank within sight of the gate. There we lay down to wait for daylight. The policemen were getting a little jumpy in the dark, and it was not easy to keep them from loading their rifles.

It was interesting and certainly surprising to see that the Swami's people had pickets with watch fires thrown out at intervals round the enclosure and at some distance from it. We did not expect this, and some of the pickets prevented one of our flanking parties from getting to the position which had been assigned to it.

When the dawn appeared these pickets broke up and went about their business, while a few men emerged from the enclosure and went down to the water for the usual purposes. The police were ordered to fix bayonets but not to load. I am afraid, however, that most of them did. Then the party arose and went for the gate at the double. Pelly, the impetuous, leading by twenty yards, smashed the flimsy barrier with a flying kick, and the rest crowding through after him, completed its destruction. The men who were outside, however, had effectively raised the alarm as soon as they saw us, and, on getting in, we found the open space before the Swami's quarters swarming with a yelling mob, all brandishing clumsy two-inch bamboo lathis. We did not expect firearms, but they did have a very few. These they let off, probably at the sky,

and no doubt threw them away, as we picked up a few old banduks of sorts afterwards. What we did expect was bows and arrows, but none of these were in evidence, and very glad of it I was, as they are nasty things at close quarters.

We afterwards learnt from prisoners that the Swami had ordered his followers to go to the jungle on the night of the new moon, a few days before the murder of the policemen, and to cut themselves bamboo staves. With these he promised that they should defeat the Sircar, since the staves would turn to guns, the dust to powder, and the stones to bullets by his magic power. Upon the bamboos and upon the Swami's promises the credulous disciples relied, to the neglect of their own much more effective weapons, bows and arrows and axes. Evidence of the truth of the story was afforded by the fact that a considerable proportion of the lathis, which were picked up afterwards, were roughly shaped at the thicker end to the likeness of a gun stock. Some of our men also assured me that they saw men pointing lathis at them like guns, and could not understand the manœuvre. I did not see it myself, but I think it is very possibly true.

However that may be, the crowd, which was rapidly increasing, lost no time in attacking the intruders, and a dangerous rush, which, if successful, might have swept away the comparatively small force of police, had to be stopped by rifle fire. It was all over in a few minutes,

and the mob quickly began to melt and flee. Naturally the most got clean away, several thousands I should say, but the endeavours to round them up resulted in five or six hundred being gathered in and made to squat down in a body under guard while we set to clearing up the mess.

In the open space, where the firing had occurred, we picked up thirteen dead and twenty wounded, but we had not after all attained our object. We had not got the Swami or the others whom we wanted, and, personally, I had little doubt that he had escaped, as he could easily have done. In the faint hope of finding him we started in parties to search the huts, which formed a labyrinth of narrow and crooked passages. Suddenly, round a corner of these, one of our parties encountered a party of about a dozen men, still carrying their lathis and distinctly threatening in attitude. The order to down tools, reinforced by the presentation of a couple of revolvers, was hesitatingly obeyed, and they were taken in charge. I called Pelly and told him to put them with the other prisoners, and, as he was marching them off, he discovered that among them was the Swami and one of his chief men, who was wanted.

That was great luck. If the Swami had had the beginnings of sense he could have got away, and, had he done so, it was quite an open question whether he would have been deserted by

his followers or whether he would have spread all over the hills the trouble which had been so fortunately concentrated and localised. It turned out that we had made a cleaner sweep than we could have hoped. We had the Swami himself, and of his three chief men who had been immediately concerned in the murder of the policemen, one had been shot by Pelly in stopping the first rush, and one was taken among the last batch of faithful adherents. The third escaped, and was never heard of again.

Of the prisoners we kept about fifty, who were known, or against whom evidence would be available, and the rest I let go after a bombastic harangue intended to impress upon them the heinousness of their offence and the length of the Sircar's arm.

After a final search through the camp for possible wounded or concealed stragglers, and after a formal inquest upon the dead by the Taluq Magistrate, who had arrived, the bodies were consigned to a huge pyre, easily made from the materials of the huts, and it, as well as the whole camp, was ignited. In the rising breeze of a hot weather morning everything was soon destroyed, and all the temporary glory of the Swami's bamboo fort was "one with Nineveh and Tyre." The wounded, I am sorry to say, mostly died in the hospital at Salur, in spite of the devoted attention of Col. Leapingwell, I.M.S., who arrived post-haste in response to a tele-

gram, and did all he could for them. The Snider bullet was a fearsome thing, and it is, I am sure, a blessing that it is obsolete in civilised warfare.

The police casualties were slight: one man rather badly clubbed and a few less so, while Pelly had a severely contused arm, the work of the man whom he had to shoot.

Those who do not understand what dealing with a mob means might say that so many casualties on one side and so few on the other indicate needless severity, just as has been said about several of the Mappila outbreaks and about a much bigger and more important happening in the Punjab. It is not so. A small body of police or troops dealing with a mob which outnumbered them, as this one did, by about a hundred to one, for I do not suppose that there were more than forty police in the main attack, must at all costs keep it off. If its rush gets right home the game is up, and till it does get home it causes no casualties. In this case firing was necessary, for, as it was, the mob got too close to be comfortable. How close can be judged from the fact that both Pelly and Conyngham had to shoot their man in self-defence at arm's length, and that one of the rioters was killed with the bayonet. I have perhaps dealt with this petty incident at disproportionate length, but in fact it had great local importance. If the movement had been allowed to spread, as it was doing, or if we had had less luck in crushing it, it is prob-

able that there would have been an outbreak over most of the hill country, which, according to all precedent and experience, would have required an indefinite time and much expenditure for its suppression. As it was, this was the shortest Fituri on record.

The Swami, who was an anæmic weakly-looking creature, died in jail before trial, and his principal lieutenant was hanged for murder. Others got varying terms of imprisonment.

At Christmas 1900 I got married, and took furlough for the second time, after more than eighteen years' service, in the following April. There ended my term as Collector of Vizagapatam, for, though I fully expected and hoped to return to the district, that was not to be. I think I enjoyed my five years there more than any similar period in my working life.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE occasionally alluded to shikar, and I think it better to deal with my experiences in that line separately. Accomplished and successful hunters of big game had better skip this if they ever come to it. I make no claim to be anything much of a shikari, and they will learn nothing from me. I have just taken what I could get of shikar, as of any other sport, when work permitted. I had better begin by confessing that I have never shot a tiger, and I make this humiliating admission with the full knowledge that many distinguished travellers, whose total stay in India has not exceeded three months, have shot quite a number, and so also have many ladies of influential connection. It is all a matter of opportunity. There are parts of India where, given sufficient social influence and official help, the bagging of a tiger is a certainty, all that is required of the aspirant to the honour being the ability to hit a not very small mark at a not very great distance. I am afraid that that sounds like sour grapes, but it is not so. I have nothing

but admiration for the sporting soldier who takes his annual leave in the jungle, instead of loafing on the hills, and who, by sheer hard work, persistence, and patience, gets his tiger or two. He deserves all he gets, and so does the civilian who manages to find time for shikar combined with his work. On the other hand, however good fun it may be to make one of a party of guns, who, mounted on staunch howdah elephants and assisted by a squadron of pad beasts, surround and mob a tiger till he falls pierced by a multitude of bullets, goodness knows whose, there is really not very much personal credit due to the fortunate slayer. I speak of this form of sport as I have read of it. I have not seen it.

Tiger shooting is, anywhere in Madras, very much a matter of luck. It is never done from elephants. Neither trained elephants nor the kind of jungle in which they can be used are available. Also, the really trained shikari, the man who can track and mark down his tiger, and who can then organise and carry out an effective beat, is nowhere to be had. The village shikari is quite useless at this business. His idea of a beat is to start a crowd of men through the jungle and advance in a very broken and irregular line towards the guns, who are posted very much on chance, with all the infernal noise that can be made. The posting of stops he does not understand, and, if he can be in-

duced to post them at all, they so overdo their part that they only succeed in making the tiger break back. If the sportsman can himself organise the beat and post the guns and stops, he is likely, if he knows the business, to make a better job of it than the shikari, but organising and directing a beat cannot easily be combined with shooting. That being so, the greater number of tigers killed by sahibs in Madras were shot over kills, and there is a lot of luck about that, however skilfully it may be managed.

I have met only one set of men, the Mogras of Gumsur in Ganjam, who were perfect at marking down and driving any game, but their usual quarry was the bear; they, seldom got a chance at a tiger, and when they did they were absolutely successful.

I have known three or four instances of very lucky men coming upon a tiger accidentally, while after other game, and bagging him. I once walked one up in such circumstances myself, but, having no weapon in hand, did not even get a shot. My friend and quondam assistant, Vernon of the I.C.S., a man who did everything in some original way of his own, used sometimes to tie up a bait and, instead of waiting for a kill, used to stalk the bait at dawn, hoping to find the tiger actually on or near it. I have never heard of any one else doing it, but to my knowledge he got at least

one tiger, and I think more, in this original manner.

Myself, I have seen only some half-dozen tigers altogether and never got a shot. When my brother and I were shikaring bears in Ganjam, the Mogras marked a tiger into a wooded hill and said they would bring him to us. We were posted at the side of a footpath at the base of the hill, and as there were no useful trees, the Mogras put up machans of a sort on four poles, identical with those used by night watchers in the fields. They were no protection at all, being a bare six feet high, but they gave us a better view over the scrub jungle. Half-way through the beat a large panther came straight to me at a walk. I might have known that the Mogras would not mistake a panther's track for a tiger's, but it instantly occurred to me that they had done so, and I accordingly shot the panther. On the shot came a series of coughing roars, and a fine tiger galloped at full speed between us on my right. My brother fired right and left without effect. How I cursed my foolishness in taking the shot at the panther! Had I let him go, I do not doubt that one of us would have got a shot at the tiger as easy as the one with which I bagged the panther. But that was not all. There was a tigress, too, in the beat. Shortly afterwards I saw my brother take a steady shot into the scrub in front of him. Some heavy

beast broke back, but the shot was not acknowledged. The Mogras saw her and declared that she was unhurt and there was no blood. Just at the spot where the tigress had been when my brother fired we found that the bullet had struck fair on a sapling, about three-quarters of an inch thick, and broken it. Such an obstacle was quite enough to deflect or break up the light hollow-pointed bullet which was used in the express rifle of that day, and this is what must have happened.

On another occasion I, with Paddison, Pelly, and Archie Mackenzie were beating in Jaipur for a tiger which had killed a bait. It was in sâl forest and we sat on bamboo ladders tied to sâl trunks. Early in the beat I saw a large tiger walk over the top of the hill in front of us, obviously coming straight to the guns, but not to me. I lost sight of him and waited, quivering with excitement, for the sound of the fatal shot, but no shot sounded. When the beaters came up the old shikari, who had arranged the beat, came up to me and said, "The tiger walked right under that Sahib and, being afraid, he did not shoot." This was a libel upon Paddison, the Sahib in question, and quite the last man to suffer from the funks. The truth was that he was actually dosing, more than half-asleep, on his precarious perch, and the tiger, as the tracks showed, did walk almost under him. He awoke with a start, only in time to see it

vanishing into the undergrowth behind him. He had to stand endless chaff about this for a long time. However, Mackenzie had a brain wave. He pointed out that there was good cover behind us, that the tiger had not been fired at or even hustled, and might very likely have stopped when the noise of the beat died down. So we enjoined complete silence while, with our ladders, we made our way circuitously to a likely place beyond where the tiger might possibly be. We reared and tied our ladders in careful silence, omitting, for the sake of quiet, the customary precaution of having a sapling cut and laid against the foot of the ladder to screen it. The omission lost us the tiger. He came dead straight for me, and I could see him some seventy yards away walking steadily, but too far and too much screened by undergrowth for a fair shot. Suddenly he stopped and stared straight at my ladder, which stood out yellow against the dark sâl trunks, then galloped off to my left. A difficult and fruitless shot by Pelly was all that resulted. Once, I believe, though I did not see the beast, I and a tiger were independently stalking the same herd of chital. That was in the Chamala valley, where tigers were not uncommon, but were all true game killers, which hardly ever bothered themselves to touch a bait. I was wandering quietly through the jungle with one man, on the lookout for sambur and chital, and spotted a

herd of the latter before they spotted us. We froze and subsided, then I left the man and proceeded to stalk the herd. The wind was right and I got within forty yards of them, when I said to myself that I had never smelled deer before, but these smelled like the zoo. There was no buck worth shooting, so I was just watching the deer, when suddenly they threw up their heads and began to bound in the air, giving their usual alarm cry. They could not possibly smell me, and they were looking not in my direction but away to my left. In half a minute they stampeded and, when my man came up, we had hardly moved a few yards when he called my attention to fresh tiger's dung, which he ascertained to be actually warm. The ground was too hard or the man not good enough to make out any tracks, but this find, combined with the unexplained alarm of the deer, suggested that the tiger had been spotted by them though not by me, and that he, having in his turn spotted me, had slipped off. That is not impossible, but the dung puzzles me. A tiger stalking deer would not be likely to pause to relieve himself.

I may mention two very bad man-eaters which at different times operated in my country. When I was special assistant in Ganjam 1887-1890, there was one, known as the Daringabadi man-eater, which I calculate was responsible for at least one hundred, perhaps nearly two

hundred, deaths. He was killing before I went to the Ganjam Agency, all the time I was there, and for a year or two after I left, and during my time he killed on the average once a fortnight. I do not remember whether he was ever destroyed, I think not, or whether he just disappeared. There was all the time a large reward on his head, but that made no difference, as he was firmly believed by the Kondhs to be a "pulto bagho," the equivalent of a werewolf, and his depredations were accepted as inevitable. It was hopeless to try to get early and special news of his kills, and, even if it had been possible, it would have been useless, as the few remains, if found, were always removed at once for orthodox disposal. He covered an area of about twenty miles by twenty, say, four hundred square miles, and he never killed twice running in the same neighbourhood. After trying hard and in vain to overcome the fatalistic apathy of the people and their superstitious fears, and to get some assistance which might lead to his destruction, I gave it up and accepted him in the same philosophical spirit as did the fellow-villagers of his victims.

Another of the same kind, in the Golconda hills of Vizagapatam, had a much shorter career. He operated over a much smaller area near the head of the Lammasinghi ghat, and he caused such a panic that several villages were temporarily abandoned. He took the village school-

master in the sight of his pupils, and he took a policeman on patrol. These two outrages on servants of the Sirkar greatly enhanced his prestige. He frequently seized his victims as they made their way along the footpaths which connected the villages. It was of no avail to travel in numbers; the narrow path often made it necessary to proceed in single file, and some one had to be last. The beast would wait until the last man was passing his ambush, when, with one bound, he had his prey by the neck and was into the jungle on the other side of the path. After a not very long but very hectic career, he got careless and made the mistake of seizing a man who was not the last of the convoy. As he grabbed him, the man next behind struck him with his axe and the tiger dropped his prey, who died at once, and escaped, but the axe wound was fatal, and a few days later the smell of the man-eater's putrefying carcase led to his discovery. The lucky wielder of the axe got the special reward.

Panthers, when they do take to man-eating, are often worse than tigers, being much more accustomed to hang around villages, and having less ingrained fear of man. They are fortunately more easy to destroy, as they return to a kill more readily and are less apt to ignore baits.

I was once informed, just after dark, that a villager had been taken by a panther. It appeared that he had been working in his field

on the edge of the jungle and had not returned at sunset. His people went out to investigate and found his turban and cloth with blood on them, blood on the ground, and tracks of a panther. I promised to accompany them at daybreak. Nothing could be done in the dark, and the man was dead, anyway.

In the morning, accompanied by most of the village, a very small one, I followed the drag for close on a mile, an astonishing distance, until the remains were found, and there was little of those. The scalp had been neatly lifted and laid aside, the skull was eaten bare, and so was the whole body except a part of one leg. The weather was dry and the tracks not clear, but I think that probably two panthers had been concerned. I tried to get the people to go away and leave me to watch over the body until dark, at least, but nothing would persuade them not to remove the fragments at once. That, of course, destroyed all chance of bagging the panther. The remarkable thing about the kill was that there was no known man-eater in the neighbourhood, and that no more human kills occurred afterwards. It was apparently a case of a hungry panther or panthers yielding to temptation. It may also have been alarm at their own audacious action which supplied the reason for the unusually long drag.

One of the worst man-eating panthers that I have known, operated on the ghat road between

Russelkonda and Udayagiri. Strings of bullock carts often camped for the night on the ghat, the bullocks tied to the pole and the driver sleeping in the cart or underneath it. Of course they had cooking fires and made some attempt to keep them up as a protection, but the panther was a bold beast and carried off a good many cartmen. More than one sahib made attempts to decoy this destructive beast by means of live goats and machans, but without result. At last, the Sub-Magistrate of Udayagiri, one Sanjivi Naidu, had a machan put up in a likely spot and took a cart down the ghat to the place. There he arranged the cart for the night in the customary manner, fire and all complete, put a dummy driver wrapped in a sheet under the cart, and watched from the machan. The man-eater did turn up and was hit, leaving a blood trail, but was never found. I fancy that no great eagerness was shown about following up. But from that day the kills ceased, and there is little doubt that the panther died, but I regret to say that Sanjivi did not get the reward.

The said Sanjivi Naidu was fond of shooting for the pot, and I often gave him snipe when I got them. One day he asked me if it was true that a sahib had once found a jewel in a snipe's head. This yarn must have been invented to account for the fact that we always have snipe served at table with their heads. I once asked

him why he never shot snipe himself, as he appeared to enjoy them. He replied, "Because, sir, the bird will be very small and the expense great," which was true then, and, no doubt, even more true now.

I have shot a good many panthers over kills, and missed more. So far as my experience goes, they are more likely than not to return to a kill. I always used a common camp lantern, so arranged as to throw the light on the kill and not on me, and I never once saw a panther take the smallest notice of the lantern. Even with the light, I found it astonishingly easy to miss at from fifteen to thirty feet. Night shooting was never my forte. Native shikaris are very good in the dark.

I have met very wary panthers which would never return to a kill. One of them would kill the goat, bite through the rope and remove the body, to which, if it was found, he never returned. I tried to circumvent him by fastening the goat with a chain round its neck, but the beast was quite equal to that. He decapitated the dead goat and carried off the body as usual. We found it, eight or nine feet up in the fork of a tree. I then tried sitting over a live goat, and I even bowed down in the house of Rimmon, by getting, at the urgent request of my followers, the local wizard to make infallible spells over the bait, but I never succeeded in getting even a glimpse of the elusive one.

I have also shot a good many panthers in beats, but none of them with any notable incident. There was one which caused me to wonder whether the felines have always as keen a sense of smell as one supposes. I was beating for bears in Ganjam with my brother and old Thomas Reay. Our custom was to sit in a camp-chair behind a slight screen of green bushes or branches just high enough to look over when sitting, which screen was called a mot. My mot was placed right upon a sort of game path which ran downhill from the direction of the beat, and a panther came walking very calmly down the path straight to the mot. By the time he was within easy shot, I realised that if I popped up like a Jack-in-the-box he would either be off like a flash, in which case I should miss him, or he would spring straight in my face, with the same result and worse, so I lay low and watched through the branches. The beast came right on till he met the slight obstruction of the mot, by which time he was certainly within twelve feet of me, and then, without varying his pace, turned off to my left. When he had gone a few yards I raised myself very slowly and plugged him. He was hit too far back and galloped off, but we followed him after the beat and found him dead close by.

A great many panthers used to be trapped in Ganjam. The usual trap was a wooden cage

with a falling door, which was released by a trigger when the animal entered the cage to get at the goat, which was secured in a compartment at the far end. The Kondhs used dead-falls a good deal. These consisted of a screen of bamboo and thatch, heavily weighted with stones and logs, and arranged exactly like a lean-to shed, supported on its raised side by a prop, which was pulled away when a panther attacked a goat which was tied under the lean-to. The panther was flattened out by the lean-to descending on him, and incidentally so was the goat, but the latter was still serviceable for the cuisine. I had the skin of a very good black panther which was killed in this way. It has long gone the way of all skins.

I suppose that nine men out of ten make their first essay in shikar against black buck. They are probably not nearly so plentiful now as they were forty years ago. When I was in Kurnool there were large herds in most localities, and they were generally available as a source of amusement when in camp. Frequently they were on the bare open plain where, except when the crops were up, there was hardly a stick of cover. Fair stalking was therefore not possible, and it was necessary to resort to various poaching tricks in order to get within range. The animals took little notice of the agriculturist on his lawful occasions, and would generally allow carts or ploughs to pass them within

range of a rifle, so, by making use of one of these as cover, one could get plenty of shots. It was pretty rifle practice but, not a high form of sport. Heads in the Madras Decan did not run large compared with those obtainable in the north. The best I have seen were two of twenty-two inches, though no doubt there were better, and the best I ever got was just twenty-one. In some parts the buck were to be found in scrub country, where they could be stalked—much better fun. Numbers used to be taken by the Lambadis, a semi-nomadic gipsy-like tribe, in nooses very cunningly set, and also by means of a tame buck, which was liberated within sight of a herd, with his horns armed with nooses. The tame buck would at once make for the herd, and when the master buck offered battle, the two were soon helplessly entangled.

Of all the unsporting methods of shooting them, the worst was one which was practised in the Ramnad country by a member of the Raja's family. Two cords, hundreds of yards in length, with bunches of feathers, rags, or paper tied to them at every few yards, were stretched in the shape of a wide V with a narrow gap at the point, through scrub jungle, where there was a herd of antelope. The shooter sat behind a blind near the gap with a Winchester repeater. The herd was then manœuvred into the wide end of the V and, once there, the rest

was easy. The buck would not cross the cord, and the line of beaters prevented retreat, so that they had to rush the gap, and the Winchester took its toll without much regard to age or sex.*

I saw the same method used by another Raja in the south, to drive foxes out of scrub jungle on to an open maidan, where they were coursed by dogs. He had some good dogs about the size of large whippets, and the coursing was conducted fairly enough.

Black buck shooting affords few incidents worth recording, but I may mention one which surprised me at the time. I shot a buck at rather long range with a .256 Mannlicher, and he dropped as if dead. When I got to him I saw that he was only hit on the horn, which was broken, and was quite alive. I had left my knife with my syce and pony some distance away, so I tied the buck's forelegs together with my handkerchief and signalled the syce up. Before he got to me the buck was dead. Now this animal was hit high up on the horn, well above the bony core, which was uninjured, and had no other wound, nor was the skull fractured or visibly injured. I can only suppose that he died of shock caused by the high velocity bullet.

I twice before that had hit bucks on the horn. The first was a black buck, facing me and grazing. The bullet, from a black powder .500

express, smashed the horn and entered the back in several pieces. The other was a chital buck, running straight away from me. I hit him on the horn just above the burr and he went head over heels, but was up and off without a pause, leaving the horn behind, not broken but neatly removed as if it had been cast in the course of nature.

Once I saw through the glasses a single buck dragging himself painfully along on his forelegs, while his hindquarters appeared to be helpless. He was closely followed by three jackals. Whenever these approached too close, he swung his horns at them and they sheered off. I drove off the jackals and put the buck out of pain, and then I found that he had both hind-legs broken above the hock, the bones protruding and digging into the ground at every effort to move, while the lower portion of the legs was attached only by skin and tendons. It might have been a native bullet—there was no other sahib in the vicinity,—and the wound must have been recent, or it might have been the result of an unexplained accident. The jackals seemed in no hurry. They would no doubt have got the buck when he became thoroughly exhausted.

The little chinkara gazelle, which was numerous enough in suitable localities in Kurnool and the rest of the Deccan, gave more interesting sport and far more difficult shooting. I think

a buck chink is the most perfectly beautiful and graceful of the smaller game animals. He seldom appeared in the open but stuck to the scrub and low hills. His habit was to stand like a statue till he had thoroughly inspected an intruder, and then to vanish in a flash. He was difficult enough to see, and would have been more so but for his tail, which was never still and gave him away. Many of the shots which he afforded were running ones, so that there was little danger of killing too many.

Of chital, or spotted deer, there is little to say. Their pursuit, except by beating, which I hated, was generally of the nature of what is called in America still-hunting, prowling very slowly through bamboo or other forest, eyes and ears at full cock, in the endeavour to see them before they saw their enemy. With them I once made an experiment which was interesting. When I was looking for bison a herd of chital got in my way, and, hoping to move them quietly, I whistled gently, then louder, and finally very loudly. They took no notice, and I actually whistled a tune, or what I meant for one, without disturbing them. Then I very lightly rapped my rifle stock against a tree, and they stamped. That seems to show that a whistle is a very safe signal to use in the jungle.

Still-hunting for chital is very interesting. One sees a lot of jungle life, and the quarry

is quite a fine beast, as well as one of the handsomest of the deer tribe.

Sambur are nobler game. One can pursue them in the same way as chital—in fact I got my best stag that way,—or one can beat for them, which is tedious and unproductive. But the cream of sport with sambur was that which could be enjoyed on the Kundas, the outer range of the Nilgiris. The climate in the cold season, when the chance of a good stag was best, was quite perfect. The sun was hot, but there was frost at night, and the mornings at six or seven thousand feet were bitterly cold. The country was grassy hills, interspersed with sholas, natural woods of varying size. It was steep in parts and one needed to be fit. I used to start out in the dark of the morning with one man. We made for a spot, generally high above the camp, from which the country could be thoroughly spied with the glasses as soon as it was light enough. The climb produced a sweat which made the succeeding vigil on a hill top in a cold wind rather a trial.

The stags were out on the grass at night and retired to cover, where it was useless to follow them, sooner or later after daybreak, though occasionally a stag would be out till as late as nine o'clock, and usually the stalk, if a war-rantable stag was found, was something of a race with the rising sun. The same thing reversed occurred in the evening. The best stags

were the latest to come out in the evening and the first to seek cover in the morning.

It would be tedious to relate various stalks, successful and unsuccessful, but there was one failure which caused me such annoyance that I will inflict it.

I had had a telescopic sight fitted to my .256 Mannlicher and could make deadly practice with it at the target, so I took it with me stalking from Banghi Tapal. Rather late in the morning we spotted a really good stag walking slowly up the bottom of a narrow valley. He was seven or eight hundred feet below us, but it was easy to keep out of sight and on the right side of the wind. A cautious advance along the bottom failed to bring the stag into view where we expected to see him. Two or three hundred yards in front of us the narrow valley took a turn to our right, and I was sure we would sight the stag round the corner, but before we reached it the forester, who was with me, pulled my coat and I subsided slowly into the grass. Straight in front of us and on the other side of the bottom was a hind. She had not seen us, which was surprising, and we could only lie and wait, while I pictured in my mind the stag getting farther and farther away and finally retiring into cover, while this accursed hind held us pinned helplessly. The forester whispered to me, "It is all right, sahib, that hind belongs to our stag, and he will be back

presently." Quite right, back he came into view, a grand head, and walked up to the hind. He stood close to her, licking her. The shot was a long one, I guessed over two hundred yards, but I had faith in the telescope. 'But field conditions and target conditions are very different things. The sun was straight in my eyes, and the beasts were in the heavy shadow of the hill, so that I found it difficult to get the cross hairs to bear. Well, I fired and the stag galloped off, but the hind was shot through the shoulder, exactly in the spot for which I had aimed at the stag. I can only believe that in the baffling light I had sighted on the wrong beast. I never used a telescopic sight again.

On that particular trip I was 'badly out of luck. I saw one other really first-class stag, and after an easy stalk, got to within fairly easy range, when I found that his head was not nearly clean and had to leave him. That was on the 30th December, by which date all stags should have been clean, but the sambur is a most irregular beast and has no regard for the rules in this matter. Another quite fair stag, which I shot a day or two before the above incident, 'smashed his horns badly by falling neck and crop down a khud among rocks. It was a fine sight to see the great beast throwing catherine wheels, but the result was disastrous.

An animal which is found only on the

highest ranges in Southern India is the wrongly called "ibex." He is not an ibex at all, but only a wild goat—*Capra Nilgherri* is, I think, his scientific name,—and he is rather like the tahr of the Himalayas. His horns are about the same size and he has a short close coat and no beard, an ugly beast but a very sporting one and hard to circumvent. The old buck is darker than the others and develops a grey saddle-mark, from which he is always known as a saddle-back, and he is the only one which ought to be shot.

They were found on the Nilgiri Kundas, on or close to steep cliffs, and they were in greater numbers on the upper Anaimalais and the Travancore hills. My first introduction to them was in the course of a visit to the Anaimalais. At about four thousand feet there were a number of plantations—coffee, cinchona, and some rather experimental rubber,—and up to that settlement there was a very good ghat road from the plains. From there four of us made an expedition to the upper part of the range, two or three thousand feet higher, after ibex—it is, better to stick to the customary name—and bison. The slopes of these hills were covered with very dense evergreen forest, right up to the edge of the steeply undulating plateau on the top. My companions were Gillman, then Collector of the District of Coimbatore, Wilson of the Forests, and "Carver"

Marsh, the latter the doyen of the Anaimalai planters and the earliest pioneer in those hills. It was a very hard march from Marsh's bungalow to the "grass-hills," as the top of the range was called. No one ever went there except for shikar, and there was not even a beaten track through the forest. "Carver" was our guide and mentor, he knowing the hills well. Our camp was carried on forest department elephants by a circuitous but easier route, and we had a few Kader coolies with us to carry some light kit and our rifles. The Kaders are a real wild jungle tribe, and there are not many of them. They lived in the forest and had not even huts, but only a lean-to shelter, under which they squatted, slept, and ate. The ground under the lean-to was trodden hard and swept quite clear to discourage leeches. What the Kaders lived on I do not know, but the leeches seemed to live on them. The forest slopes were simply crawling with these vermin, which never ceased their efforts to get inside our leg-gear, specially arranged to exclude them, and which were ready to drop down the backs of our necks if our hats touched any overhanging vegetation. Besides the leeches, this forest was full of elephants—in fact our route was largely by the paths made by those pachyderms. As in other forests of Southern India where elephants were found, the beasts were a great nuisance. Having been protected for forty years they had

lost all fear and respect for man, and expected him to get out of their way, which, if he was wise, he did. It was desirable always to have a heavy rifle within reach, but it had to be remembered that the elephant was immune unless or until he attacked, which gave him the unfair advantage of the initiative. We saw none on that march.

By the time that we emerged from the forest on to the grass—and the line between the two was quite sharp—we were fairly done, but a rest and a pipe in the beautiful air and scenery soon put us right. We had not been able to sit down before because of the leeches. A farther walk of a couple of miles brought us to our camp about mid-day.

After a huge feed and a siesta, we took a stroll in the evening to see what we could see in the way of game. It was a productive stroll. Wilson and Gillman found a herd of bison out for their evening feed, and Gillman got quite a good bull. There were plenty of bison in the dense fastnesses of the slopes, but I do not think that many were killed there. They used, however, to come out on the grass fairly often in the morning and evening. Marsh and I saw nothing till getting on for sunset, when we spotted four ibex grazing below an easy cliff. The glass showed two saddle-backs and two younger bucks, a bachelor party. The stalk was not difficult. We got to the top of the cliff and had a good

chance at from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. Marsh, with characteristic unselfishness, insisted on me taking the shot, as I had not even seen ibex before. Firing, as I was, steeply downhill, I aimed low but overdid it and saw the bullet strike underneath the best saddle-back. Confused by the echoes, the animals seemed unable to understand what was happening, or where. They only started and stared. Quickly I took a fuller sight and dropped my original quarry. The two young bucks bolted, but the other saddle-back took a good look at his friend on the ground, backed a few yards, and charged him full tilt, rolling him right over. As he was backing to repeat the assault I fired again, and down he went. This was good, two saddle-backs at the first attempt, but, as we were climbing down to them, the second one got to his feet and galloped off. We failed to stop him, and he disappeared "up over." As it was too late we had to leave him till to-morrow, and a careful, and patient search failed to recover him. There was no blood. It may have been a graze of the head, one never knows. I got another a few days afterwards. Gillman also got another bull and Wilson a saddle-back and a bull, so we had a very good trip. Marsh I do not think had a shot at all. He confined himself to showing us the ropes and getting sport for us rather than for himself—a real sportsman.

The march down to Marsh's bungalow was a good deal easier than the ascent, but the leeches were just as bad. I was told a weird story, authentic, I believe, about two sportsmen who made the same trip as we did. Coming down they outstripped their coolies and servants, and the cook, having a go of fever, sat down to rest. His absence was not noted until some time after the arrival of the others, then a search party went back and found him dead and sucked absolutely bloodless. Probably he went to sleep and was bled into insensibility.

It was a good thing that the grass hills were so difficult of access. The Nilgiri ibex was so local in his distribution that only protection, such as the Forest Officers and the Collector alone could give, could prevent his extermination.

The black bear of the plains is an animal which gives good sport in suitable localities. I had a lot of experience of him in Ganjam. As I have said, the Uriyas would not kill a bear, so he flourished. He is a harmless animal if not interfered with, but he is very cantankerous and short-tempered, prone to regard accidental intrusion as intentional interference, and to resent it savagely. Consequently many villagers, woodcutters and the like, used to be mauled by him when going about their lawful business. Being somewhat dull of sight and hearing, though his nose is good enough, he was easily stumbled upon when lying up, and

his attack was serious. In similar circumstances a tiger or a panther would have detected the intruder long before and would have quietly removed himself. I have seen many people who had been mauled, almost always by means of a raking blow on the head or face, followed by bites, but fortunately both claws and teeth seem to be free from the poisonous infection which is so frequently fatal in the case of wounds from a panther. I remember I saw a man brought in with his scalp raked right over his face, but, being within reach of immediate surgical aid, he recovered and only suffered the loss of an eye. I also saw the carcase of a bear which had been killed by one blow from a woodcutter's axe. The skull was split, a lucky smack.

To an armed man they are not very dangerous. They charge readily enough when wounded, but, though they come pretty fast and make an alarming noise, they have none of the lightning spring of a panther and should easily be stopped. I have shot several so close that the smoke of the black powder curled up out of their coats after they fell. They were said to get up on their hind-legs when attacking, but I have never seen them do it. Their charge was made on all fours up to very close quarters. In my earlier days I made the mistake of trying to recover a wounded bear by walking him up with some beaters, myself accompanying

them. Of course the bear charged that part of the line where I was not and got hold of a beater. The man was raked by both fore-paws down the left thigh, ugly deep wounds, and bitten through one hand. He recovered very quickly in hospital. The proper way to recover a wounded bear is to track him with not more than two men.

George Handcock of the P.W.D. had a narrow escape of a mauling when he and I were beating for a bear near Russelkonda. He wounded it and we followed the track. We got along well till the tracker heard the beast breathing loudly under a projecting rock on the hillside. Approaching this, the bear charged. Handcock had a double-shot gun loaded with ball and his first barrel missed fire, while the second only hit the bear through the fore-paw, but that was enough to turn him and I got him with a bullet in the neck. It was lucky for Handcock that this was not a very determined beast, as he was between me and the bear and I could not fire before.

In the Gumsur Taluq of Ganjam the bears mostly lived in thickly-wooded hills, and our method was to have them marked down and then to beat. There was in Gumsur a village where lived a set of men called Mogras, who were the best, in fact the only first-class, beaters or rather organisers of beats that I have seen. They were only moderate trackers, but quite

capable of harbouring a bear after his night's wanderings. At beating for him they were perfect. There were only about a dozen of them, and some of these managed the line of coolies, while others furnished stops and posted the guns. It was in the matter of stops that they were specially good, and it was most interesting to hear them at it. They never made the mistake of making a noise, except occasionally to turn a pig-headed beast; a cough or the rap of an axe on a tree were quite enough, and they graduated it so nicely that the blear-eyed old grandfather of the party used to boast that, if the sahib would scratch a mark on the ground, he would drive the bear over it. This may have been exaggeration but it had considerable truth in it. They used to put the gun on a game-path or similar place exactly where they expected the game to go, and, if all went well, one got one's shot at a very few yards' distance. One thing, however, defeated the Mogras. On many of the hills there were piles of boulders, cairns, in fact, in and underneath which the bears found safe retreats. I have made many attempts to evict them from such strongholds, but seldom with success. Fire or smoke I never found of any use—the smoke will go any way except where it is wanted. Two or three times when the bear could be exactly located, prodding from above with a long bamboo proved successful.

When touring in a likely part I used to take some or all of the Mogras with me. They were not expensive. They got only batta for every day away from their village, and they got the Government reward for any bear or other animal which they showed. If it was not killed that was not their fault. They also got a bottle of arrack for every kill. They were mad keen on drink, but one bottle among them did little harm.

Occasionally a bear would be marked down in his resting-place for the day by herdsmen or other early risers, who would bring in the news in the sure hope of reward. The spot was generally under some bushes or a rock, and it was easy to make a certainty of bagging the animal.

CHAPTER X.

THE cream of such jungle sport as has come in my way was tracking bison. It was very hard work, but most fascinating and exciting, and the bison—I am told I ought to call him the gaur, but no one ever did—is a noble-looking beast, and a thorough gentleman. He is, too, a very formidable antagonist when wounded, and has to be followed with caution, but he has none of the low vengeful cunning of his rival the buffalo, and practically never “starts anything” until wounded and followed up. I knew of only one case of a bison charging at sight. He was killed, and was found to have a wound at the back of the pastern which was full of maggots, so that there was some excuse for his ill-temper.

The choicest quarry is the solitary bull. He is traditionally supposed to have been turned out of the herd by a younger and stronger rival. That may be so, but the fact that the solitary is always a finer beast and carries a better head than the herd bull hardly supports the theory. In fact, it is rare that a herd bull carries a fine head. Possibly some do, my experience is not

sufficient for generalisation, but I have got close to a good many herds, and have never seen a herd bull which I would fire at. I believe that many bulls found alone are not real solitaires, but are only temporarily absent from their herd. The head of the house does not care to be all the time in the nursery. My first bull was absolutely alone, but he was not a very old one, and his head was very ordinary.

A solitary is often accompanied by a quite young bull, and I think he takes the young one with him as an attendant and guard, to do sentry go when he takes a nap and render similar services. Whether he is intended for this purpose or not I do not know, but he often serves it. Once, when looking for bison, I came upon a quite young bull, which jumped up, took a look, and bolted with the usual whistling snort of alarm. Immediately from the long grass, twenty yards in front of me, there arose the Roman nose and massive neck of a very proper bull. Before he could rise I got him in the neck, and he never attained his feet. In this case the fag did his duty, but the master was slow in making use of the warning. This one had a good and old head.

The rifle which I used for this work was a double 8-bore by Tolley. It weighed sixteen pounds, and carried ten drams black powder and a two-ounce round bullet, hardened with tin. Such a rifle was not handy for quick shooting,

and though accurate enough if held straight, was not easy to make good practice with at long or even moderate ranges. These disadvantages were overbalanced by its efficiency and the confidence which it gave. All such heavy black powder rifles were apt, if both hammers were cocked, to jar off and fire both barrels together. This happened to me twice, and the kick of twenty drams of powder and a quarter pound of lead were more than an ordinary man could stand up to. After the second incident I never cocked the left barrel until after firing the right. There was plenty of time, as the smoke prevented a quick double shot.

Many bison were killed with the black powder express of that day, bore .577, .500, or as little as .450, but all of them required accurate placing, and were not to be compared with the 8-bore as a knock-down and stopper. The hollow-fronted bullet, for which they were intended, was useless against bison or buffalo, and the solid hardened projectile, which it was necessary to substitute for it, made a very small wound, and let little blood for tracking purposes. It also did little immediate harm unless it was put in exactly the right spot. I remember Stephen Cox of the Forests getting a good bull, running at about a hundred and fifty yards, with one shot from a .577. It was a feat to be proud of, but it was a shot which, with the 8-bore, I would not have taken. Both types of rifle have, I am

aware, long been superseded by the H.V. small bore, and I understand that even .400 is now considered quite big enough. The weight of the 8-bore did not matter, nor its recoil, as one never felt either when firing at game, and while looking for it, or even when following a track, unless the beast was wounded or the signs showed that he was close, one never carried it oneself. I used to take two men out with me, the best tracker of the two leading and looking for tracks, the other following with a lighter rifle. The leader used to carry the heavy rifle, loaded and at half-cock, and it used to worry me to see the muzzle of the loaded weapon, carried over his shoulder, pointing at my midriff, but I put up with it until a brain-wave occurred and I made him carry it muzzle foremost, which was just as easy for him and safer for me, while it made the weapon easier to grab when wanted. While the leader concentrated on looking for tracks, I and the second man kept our eyes open all round. If a track was found, it had to be decided whether it was worth following, and this question had to be left to the trackers, who could usually tell how old it was. There was no difficulty in distinguishing bull from cow; besides, a cow was seldom alone, but it took a good man to tell whether a bull's track was that of a good one—in fact, I think it was impossible, because I have often found that a bull's head, upon which his value entirely depends, is not in any way propor-

tionate to his size, and I have seen two bulls together, the larger with a poor head and the smaller an old beast with a really good one.

I have not the descriptive power to give any idea of the delight of leaving camp at dawn and wandering through the forest in the manner described. Perhaps there had been a hot weather thunderstorm overnight, in which case everything was fresh and refreshed, and the doings of the night were written on the ground, plain for even the novice to read, if he might not interpret. The jungle man, if a good one, could do that, and his whispered exposition was unfailingly interesting. One might go for hours without seeing a four-footed beast or a fresh track, and, indeed, blank days were plentiful enough, but, given luck, the leader would stop and point to the ground in front of him. A bison track, right enough, and a single bull, size doubtful, but the track is not a morning one, and the bull was travelling, not feeding, and he may be miles away. Still, we have come a long way and have seen nothing, we had better try this. So on we go at a good pace; no great need for caution, the bull is a long way ahead. Suddenly the tracker stops again. Here is a fresher track and a bigger one, crossing the other, so we switch on to it. This one has been feeding. His track is devious and without apparent objective, and there is newly cropped grass and fresh dung. Presently the man whispers

that the bull may be close, the dung is hardly cool, better take the rifle. There is a patch of man-high grass in front, and thick cover just beyond it. The wind is unluckily behind us, but that cannot be helped, we must stick to the track. That is the weak point of tracking game, the wind has to be risked. Suddenly, from fifty or sixty yards ahead, a whistling snort, a crash, and just a glimpse of a great black body vanishing in the thick. The game is up. We can continue the pursuit if we like, but, though it lasts all day, the odds are heavy that we never get on terms with that bull. He may not go far at first, but when he halts, it will be in the thick where he can get a good view of us crossing an open place, and once he has done that and satisfied himself that we are not canny, he will be quite unapproachable.

Or luck may be better. The track may lead up wind, or, as often in the forest, there may be no wind. The bull may be lying down asleep, and may jump up in view and within range. He will almost always take a look long enough to make it possible to gauge his head, and the rest is a matter of heavy metal and straight shooting. Or again, we may sight the bull feeding at a distance and get a stalk, or one may be sighted before ever a track is found. All these things have happened to me.

I have never been fairly charged by a wounded bison. This I attribute to a blend of cunning

and timidity which has always led me to get as close as possible before firing, and to make the first shot a disabling one. In dealing with dangerous game it is the *premier pds qui coûte*. Once wounded, it is marvellous what a lot of lead a beast will carry, and the first shot seems to me always to have much more effect than a similar one delivered after the spirit of resistance has been roused.

I once caught a wounded bison preparing to play upon me the age-old trick which he has in common with the buffalo, and against which it is always necessary to guard. Many men have been caught by it, some fatally. I mean the manœuvre of circling so as to watch his own track from ambush and take a pursuer in flank. This particular bull I had wounded, quite slightly as it turned out, by making a bad shot at his neck, the spot I always tried for when close enough, and hitting him high up on the dorsal ridge. He went off, but left blood, so we followed. The blood got less and ceased, but the track went on pretty straight for a long way. I was camped at about four thousand feet, and the track was down-hill all the time. It was getting on for mid-day, very hot, and I was getting done, also I did not relish the climb which lay between me and breakfast, so I consulted the trackers. They clearly had little faith or hope. Neither they nor I thought the bull's wound was enough to stop him, so I decided to give him best.

We discussed these matters without much care to lower our voices, and we were in the act of turning for home when something caught my eye about sixty yards from us, and in the direction in which the track led. A hiss arrested the men, and I had a good look. Sure enough it was the bull, standing like a statue among some bamboos to the right of his track and facing it. I took the 8-bore again and advanced till I could see him clearly, when I got him on the shoulder. That dropped him, and he needed nothing but the *coup-de-grâce*. Examination of his tracks showed that he had fetched a circle and come back close to his own track, which he was watching. If we had not stopped when we did, he would no doubt have given trouble. Why he did this I do not know. His wound was of no account, and in no way impeded him. I suppose it was just the smart of the wound and the annoyance at being followed.

In following a wounded beast I used to leave the track to the tracker, and instead of following him closely, to flank him at a distance varying with the nature of the cover, while I concentrated on watching out for the animal, which the tracker, if he is to attend to his own business properly, cannot do. Some one once gave me this tip, and I think it is a good one, as it gives an unobstructed view, and has the merit of outflanking the enemy, at least on one side of the track, if he should be playing the trick just described.

It was generally necessary to employ strictly local men as trackers, their knowledge of the locality enabling them to know just where to look for game and minimising the chance of getting lost. The last occurrence is 'very rare, but it did happen to me once.

The tracker with me was good enough, purely as such, but he was a very timid person, and greatly preferred chital to bison. He belonged to the village of Lammasinghi, in the neighbourhood of which operated one of the man-eaters to which I have already referred. I picked him up there and took him on to my next camp, where I wanted to shikar bison, and where I knew I could not get a competent man. Well, I went out with this fraud and a local helper. We had a long ramble and found nothing. It was a heavy cloudy day at the beginning of the monsoon, and the sun invisible. When I decided to return to camp, the man's wanderings struck me as peculiar, and on pressing him, I found he had lost himself, and neither of us knew the points of the compass. While trying to find a certain footpath, which led from my camp in a certain direction, we blundered on to a good bull bison, which jumped up not forty yards away and paused to look at us. I grabbed the rifle, but the man jumped behind me, gripped me by both arms and yelled, "Adugo! Tsustunnadi! Ma Midiki vastadi! Kottandi!" meaning, "Behold! it is looking at us. It will come upon us.

Shoot, sir." But for some seconds, owing to his grip, I could not shoot, and the bull galloped off. I only shook myself clear in time for a snap, which missed. I said the sort of things that men do say, but the incident was over, and the immediate thing which mattered was to find ourselves. After a while we struck the path for which we were looking. The man turned into it and set off at a round pace, I following. We had gone perhaps half a mile, when I noticed on a soft place in the path the print of a shod horse's foot. I asked, "What horse is that?" and got the reply, "Who knows, sir? Some horse or other." As there were no horses in the neighbourhood, I realised at once that it was the spoor of Leonard Harris, who had left me that morning for another camp, and we were following him. There was nothing for it but to turn round and retrace our steps in the direction which eventually took us home. Immediately on our arrival in camp the tracker decamped for his own village, without even waiting for his bakshish. He feared the chaff which he would get and which he did get, for the local assistant spread the story, and he was ever afterwards known as "Ma Midiki." In justice to his class, I must say that this man was very much of an exception. I never found any other who was not as cool and steady as any reasonable person could expect.

The first time that my heavy rifle jarred off

was when I was not in a state to stand that kind of thing. I had had a stiff go of fever overnight, and as I was moving camp in the morning and had intended to shikar on the way, I gave up the latter idea and fode'a pad elephant. The shikari was walking in front with the rifle, when he stopped and examined a track which crossed the path. I got down to have a look. It was a single bison and a large bull, also the marks were very fresh, so I could not resist the temptation, and decided to follow it as long as I could. We left the elephant and went off. After about only three-quarters of a mile we came on the bull lying down. He jumped up and stood to look, almost facing me at thirty or forty yards. I thought I had him cold, and fired for the point of the shoulder. Both barrels went off and I went over backwards, my hat was knocked off against a tree and I brought up in a sitting position, with the world spinning round me and no sign of the bison, which I could hear making good time for the next parish. Goodness knows where the bullets went—well over, I expect; anyhow there was no sign of a hit, no blood, and the shikari said it was a clean miss. I was not in a condition to follow in any case.

The other similar incident occurred during a dust up with a buffalo. That time also I was knocked over, but not damaged, and I got the buffalo afterwards. My best bison I got in what

I always considered the ideal way of bagging such a beast, with one bullet at the closest of quarters. This animal I saw a long way off feeding on the slope of a hill where the forest gave way to a few acres of steep sheet rock. The rock was seamed with fissures, in which sweet young grass was growing, and on this the bull was grazing. The wind blew up the hill, so we had to make a detour in order to approach from above. We got to the edge of the rock, but could see no bison. After waiting a little, I took off my boots, which were noisy and slippery on the rock, and, leaving the men, started very cautiously to investigate. Suddenly I saw the beast well below me, still feeding, and screened from above by some straggling bushes. Silently in my stockings I walked straight down to him, always keeping a bush between me and his head, and freezing whenever he lifted the latter. In this way I got within ten or twelve yards of him, he still quite unconscious, and planted a bullet in his neck, just behind the ear. It was enough. He was very old, and had a massive head, the horns blunt and worn away. The spread is (he is looking at me as I write) over forty inches, and the width between tips thirty-one, which last is remarkable. Rowland Ward set him up.

It is extraordinary, though I suppose every shikari knows it, how a wild beast will fail to see a man if he cannot hear or smell him, and if

the man, in suitable clothing, remains absolutely motionless. I once tested this very severely. I saw a four-horned antelope feeding on the far side of an open glade, about eighty yards from where I was. I walked straight towards him over the open, no cover but grass up to a foot high, and whenever his head was down I moved on very slowly, freezing whenever he lifted it. I got to about thirty yards from him, and shot him before he ever saw me.

I tried on another occasion to repeat my one bullet feat with bison. I was following a fresh track, mostly through long grass with scattered trees and bushes. Some sixty yards in front I spotted the dorsal ridge of the bison, lying down in the long grass and facing me. I left the men and sneaked up till I could see one horn but no head—evidently the head was resting on the ground. Now, I thought, to brain him with a bullet in the forehead! But I could not see his forehead, and to judge its position from half a horn was assuming too much. In craning about I suppose I made a noise, or he got a whiff of scent. He sprang to his feet, with the agility which one would never expect from such a heavy animal, and I lost the chance of the shot for which I was looking. Even so I ought to have got him, but I lost my head for a moment, and loosed off in a hurry with no visible result at all. It was a heavy damp morning, and the smoke hung. When it cleared he was disappearing in

the jungle, and my second barrel was without effect. Nor could we find any indication of a hit. I was very ashamed of myself.

I seem to have more to say about those bison which I did not get than about those which I did, but I have confined myself to those incidents which have impressed themselves most clearly on my memory. I have said that I never shot a herd bull, but I have quite often stalked a herd with success, only there was no bull at which I cared to fire. On one occasion I was lying behind a log, watching at close quarters such a herd, which was feeding across my front. I noticed a cow with her right eye hanging loose on the end of some red strings and banging against her face as she moved her head. She was feeding freely, and did not seem in the least concerned about it. I suppose it had been gouged out by the horn of some other cow with which she had had a difference. On another occasion, in similar circumstances, a cow caught a glimpse of me as I moved. She stood staring straight at me, then poked out her nose and emitted a bellow exactly like a domestic cow. The herd came to attention at once, and she repeated the call two or three times. Then they stampeded. I do not think the cow could make out what I was, and I do not think any of the others saw me. That was the only time I ever heard bison make any sound except a kind of grunt.

There was in the Vizagapatam District a spot, quite limited in extent, where salt licks were very numerous. The licks appeared to be little used in the dry weather, and there were not a great many bison in the neighbourhood at that season, but as soon as the early rains of the S.W. monsoon had softened the ground the licks came into use, and bison became as plentiful in the surrounding district as I think they can possibly be anywhere whatever. The lick was generally in the bank of a nullah, and the ground all round it soon resembled a well-used cattle-yard in appearance and stickiness. One could hear bison in the licks at night, if close enough, but they mostly cleared out at or before dawn. When shikaring, I used to go straight to a lick at dawn, and either sighted bison leaving it or, from among the fresh tracks, was able to select one which was worth following. The quantity of saline earth which they swallow must be enormous, great caves big enough to hide half a bison were made in the banks, and the droppings when dried appeared to be pure soil. This spot and its surroundings were very carefully preserved by the district officers. I wonder what it is like now.

Of buffalo I have little to say. Vizagapatam was the only District in Madras where there were any. In my young days in Ganjam there were occasional visitors from the Central Provinces, and I shot one, which was nothing to

boast of. In Vizagapatam they occurred only in the remotest and least accessible part of Jaipur, and my work never allowed me to stay there long enough to do much. I got only one, but a quite good bull, exactly nine feet from tip to tip round the curve. This one gave sport.

I had followed his tracks and came on him standing and chewing the cud in an open glade. From the edge of the jungle he was perhaps seventy or eighty yards. I had a steady pot with the 8-bore, and heard the bullet smack loudly, but the buffalo seemed to care very little. Anyhow, he was not for flight. Instead he kept revolving on his axis, nose poked straight out in front of him, and looking round for his assailant. I was behind a nice little tree, and he did not spot me, while he did not seem to connect the smoke of the rifle with a possible aggressor. I fired again and again, once being knocked over by a discharge of both barrels, and I think that, with that exception, every bullet hit him. At last, as he faced nearly straight towards me, I hit him fair on the point of the shoulder, breaking it and knocking him down. He was up again like lightning, but the will to fight was out of him and he hobbled off, taking a stern chaser as he went. He disappeared into grass which was from six to eight feet high—awful stuff,—and on examining my pockets, I found I had only one cartridge left. I did not feel like taking on a buffalo, however hard hit, in that grass

with only one shot in the locker, so I sat down and had a smoke, while I sent a man to camp for more cartridges and an elephant. I had no shikar elephant, but there was a baggage female from whose back I had shot snipe, so I thought she might do, as she would at least stand fire. Anyhow, I argued, if she did bolt little harm would be done, as there were hardly any trees big enough to wipe me off. In due time she arrived, bringing my cartridges and also Harris, who had returned to camp after a blank morning. Hearing what was in the wind, he came out to take part. We got on to our uncertain steed, I sitting on the front of the pad with a leg on each side of the mahout, Harris sideways on the pad behind me, and followed the buffalo into the grass. Following was easy, there was blood enough to show that the beast was full of lead, as indeed I knew he was. So dense and so high was the grass that we were almost on top of the buffalo before we saw him. He was down, but struggling to rise, and making a great noise about it, so I put a bullet into the brown of him. This only produced more violent struggles, which, or the heavy discharge, were too much for the elephant's nerves. She whipped round suddenly and violently, throwing Harris off, almost on to the bull, and bolted. I remember I laughed as I looked round and saw Harris making the best of time for a tree, but I soon stopped laughing. Sitting on the pad of a bolting ele-

phant, directly over the shoulders, with only one hand free to hold on with, was no joy ride. I was jerked into the air at every stride, and each time she caught me again, but at last she missed me, and I and the rifle took a header. The long grass acted as a cushion and I was undamaged, so was the rifle, which was still loaded in one barrel. The elephant, which seemed to regard me as the cause of all the trouble, stopped as soon as I was unshipped, and Harris rejoined me. We were not for any more elephant riding, and it was plain that the buffalo could not rise, so we went back on foot and found him *in articulo*. Small blame to him. He had seven two-ounce bullets, most of which, so far as placing went, looked as if they ought to have been enough for any reasonable animal.

That is all my experience of buffalo, but I must briefly allude to the experiences of two of my friends.

The day before the incident just described, Harris had been treed by a wounded cow. He had not seen buffalo before, and it is easy to mistake a cow for a bull in long grass. He got the cow through the lungs, and she went off. He followed without great precaution, as she was bleeding bucketfuls, and he expected to find her dead. In the long grass he blundered right on to her lying down. He had only a light Lee-Metford carbine in hand—very careless of him,—and as she jumped to her feet, mistrusting its

stopping power, he took to a handy though flimsy tree, up which he got, rifle and all. The cow stood below looking up at him, and from his precarious perch he shot her through the forehead. I saw the dead cow and the tree from which Harris fired, and marvelled at his agility. He had to stand a lot of chaff about his alleged arboreal habits.

The other experience was Paddison's, and was far more serious. He wounded a good bull and followed. It was hit behind the shoulder, but too far back, and there was a lot of blood. The track led, as usual, into a patch of high dense grass. Before entering this, Paddison very wisely sent a man up a tree to look into it, and while he was waiting below the tree, he was charged from the flank. He fired right and left with his 8-bore, and both bullets hit but did not stop the buffalo. It threw Paddison clean over its back, then continued its course for a short distance and died. Paddison had a horn through the thigh, a nasty tearing wound, and a three-cornered flap of his cheek hanging down. The last of these wounds was probably inflicted by a stub or something in the fall, and not by a horn. He had a long journey to civilisation, and between fever and shock things went hard with him. Mercifully he recovered, or the I.C.S. would have sustained a loss difficult to make good.

CHAPTER XI.

ON returning to Madras from furlough in the autumn of 1902 I found that I was not to return to Vizagapatam, but was to act for my old friend, Harold Stuart, as Inspector-General of Police. Stuart had gone to Simla in connection with the recently organised C.I.D., and was not expected to turn me out. He did not, and I held the I.G.-ship for more than five years. It was a very interesting job, and, of course, I was by no means a stranger to many phases of it, as the police in the districts were, except in regard to internal discipline and administration, under the orders and control of the District Magistrate.

Of Stuart I cannot refrain from saying that he was one of the ablest and quite the most versatile man that I have ever known. That he possessed the latter quality was perhaps fortunate, as he also possessed a restless disposition which never permitted him to hold any post for long. He always wanted something else, and generally got it. I have heard him say that an I.C.S. man should be ready to take

on any job whatever, from chief justice to bishop. He was joking, of course, but in fact he very nearly came up, in his own person, to that exacting standard. He was a very old friend of mine, and he was one who never went back on a friend. I served under him, after we had both retired, in the Ministry of Food, and it was only his unfailing support and his philosophic manner of accepting with a smile the dilatory and circumlocutory procedure and the habit of avoiding responsibility and postponing decision, characteristic of the redundant officialism of the time, which enabled me to continue for a brief period in surroundings so uncongenial and so diametrically opposed to all our previous training. After the war he filled with distinction the post of British High Commissioner on the Rhine, and later in Upper Silesia, and he continued to work long after his failing health made it advisable that he should desist. I was glad, a few years ago, to render to him posthumous homages in assisting his son to deposit his ashes in a remote Highland churchyard, where, by his own wish, he rests among his ancestors.

Stuart was a good example of the disability which attended a Madras man. Had his lot fallen in any other province, he could not have failed to attain to a Lieut.-Governorship.

The police department, when I took charge of it, was, to a great extent, in a transition

stage. The old order was passing, and not before it was due. Some of the necessary reforms were already coming into operation; others, though sanctioned, had yet to be introduced; and others again were only foreshadowed and had to be worked out. There was plenty to do.

When I first came to India, I have no hesitation in saying that the police were in a very mouldy condition. The officers, Inspector-General, Deputy I.G.'s, and Superintendents were mostly officers of the staff corps, who, tired of the routine of regimental duty, or compelled by circumstances to improve their pecuniary prospects, had been seconded (I am not sure if that is technically correct) for police duty. Many of them were old for the work, and were content to get through it in a routine way without much enthusiasm. They continued to get their promotion in the army, but they had no chance at all of being again employed in it, and they had little to look forward to, except their pensions, and no scope for ambition. The Inspectors were ill-educated, and most of them, to say the least, cunning. They had mostly risen from the ranks, and they had, except in grade, reached the limit of their possible promotion. The head constables and men were badly paid, and were what might be expected of the class from which they came.

Military officers had by that time ceased to enter the police, and the Assistant Superin-

tendents, as well as a few of the Superintendents, had been appointed by pure patronage, the appointments being in the gift of the Governor. Sons of high officials, who had failed to pass into the army or some other branch of the public services, broken planters, any kind of young man whose friends or parents could make sufficient interest for him, used to be provided for by being given a probationary appointment in the police. The appointment was probationary, but, unless the candidate proved quite impossible, it led safely to a permanent billet. Some of the men so recruited were very bad indeed, and should never have been kept; others were quite fair average, and a few were really good. A few years before I became I.G. this system had been abandoned, and appointments were made by open competition in England. The probationers so appointed were on the whole a success, and a large proportion of them were quite first-class, keen, young fellows, with whom it was a pleasure to work. None of these, however, had as yet attained the grade of D.S.P., and, the military officers having disappeared, that grade and the D.I.G.'s were all patronage men.

It may seem curious that the prize appointment of the force should have been held by an officer of the I.C.S., but, not to put too fine a point on it, there was really not one of the D.I.G.'s who was quite fit for it. This fact was generally

admitted by those officers themselves, and it is the case that, when I went on leave in 1907, the acting vacancy was offered to the senior and the best of them, who asked permission to decline on the ground that he did not feel equal to it. I never experienced from him, or from any of the others, anything but the most loyal and helpful co-operation, and such soreness as existed was confined to those who were never themselves likely to attain even to the rank of D.I.G.

The last of the soldier I.G.'s was Colonel Porteous, a man of forceful character and great executive ability, but, after him, I was the third I.G. in succession taken from the I.C.S., and Cowie and Gillman succeeded me. Now I understand that, with attainment of sufficient seniority by the young men of the new dispensation, the appointment has reverted to the pick of the departmental officers, where it certainly should be and where I hope it will remain.

After joining I was naturally very fully occupied for a few months in getting my fingers on the strings, several of which were new. Perhaps the two most important novelties were the C.I.D. and the Police Training School. The latter was a great advance, and supplied a long-felt want. Situated at Vellore, in the old fort made historical by Clive, it was in charge of a junior officer of unbounded zeal and driving power. Waring, the officer referred to, had to

combine in himself the qualities, among others, of a schoolmaster and a drill sergeant. The young probationers, who joined from home, were kept at the school for a year or so, where they were thoroughly grounded in one or more of the vernacular languages, in drill, criminal law, and, last but not least, horsemanship. The last was very necessary then, though it may be less so in the present mechanical age. Here also young Indians were trained for the new grade of Sub-Inspector, a most important matter, since the Sub-Inspector was in future to be the source from which the Inspector, the backbone of the force, was to be obtained, instead of being, for the most part, promoted by selection from the ranks. This change effected a great improvement in the average intelligence and education of the inferior ranks, and attracted a better class of man.

The C.I.D. fully justified its existence from the first, and perhaps the most efficient of its branches was the Finger Print Bureau.

Identification of criminals and others by finger prints is now a commonplace ; there is no crook or mystery story in which it does not play its part, but it was then a novelty in India, and it had only recently replaced the more cumbersome and much more fallible Berthillon system of identification by measurements. When properly worked, finger prints are, I am convinced, infallible. When only one thumb print is recorded,

as used to be done on documents, mistakes are not impossible. Prints of a single digit of two different persons may be so nearly identical as to cause doubt, or at least to make it difficult to convince a person who is not conversant with the system. If the five prints of one hand are employed, I believe the odds against close similarity are greater than would easily be believed, while with all ten prints, doubt or confusion are entirely impossible.

We were fortunate in having, as Inspector in charge of the Bureau, a Brahmin who was an acknowledged expert, and was fully up to the standard of Scotland Yard. I made a point of learning the system myself up to a point, of course not sufficiently thoroughly to qualify me to work it—that would have required more time than I could spare,—but sufficiently well to enable me to understand the classification of prints and the method of reading them. It was sometimes very difficult at first to get Magistrates and Judges to accept the infallibility of the Bureau's records, and not infrequently test demonstrations were required; but the difficulty grew progressively less, which was a good thing, because at one time work was seriously impeded by the frequent absences of the Inspector when he was summoned by the Courts to give evidence.

While on the subject of the C.I.D., I must say that to me it was an abiding cause for wonder that it was so hard to find Indians who made even

passably good detectives. The old police had only one idea of detection, which was to obtain a confession, and it must be confessed that they were not too scrupulous about the methods which they employed for the purpose of obtaining it. They went a good deal further than what the detective novels call the third degree. Pressure of one sort or another, not infrequently physical, was resorted to, and I learned more than one way in which what amounted to pretty severe torture could be applied without leaving any tell-tale marks or traces whatever. If I were to describe any of them I might give a wrong impression, which I should be very sorry to do, because, although these things were done, they were not the rule but only the regrettable exception.

Of course, the officers of the force did all they could to stop that sort of thing, and in later years I believe that it occurred very seldom, but there were and had been sufficient exposures to render the courts more than distrustful of confessions, and to encourage false charges by criminals against the police.

With the coming of the C.I.D. a much higher standard of detective ability was aimed at, and to some extent secured, but really good detectives were still more than rare. I should have expected that the very acute brain and the natural tendencies of the educated Indian would have resulted quite often in the production of

experts, but such was not the case. It may be better now.

A rather ludicrous instance of clumsy work was brought to my notice at a time when, for reasons which were good enough, the police were, under orders, keeping a sharp look-out upon all Russian visitors to India. This was especially the case when the visit of the then Prince of Wales was impending. All Russians were, in fact, shadowed, and their doings and movements reported to headquarters until they left the country. They were not interfered with unless there was anything against them, but they were to be kept under unobtrusive observation. A Russian gentleman, *soi-disant* Count, landed at Bombay and travelled by rail to Madras. His name proclaimed his nationality, and it fell to the railway police in the first instance to keep an eye on him. Arrived at Madras, he called at the police headquarter office and sent in his card. He spoke perfect English, and, after the customary exchange of polite nothings, I asked if there was anything I could do for him. He replied that there was nothing, only he thought he ought to let me know how clumsily some of our men did their work. He knew that he had to be shadowed, and did not complain of it, but it appeared that the method adopted by certain disciples of Sherlock Holmes had been to come into his carriage about every tenth stoppage and inquire his name, nationality, age,

place of birth, business, and in fact every possible particular except his sex. This was unobtrusive observation! I apologised, and we parted quite good friends. As a matter of fact this Russian was, I believe, quite harmless.

Although the Inspectors and other ranks of the C.I.D. did not distinguish themselves as detectives, they did do most excellent and courageous work when, later on, the anarchist element began to get troublesome. Some of them carried their lives in their hands, and in doing so exhibited courage of a high order.

In 1911—I was not I.G. then,—when H.M. the King was coming out for the Delhi Durbar, all the known anarchists were, as far as possible, rounded up and interned under the security sections of the Indian Penal Code, but some of the most dangerous took alarm and slipped across into French territory, where they took refuge in Pondicherry. They could not be extradited, as there was no charge of a definite extraditable offence, but they remained a danger so long as they were able at any time to slip back across the border and escape observation. A C.I.D. Inspector, a Mahommedan, was therefore sent to Pondicherry to keep an eye on them, which he did with great effect. Of course, he had no official status in French territory, and no power to do anything except as a private visitor. He was known by sight to all these potential assassins, and was in daily danger of his life. This

man's conduct was only typical of that of the whole force throughout the troublous times which were then in their earlier stages.

I have referred to the very proper distrust with which the higher courts were accustomed to regard confessions in criminal cases, even when these were made with all proper precaution before a trustworthy magistrate, unless, of course, the accused stuck to his confession and repeated it at his trial, which, after procuring legal assistance and advice, he very rarely did.

This distrust extended, in the case of some magistrates and judges, to police evidence of all kinds, and in a few cases became an obsession, so marked as to lead to undue weighting of the scales in favour of evil-doers.

There was in a certain district a Sessions judge who afforded such a conspicuous instance of this excessive distrust, and showed it so plainly, that the subordinate police were afraid to go into his court, and, in order to avoid doing so, even avoided bringing to trial persons who clearly should have been so brought. Serious crime, mostly dacoity, increased abnormally within his jurisdiction, and the professional criminals openly jeered at the police. The District Magistrate began to get concerned and to make things disagreeable for the D.S.P. The latter, who was in any case no shining light, had a very good excuse in the uncompromising attitude of the Sessions judge. So I determined to attend the

next sessions in the latter's court and see for myself. The judge was most courteous, and gave me a seat on the bench, but when a dacoity case came on for trial I soon saw that the reports of his attitude were not exaggerated. Police witnesses were bullied and ragged by him till they were capable of saying anything, however absurd, and the public prosecutor, a very weak and inefficient Vakil, made no effort to obtain fair treatment for them. Eventually I took it on myself, though it was not my business, to instruct the prosecutor to withdraw the charge and ask for an acquittal, on the ground that, as it was clear that His Honour disbelieved the evidence, it was only wasting time to go on with the case. The judge was a little taken aback, but could only comply, and the matter ended.

I returned to Madras, and in the next gazette or thereabouts saw the transfer of the judge to another less desirable district. I had nothing to do with that. I had said nothing to the Government on the subject, and should in any case have hesitated to make a complaint which would have impugned the fairness of a judicial officer. But every man in the force put it down to me, and this firm though erroneous belief greatly increased my prestige among them. With a new judge and a change of D.S.P.'s the outbreak of dacoity was very soon suppressed.

When T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales came to India in the winter of 1905-06 they

arrived in Madras by sea from Burmah. The trouble with indigenous anarchists had at that time hardly begun, but foreigners of all sorts, and particularly Russians, were our special objects of suspicion, and every possible precaution was taken. As Head of the police, I was made personally responsible for the safety of the Royal visitors, and it fell to me to make all the arrangements for police guards and sentries at Government House, as well as to supervise and approve all the dispositions for the control of crowds, traffic, &c., and the clearing and lining of all streets and roads on the routes by which they travelled. For these purposes the City Police, the only force available on the spot, were quite insufficient, and we had to call in from the districts large detachments of the headquarter reserves. These policemen from the country were rather lost dogs in the city, but they were very useful for the work of lining streets, which in a city of magnificent distances required a very large force.

Although on ceremonial occasions the streets were lined by troops, it must be remembered that these were purely ornamental. They took no part in controlling the crowds which lined the sidewalks and the outside of the roadway. That fell to the police, who had to keep a clear space between the crowd and the troops.

An Indian crowd is on such occasions docile and good-tempered, and gives little trouble. It

was my duty to accompany T.R.H. everywhere on ceremonial occasions, and to ride on the off-side of the Royal carriage—the motor was as yet not in common use—next to the officer commanding the cavalry escort. On our first journey from the pier to Government House I realised at once how completely impossible it is for any number of troops and police to guarantee absolute safety from attack by a determined man who is prepared to sacrifice himself, and that such can on occasion be found all experience proves. The escape of an attempting assassin can perhaps, but not certainly, be prevented after he has made his attempt, but against a fanatic who is reckless of consequences there is no certain defence less thorough than complete street clearance or a rate of travel which destroys all spectacular effect. Neither course is ever likely to commend itself to British Royalties. An elaborate system had been worked out to prevent the entrance of unauthorised persons to the grounds of Government House. Tickets were to be issued, and were as far as possible issued, to those who had legitimate business there, but a very few hours' experience taught me that such a precaution must either be relaxed so often as to become ineffective, or must, if strictly applied, cause such constant annoyance to all concerned, and constitute such a serious obstruction to many whose business was perfectly legitimate and necessary as to become

an intolerable nuisance. I had therefore to modify the arrangement practically out of existence, and to rely on the vigilance and common-sense of the subordinate officers in charge of the police guards at the various gates. Fortunately, I had a very smart Eurasian Inspector of the City Police in charge of this work, and he did it extremely well.

I had, during the stay of the Royal party, to take up my quarters in a tent at Government House, and Lord Ampthill, the Governor, very kindly made me his guest for the period. It all passed off thoroughly well. There were no unpleasant incidents of any kind, and the Indian crowd displayed, albeit with that restraint which characterises Eastern as compared with Western enthusiasm, keen pleasure as well as whole-hearted loyalty.

When the Prince and Princess left Madras for Bangalore, I had to travel in the Royal train, being still responsible until they passed out of Madras territory. At Bangalore I handed over charge to Mr Wilkieson, and I still have the receipt which in accordance with the orders of the Government I had to take from him, in order to fix the hour and place at which my responsibility ceased and his began, a quaint document but a pleasing memento.

When the Prince and Princess left Bangalore a short time later, after a visit to the Mysore kheddas, I had to take charge again, as the

railway journey to Hyderabad lay partly through Madras territory. I would have given a great deal to have been able to accompany them to the kheddas and to see the unique spectacle afforded by the final impounding, after months of preliminary work and days of strenuous exertion, of a whole herd of wild elephants, but all that lay outside my charge, and I had nothing to do with it. The journey to Raichur, where H.H. the Nizam's state railway joined the Madras-Bombay line, was uneventful. We got to Raichur about midnight, and there I handed over to Mr Crawford of the Nizam's railway police, and got another receipt.

I have mentioned that the police force was in process of reform and reorganisation. As regards the force outside of the city of Madras, approval in principle had been given to a scheme which it fell to me to elaborate in detail, to put into practicable shape, and to submit for final sanction.

Perhaps the weakest point in the police administration had been the officer in charge of a police station. He was a Head Constable, whose pay averaged about a pound a month, as exchange then was. This low-paid and ill-educated functionary was the authority to whom all crime was first reported, and to whom fell the duty of first investigation. His powers, both direct and indirect, were considerable, and far too great for his average intelligence and

honesty. The head constables were, of their kind, a decent set of men, risen by merit from the ranks, and in many cases doing their best according to their lights, and, if they were not invariably incorruptible, it is not for us to blame them too much. Rather it is fair to consider whether we ourselves, remunerated on a corresponding scale, would be able in all circumstances to resist temptation. I hope we should, but, as they say in my own country, "It's speirin' maks the odds." However that may be, they did not inspire public confidence, and they were not keen on taking responsibility. Also their methods, when they did do their best to repress and detect crime, were not always what we should have liked to see. Over them was the Inspector of a division, somewhat superior in social status, but often himself risen from the Head Constable grade and soaked in the same traditions. Many of the inspectors were really good men, but they had not as a rule much education, and they lacked something in the matter of prestige and authority. These were directly under the D.S.P. and the A.S.P., who were at that time all British.

The new idea was to have fewer stations and a superior class of man in charge of them, for which purpose a new grade, called sub-inspector, was to be created. These were to be young men of decent education and were to be trained at the police school at Vellore in the first instance, and

afterwards in a district under an Inspector. They were to be on probation until approved, a very necessary provision, and from among them the grade of Inspector was to be recruited by promotion and selection as the older kind of Inspector died out.

The stations were to be reduced in number and increased in area, the strength of each being readjusted to the duties required of it, and, equally if not more important, the armed reserves of the districts were to be brought up to a strength which would make them more equal to the work ordinarily falling to be done. This, it was recognised, would involve a very considerable increase of total strength.

The reserves, as I have said elsewhere, were grotesquely under-manned, and, as their liabilities in the way of guards, escorts, orderlies, &c., grew, as they inevitably did, the number of men ordinarily present for duty at headquarters steadily fell, until, for the chief purpose of their existence, the provision of an emergency force, they were nearly useless. The whole scheme was really excellent, but it was very much overdue.

The task of preparing a detailed scheme of reallocation and a detailed estimate of required strength for each district was a heavy one, and I found it necessary for this purpose to visit nearly every district and to go into the local circumstances with the officers on the spot in minute detail. In the end the Government

approved my estimate of requirements with very little alteration, and the reallocation was brought into force as funds were allotted and as the new personnel became available.

Another big work which I had to do was a scheme of reform for the Madras City Police. The City Police had always been, for all practical purposes, outside the control of the I.G. It was under a Commissioner, a selected police officer of the grade of D.I.G. It was not distinguished for efficiency in dealing with crime, though there was never any question of its success in the control of crowds, festivals, traffic, and large functions. The Inspectors were for the most part Eurasians, many of them far too old and inclined to let sleeping dogs lie, while the Commissioner was sometimes an officer near the end of his service, and not enthusiastic about innovations. The City Police had, for these and other reasons, distinctly fallen behind the times. In particular, I used to have many complaints from D.S.P.'s about the snug refuge which their known criminals and suspects were alleged to find in the city, where it was frequently stated that they were allowed by the City Police to disappear from view.

There was a good deal in it, though, no doubt, these complaints were sometimes only handy excuses for inefficiency, and the Government decided that the City force must be reorganised and reformed, as well as that in the districts,

and I was ordered to go into the matter and prepare a scheme. This I found difficult, because my almost complete want of control over the city had left me very ill-informed about the details of its organisation and work. However, it had to be done, and I remember with pleasure that Mr Jones, the then Commissioner, gave me every help and every facility.

Eventually I prepared a scheme of sorts with which I was not myself very pleased, and the Government, being apparently equally unable to hit upon the ideal, accepted it as it stood. I have sometimes wondered how it worked. I have my doubts.

At the same time the Government made a very proper change in the relations of the Commissioner with the I.G., and made it clear that, while the latter was not to interfere in detail with the work of the former, he was nevertheless to be in supreme control, with full powers of inspection and direction in major matters.

The bubonic plague, which started in Western India, took a long time to spread into Madras, and though it did get there, it never really established itself except in the Bellary District, and it never succeeded in getting a footing in the City of Madras at all, though there were quite a few imported cases. Of course, the experience of Bombay was extremely useful to Madras, and perhaps helped the sanitary authorities to keep the disease at bay. I do not know

how far sanitary and medical science has now advanced in its methods of prevention, but in those days it seemed to me that the one measure which was really effective was evacuation of an infected area, and that the comparative immunity, which nearly the whole of Madras enjoyed, was due not to the perfection of its preventive measures but to some cause which was as yet not ascertained.

In Bellary, evacuation undoubtedly did much good, and the people came to recognise it, and even to evacuate an infected village of their own accord on the first signs of an outbreak, usually the finding of dead rats. They lived in temporary shelters in the open fields, and their houses were abandoned entirely for the time. These plague camps and the protection of the evacuated villages from thieves, the provision of orderlies for plague inspectors and doctors, cordons when required, and numerous other extra duties, put a great strain on the police. It was far more than the authorised establishment could cope with, and it became necessary to enlist temporary men to assist in dealing with it. •

This led to a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. The plague police, as they were called, were a thoroughly unsatisfactory and undesirable body. A policeman cannot be manufactured to order by catching a casual unemployed and putting him into a "part-worn"

uniform, and, as this was what had to be done, the result was what might have been expected. The inspectors, sub-inspectors, and head constables of the permanent staff were quite insufficient to maintain proper control over the temporaries, and the latter were naturally without adequate discipline, or any of that pride in themselves and their service which should go far to make any police efficient. They were untidy and dirty, and, as they were not in permanent service, they were free from the restraining fear of losing employment and pension, and were under strong temptation to make hay while the sun shone. The regular police disliked them as bringing the uniform into contempt, and would have liked to get rid of them. I agreed very much with the sentiments of the regular men, but it was impossible to get over the fact that something of the nature of the plague police was a necessity.

I suggested to the Government that the temporaries should be dressed otherwise than in police uniform, or at least should have a turban of a different colour, which would have been quite easy, but Mr Gabriel Stokes, the member of Council in charge of the judicial portfolio, was very determined against anything of that sort. He argued that these men had to be police and nothing else, since it was necessary that they should have the powers given by law to a policeman, and that, if they were police,

they must be dressed as such. I agreed with the first contention, but not with the second. In talking the matter over with Stokes when I came up to Ootacamund for the month of May, as I was allowed to do, I was indiscreet enough to describe the temporary force as a rabble, and the description annoyed him seriously; but it is not wise to fight against authority, and Stokes scored off me badly by saying that, if they were a rabble, it was my business to make them into something better, to which end I must go down at once to Bellary and go further into the matter.

Bellary in May is not a spot which any one would choose as a residence, but my enforced stay there was rendered pleasant by the hospitality of my great friend Donald Cowie, the Collector. After inspection and enquiry, which were as fruitless as I expected them to be, I could only report that matters were as I had described them, and that I saw no way out of it as long as the plague should continue, so things remained as they were.

Incidentally, while at Bellary, I saw the only really big flight of locusts which I have ever seen. They darkened the sky and they stripped nearly every green thing before they passed on. Fortunately there were very few green things to strip at that season, and, so far as I remember, there were certain things which they would not eat. I think the nim tree was one of them.

I remember seeing Cowie's cat having the time of its life with the locusts, which it ate in quantities.

In 1907 I took ~~six~~ months' leave, and Cowie acted for me. He had a very bad time, and I was correspondingly lucky in missing it. His period of office coincided with an ebullition of activity on the part of "patriotic" agitators, men for the most part quite harmless in action, who had discovered in themselves a facility for windy oratory, which, unloosed upon ignorant, credulous, and excitable mobs, was exceedingly dangerous. These gentlemen, mostly from Bengal, discovered in the large cities of the southern peninsula an almost unexploited and very responsive field of activity. Their speeches ostensibly kept within the law, or at least there was no certainty of successful proceedings against them, while unsuccessful proceedings would only have given an impetus to their campaign. The I.G. had, in the ordinary course of duty, to keep an eye on the agitators, and he was further ordered to secure verbatim reports of their speeches. A verbatim report cannot be obtained without the employment of trained shorthand reporters, and of these there were none on the ordinary police establishment. Cowie asked to be supplied with them, but the Government either had not got them or did not choose to supply them, and he was in effect left to make bricks without

straw. Consequently the bricks were not of the best quality, and there was something like friction over it.

In the light of after knowledge, it is clear that the Bengali agitators were weakly dealt with, and that a bolder policy would have paid better. At the same time the Government had a very difficult course to steer, and it is always easy for those who had no responsibility to criticise those who had.

As always, the best results were obtained where the man on the spot was strong enough to take upon himself the responsibility of action. Such a course is apt, in my experience, to be very welcome to Governments, who are glad enough to profit by success should it be attained, and in the contrary event are always able to disown and disavow.

One District Magistrate, in one of the largest and most, politically troublesome districts of the South, acted in this manner. A well-known Bengali firebrand announced a visit to the headquarter town of the district, and all the local centres of potential trouble were eagerly expecting him. The District Magistrate said nothing, but he sent the D.S.P. to meet the gentleman at the railway station to inform him very politely that in existing circumstances his presence was not desired in the district, to advise him to continue or reverse his journey, and, to put the matter in a nutshell, to say

that if he attempted to carry out his programme in that District he would be arrested. The politician continued his journey, and the result of his activities in another District, where he was less faithfully dealt with, was very serious rioting.

Throughout that period and in all the troublous times which were to follow, the sturdy and unquestioning loyalty of the police was worthy of admiration. They were, no doubt, not as highly tried as were the R.I.C. between 1916 and the treaty, for four years of which time I lived in the thick of the Irish trouble and so know what I am writing about, but, taking into consideration the difference in the circumstances and in the personnel, I cannot help thinking that they did not compare badly with the older and better-known force.

It is probable that the reorganisation of the force, and the improvements in its pay and prospects, which had been effected or were in process of being effected, had a great deal to do with its highly creditable conduct. Certainly the self-respect of the men, and their pride in themselves and in their service, had been very greatly raised, and such things are not without value.

With the elimination of the older type of officers who, having nothing to look forward to, were content to let things go on in the good or bad old way, and the substitution of younger,

keener, and better-trained men, together with the improved prospects of the subordinate officers and the better pay of all ranks, a new spirit came into the whole police service. It was noticeable too that with increasing self-respect and obviously increased efficiency, came more considerate and respectful treatment by the Magistracy and the Courts. To assume that a police witness was, before everything else, a liar, and openly to act on that assumption, as was regularly done in a certain District Court to which I have referred, is not the way to guide such a witness, and others of his kind, into the ways of truth, and it seemed to me that the growing self-respect of the police, and the improved attitude of the Courts towards them, acted and reacted the one upon the other.

Even the alterations in uniform were not without their effect on discipline and *esprit de corps*. There was a time when, except on ceremonial duty, no police officer of the higher ranks ever wore uniform, for the reason that he had no uniform which was in any way fitted for practical work. After a workmanlike service dress was authorised the anomaly disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

DURING my six months' leave in 1907 I very nearly left India for good. My minimum service for pension was completed by the end of my leave, and as my children were not of an age to go out again, I was very ready to cut India if I could find employment at home. That was a very difficult thing for an I.C.S. man to do. He was trained to no trade or profession, except indeed the trade of governing, and people at home have no wish to be governed. But I happened, as I thought, after five years in the police, to have some qualifications for employment of that particular kind. Accordingly, I sent in an application for the post of Chief Constable of a Scottish County which had fallen vacant. I was required to send in testimonials to my character, efficiency, and experience, and I collected these from the various Governors under whom I had served, had them printed, and submitted them. I felt very like a "failed B.A." applying for a clerkship. There was a very large number of applicants, but I was told by a friend on the County Council that the choice

had narrowed itself down to me and one other. The other got it, which was no doubt quite right. He had served all his life in the police, and had been promoted from the lower ranks. Nevertheless I was disappointed. The county was a nice one, and, I should suppose, the work nothing to be afraid of, judging by the number of men in the force and the character of the country covered.

After this failure I returned to Madras and to the I.G.-ship, in which I continued for only a few months before appointment to the Board of Revenue.

The Board of Revenue used to be described by cynics as a home of rest for decayed Collectors. There were in Madras no territorial Commissioners, and the Collectorates were very much larger than in most, I think in all, the other provinces. In all matters, except those relating to revenue administration, the Collector and District Magistrate dealt direct with the Government, and we in Madras liked to think that his prestige and power were, on that account, greater. In revenue matters the Members of the Board took the place of the Commissioners of other provinces, only their duties were divided by subjects and not by districts. There were two Commissioners of Land Revenue, one of whom was also Commissioner of Forests and head of the Court of Wards, one of Land Records and Agriculture, dealing with survey, settlement and the like, and one of Separate Revenue. The

principal part of the latter's duty was as head of the large and important Salt and Abkari department, otherwise excise, but it also included all miscellaneous branches of revenue, such as stamps, customs, and income tax. Whenever possible, the last-mentioned portfolio was assigned to a member who had in his earlier service been trained in the Salt and Abkari, either as a Deputy Commissioner or as Secretary to the Board in that department, and, as I possessed the double qualification, the portfolio in question was assigned to me. The work presented no difficulty to any one who had the necessary experience, but there was a considerable mass of it, and the Secretary's work was decidedly heavy. A Member of the Board was expected to do a good deal of touring in the districts, but this, in my opinion, only added to the amenities of the appointment, which was a very pleasant one. An office in Madras from year's end to year's end would have been irksome, but the ability to tour at will, with free choice of time and place, made it quite enjoyable.

The pay of the four Members of the Board was graduated from fourth to first Member, and was roughly parallel with that of the Secretaries to Government, the first Member's pay being the same as that of the Chief Secretary. The Members were almost always men of long district experience, which could not in all cases be said for the Secretaries.

There was always a tendency for a man to develop the Secretariat habit, once he had served in it for a few years as a junior, and there were men who had served the greater part of their time either in the Secretariat or in special appointments, and who, without any sufficient experience of district administration—upon which, after all, the whole administration rests,—rose to be Chief Secretary and Member of Council. That was an undoubted evil. The qualities required of and developed by an Assistant or Under-Secretary are not those which necessarily connote administrative capacity. There is a tendency to too much writing, too much going round and round a difficult question instead of going straight in at it, and there is an absence of the need for that very valuable quality, decision, because the last word and the consequent responsibility remain elsewhere. Men have been known to become Members of Council who had actually seen less service in the districts of the plains than had many a junior divisional assistant.

At various times abortive attempts were made to ensure that such an absurd situation should not arise, but nothing effective was done until Lord Curzon, who seemed very readily to perceive the weak points of Secretariat work as usually done, attempted to forbid more than a limited period of service in the Secretariat without an intervening minimum period of service in the districts. The intention of the order was

excellent, but such orders are not difficult to evade.

I have often noticed how, in the army, the regimental officer is inclined to sneer at the staff, which he sometimes appears to regard as existing for the purpose of annoying him, while itself luxuriating in gilded ease. There was something of the same feeling among district officers of the I.C.S. towards the clever young bloods of the Secretariat, and there is no doubt that more frequent interchange of duties was desirable, and would have eliminated this unhealthy feeling. It is easy to understand the feelings of a man in a bad district in the hot weather, who is the subject of an acrimonious criticism, which he suspects or imagines to have been at least drafted, if not inspired, by another, whom he does not regard as a better man, and who is at the time enjoying the comforts and the amenities of a hill station, and whose personal experience of rough work and trying weather in the plains is of the slightest. On the other hand, it is equally easy to understand that not every man makes a good secretary, and that busy men, when they have found one, are not anxious for change. The remedy lies, like most remedies, not in hard and fast regulations, but in the will to avoid unfairness and irritation even at some personal inconvenience.

The Board functioned as a full Board only for special purposes. Otherwise, each member at-

tended to his own subjects, and his orders issued as the orders of the Board, though each had the power to refer any matter to the full Board, by circulation or by convening a meeting.

As Separate Revenue Member, I renewed my connection with the Salt and Abkari, and was gratified to find that the inhumanity of its administration had considerably softened since last I had had to do with it, with no noticeable loss of efficiency. The Abkari administration, especially in the matter of scientific supervision of distilleries, had developed out of all knowledge, and leakage of revenue in various directions had been reduced to a minimum. There was less change in the Salt administration, which, under the strenuous and iron-fisted guidance of Sir Henry Bliss, had been almost perfected in its earlier years. The Salt factories, which I visited on tour, were the same dreary and horrible excrescences on the face of the earth as they always had been, and probably always will be, for man cannot change nature. A salt factory is without exception the nearest approach that I have seen to the abomination of desolation.

Situated on the most exposed sites on a flat and uninteresting coast, only a few inches above sea-level, without a tree and with hardly a bush, irrigated with salt water and glittering with the million dazzling facets of the freshly scraped salt, which make tinted glasses a necessity, scorched by the howling hot wind, which aids

the formation of the salt, or battered into a soufflé by the monsoon, which puts an end to it, they offer about the most uninviting surroundings in which any white man could be expected to live. Their compensating advantages were that they were, with notable exceptions in which malaria was rampant, for the most part healthy, and that, if there was any cooling breeze from the sea, they got it. In Stevens' book 'In India,' there is a very life-like sketch of such a place, and what that brilliant writer has described I need not further attempt to elaborate.

There were, however, men, white men of good birth and comfortable upbringing, who were doing their life's work in these awful surroundings, with no reasonable prospect of ever doing anything else until too old or too ill to go on doing it any longer.

The Board's Members were not allowed any regular period of stay on the hills. The plea, so often advanced in defence of the annual exodus of the Government, that the Members of Council and Secretaries could not possibly cope with their strenuous and vitally important work in the summer heat of the plains, was not supposed to apply to the Board, perhaps because it was assumed that the Members had become sufficiently hardened to such unpleasant conditions by years of district service. Nevertheless, in practice no objection was ever raised to a visit

of a few weeks to the hills, and indeed it was usually possible to find work which sufficiently excused such a small concession to human weakness. Later on it became the custom occasionally to summon meetings of the Legislative Council at Ooty during the Government's sojourn there, which meetings afforded a further opportunity to escape from the heat and tedium of the Madras hot weather. Curiously enough, the Indian Members of the Council seemed to appreciate the change to the cool climate as much as any one else, and some of them even brought their families for a time. I was told by one of them that their ladies were particularly keen on it.

Up to the time of my retirement, the Legislative Council was in reality nothing more than a debating society, its resolutions having no force at all except as recommendations to the Executive, and, there being a dependable nominated majority, it was rare that resolutions in opposition to the Government were passed.

The four members of the Board were among the nominated official members. The meetings were unbearably tedious. A few of the Indian members were really good speakers, to whom, if only they could have learned not to spoil the quality of their oratory by unduly increasing its quantity, it was a pleasure to listen. Others, mostly of the nominate variety, were good, sound, sensible, and loyal men, certain to use

their vote on the side of common-sense, but wholly incapable of making a speech of any sort whatever. There were in my time two or three who did not even know enough English to enable them to follow the debates.

The class of Indian member most numerous represented came under neither of the foregoing descriptions. The great majority were vakils, not always of any distinction in their own profession, but one and all possessed of an unlimited flow of words, and delighted to unloose it. The habit of prolixity and repetition came, I always thought, from a long course of legal practice in the lower courts, civil and criminal. The uneducated litigant, unable to understand the language in which his case was being conducted, was apt to measure the value of his legal representative by the length of his speech and by the exuberance of gesture with which it was delivered; thus a young vakil was, not unnaturally, afraid to present his case in the most compact and forcible form, which would really have been to the advantage of his client, and fell quickly into the habit of tediousness which was common to older practitioners, and this habit was not easy to shake off, even if he had perceived the advisability of doing so, when he came to address an audience which would judge him by a quite different standard. I suppose the members of the new legislative bodies have overcome this defect. I wonder.

I must admit that in debate the official members of the Legislative Council, mostly belonging to the I.C.S., did not shine in comparison with their Indian critics. Debating and public speaking formed no part of the training of myself and my contemporaries, and there were few of us who could deliver ourselves in such a way as to do justice to the force of the facts and the soundness of the arguments which we presented. We belonged to the old school, and were trained to do things rather than to argue about them, and we did not shine. There was, moreover, an atmosphere of make-believe and unreality about a debate which led nowhere, except to a predetermined decision, and this, no doubt, did not stimulate any latent power of oratory which may have existed. Under the new dispensation it must, I should suppose, be most important that the higher ranks of the service should develop debating power. There may conceivably be a danger that marked proficiency in this respect may tend to obscure or outweigh the want of it in others. The advance of democracy is always apt to bring the man of words to the front rather than the man of action. That may be one reason why no retired member of the I.C.S., however distinguished, has ever been a real success in Parliament, and a few have been among the acknowledged bores of the House.

A rather interesting branch of the Board's work was the Court of Wards, which managed the

estates and the upbringing of Zamindars who succeeded to their property while still minors. Under a special enactment, the Board was the Court in question, and its work, as such, was assigned to one of its members, the full Court being called in perhaps more often than in other branches of work.

The Court's administration of such estates was, almost without exception, greatly to the financial benefit of the proprietors and to the improvement of the condition of their tenants. In many cases very large annual savings were effected, and a very large balance, soundly invested, was handed over, with the estate, to the ward when he attained majority. There were, however, instances in which the possession of large sums of money, easily available, proved too great a temptation for a young man without much practical experience. Parasites of all sorts and undesirable friends—sometimes, I am ashamed to say, British ones—found him an easy prey, and extravagance and self-indulgence not only wasted very rapidly the accumulated savings, but led the young man into courses which had results harmful or ruinous to himself and his estate. There were a few regrettable instances of this sort of thing, and the prestige of the Court among the more old-fashioned and conservative, as well as the best, Zamindari families suffered. The practice of accumulating liquid resources was therefore abandoned, and every endeavour

was made to expend surplus balances in the permanent improvement of the estates, by means of irrigation works, buildings, and the like.

The wards were in some cases entrusted to the care and control of their natural guardians, provided that the Court was satisfied that the education and training provided by them was suitable and sufficient, but in almost all cases in which the estate was able to afford it, the ward was sent to the educational establishment maintained by the Court at "Newington" in Madras, where they were under the care of a man very specially fitted for the work. Mr Cameron Morrison was a distinguished educationist of liberal outlook and practical mind. The young men turned out by him were, with very few exceptions, a credit both to the system and to Mr Cameron Morrison's working of it.

I held the Court of Wards portfolio for the latter half of my time in the Board. At Newington the wards were given a sound general education, and were encouraged to specialise in any direction in which their predilection or natural aptitude appeared to lie. Their discipline was the care of the Principal and his British assistant, and, besides such instruction, as could be given by these gentlemen, there were lessons and lectures in all necessary subjects by Indian masters. Each boy had his own room and his own servant, also his own cook, who prepared his food strictly in accordance

with his caste. His religious instruction and the observances which his caste or family custom required were attended to by a priest selected or approved by his relatives.

The boys were encouraged to indulge in all healthy and manly sports, each had his own horse or pony, and they joined in all the sports such as cricket, tennis, hunting, paper-chasing, gymkhanas and the like, which were available in Madras. They were also every year taken on a tour of instruction to some part of India. On these tours they were made to keep a diary, just as midshipmen do in the Royal Navy, and those documents not only developed their powers of observation, but were often also quaintly informing to the Principal and to me as Member in charge.

There were, among prominent members of the boys' own class, some very strong and convinced opponents of the system of education practised at Newington, who held that it tended too much to anglicise the wards and to give them expensive sporting tastes which might divert their interest, after attaining majority, from the management of their estates, and incline them towards racing and other expensive amusements, to make them, in fact, into absentee landlords rather than responsible country gentlemen. Of these was my friend the Maharaja of Bobbili, himself all that could be desired in such matters, whose opinion the Court could

not fail to hold in the greatest respect. I do not think that the bulk of responsible opinion agreed with him, but it was largely due to consideration of his view, and those of others, that the Court came to be assisted by an advisory body of Indian gentlemen, who were invited to inspect Newington and to acquaint the Court with their views on all or any points connected with its management. Also, for similar reasons, the Court placed every ward, for a period before his coming of age, under instruction on his own estate by the Indian manager employed by the Court, and under the supervision of the District Collector.

There were, it must be admitted, one or two wards who, on attaining majority, did follow the course of conduct feared by the Maharaja, who wasted their money and took to drink and dissipation, allowing themselves to be fleeced by undesirable companions, sporting and otherwise. These unfortunate cases naturally attracted attention and caused unavonourable comment, but the critics forgot that for one such failure there were dozens of successes, and that the great majority of the Court's wards turned into quiet and respectable country gentlemen, living on their estates and taking an active part in their management, a most valuable class, as any man can testify who has administered a district in which Zamindaris exist in any number.

When I left India there was under consideration a proposal to enlarge Newington into something on the model of a Chief's College, and to remove it outside Madras. The project never materialised, and I regret to say that Newington, which was a very good institution and was capable of development into something better, was abolished altogether on account of the scandal caused by a murder which occurred there. I know little about this, no more in fact than could be gathered from the newspapers, and it would in any case be undesirable to rake up unpleasant details, but the incident was fatal to the place and, I hope only for the time, put an end to any scheme of development.

The Government sometimes found it convenient to make use of the members of the Board for the purpose of enquiries and investigations into the conduct of its servants when circumstances required. It was my ill-fortune to be selected for this very unpleasant duty on two rather remarkable occasions.

One was an investigation into allegations of corruption on the part of a police officer, a D.S.P. No more distasteful duty could have fallen to me, since, although I had not of late years been brought into much personal contact with the officer concerned, I had in the early years of my service served in a certain division of a southern district where he and I were the only British officers in several thousand square

miles of country, and where we actually shared a bungalow at our headquarters. The enquiry took a semi-judicial form, the accused being represented by a barrister, and a D.I.G. of police being instructed by the Government to put the case against him. Such a very unusual accusation, of course, attracted a great deal of attention, but the Press was not admitted, an exclusion which minimised the public scandal.

The result of my enquiry was negative. There was no direct evidence of corruption, and if the enquiry had been a prosecution before a criminal court there must have been a complete acquittal. There was disclosed, however, a series of extraordinary coincidences which had, of course, given rise to the accusation, and although I reported to the Government that there was no proof of corruption, I was compelled to enumerate these coincidences at length. The Government apparently considered that the coincidences amounted to stronger evidence than I thought they did, and they removed the officer from the service without pension. Eventually, to my great relief, the Secretary of State so far overruled the Madras Government as to allow pension, and there the nasty business ended.

The other enquiry was equally unpleasant in its nature, though not nearly so painful to me personally, as I had no actual acquaintance with the officer concerned. He was a junior member of the I.C.S. and a native of India,

a Parsi, educated in England, who had entered the service by open competition. He was in charge of a division of a district. The trouble was a riot in which a head constable had been killed, and in reporting it the District Magistrate had, it seemed, been somewhat too kind to his assistant as well as to the D.S.P. who was also concerned. The Government therefore ordered me to investigate on the spot, and report on the facts and the conduct of the two officers. It was easy enough. The facts were plain and hardly disputed, even as to details.

There occurred a large Hindu festival at an out-of-the-way spot, where there was no village at all, but only a semi-ruinous shrine and a chattram, intended for the accommodation of travellers and corresponding to the Serai of northern India. The festival was one which took place only at considerable intervals—I think at intervals of several years,—and was attended by large crowds of local people. It fell to the Parsi gentleman, as Divisional Magistrate, to see that the large concourse was properly policed, sanitated, and otherwise shepherded, and for this purpose he encamped at a short distance. The D.S.P., who was also an Indian, a Brahmin, was also in camp close by, but not near to the Divisional Magistrate. It will be seen that the district was, to some extent, in process of Indianisation. A small force of police was on the spot, under a head

constable, who appeared to have been a strong man and a brave one but who was exceedingly unpopular in the neighbourhood, and, according to the evidence given to me, was considered to be corrupt and tyrannical. In his zeal for sanitation—by the book—the Divisional Magistrate issued an order forbidding the sale to the people of certain sweetmeats, which were much in favour with the assembled company but were supposed to be unwholesome. The order not being effective, he directed the police to destroy all or any of the prohibited delicacies which were exposed for sale, and this they proceeded to do. This was obviously a very fussy and silly thing to do. No wise man issues an order unless he believes that he can enforce it. It was for the Magistrate to judge whether that was so or not. If he ever considered the matter, he judged wrongly. Also, no wise district officer gives to the subordinate official, police or other, unnecessary opportunity for oppression or for personal profit, and this order clearly did give such.

When the police started to carry out the order the crowd rose upon them, and the whole thing was over in a very brief space. The police retreated into a makeshift building which they were occupying as a station, and made the best defence they could, but the building was very soon in flames about their ears and, for the most part, they discarded their uniforms and

fled. The head constable was seized and beaten into helplessness, and then, as he lay on the ground, straw was piled on top of him and set on fire. He was burnt alive.

Meanwhile, news had been brought to the D.S.P.'s camp that a riot was in progress, and one may be sure that the account of happenings was not under-coloured. He got into his uniform, mounted, and, with his orderly and syce beside him, made his way towards the scene of trouble. He was, however, no horseman—few educated southern Indians are,—and he soon discarded his horse and advanced on foot. But matters had gone too far when he arrived, and he, perhaps wisely, made no attempt to do anything. There was, in fact, no hope of his being able to do anything. His men had been swept out of existence and he had no personal influence. Terrified by what he heard and saw, and roughly but not seriously handled, by some of the rioters, he fled to the chattram, where he got rid of his uniform and hid among some bags of grain, taking no further part.

Meanwhile the Parsi Magistrate reached the chattram soon after the D.S.P. had taken refuge there. Hearing what had occurred he declined to proceed further, or to make any attempt to handle the situation, or to assert his authority. The gate of the building was shut, and the unusual spectacle was presented of the two local representatives of the Sirkar cowering

inside while the mob worked its will outside. One attempt the Magistrate did make to exercise his authority. He was unable to address the crowd fluently in its own vernacular, but he caused his Duffadar to attempt to do so from the partially opened gate of the chattram, while he, the representative of the British power, cowered behind him. But the effort was short-lived, and the gate was quickly shut again. The mob never attacked the chattram, which they could quite easily have entered by force, nor was the Magistrate personally even threatened, but he decided it was no place for him. He discarded his European clothes and sun-hat and, in native dress and turban, slipped out and made his way on foot to a village where the headman provided him with a cart, in which he eventually reached his headquarters. From there he telegraphed to the District Magistrate in the usual "please arrange" manner. He did not return to his camp, and he abandoned the D.S.P. to his fate. The latter escaped further harm.

These facts were reported by me to the Government, who took such a serious view of the Magistrate's conduct that he was eventually removed from the service. The D.S.P. was, justly I think, treated more leniently, and was reduced to the grade of Deputy Superintendent.

It is a sorry enough story, but it carries its

lessons. It shows, among other things, that, even with Indian officers of the best quality, Indianisation of the district administration has its drawbacks and its difficulties. One point stands out. Had the Magistrate and the D.S.P. been British, they would in the ordinary course have camped together, which would certainly have resulted in combined and more effective action. The two Indians, being of different castes and races, could not possibly do so, and were handicapped to that extent. Another point worthy of notice is that the Indian Divisional Magistrate was no more at home in the local vernacular than most British Magistrates, and a great deal less than many. These handicaps were not the fault of the man himself, but only the result of his nationality. A Parsi, or for the matter of that a Panjabi, a Mah-ratta, a Bengali, or a Rajput is, in a Madras district, just as much a foreigner as is any Englishman, and he does not enjoy the compensating advantage of prestige which is, or was, the latter's heritage. This is a curious commentary on the vociferous assertions, which we so often hear, of Indian nationality. I had almost said Solidarity, but the word has been too lately adopted by other elements at home, and has acquired an unpleasant flavour.

Among the officers of the police as well as of the I.C.S. the decision was very universally approved. Both services felt that, in the oriental

phrase, their faces had been blackened; and their high traditions let down. Of course, certain Indian newspapers were quick to seize upon and exploit the incident, from a racial point of view, and to imply an official conspiracy to discredit the Indian. These, like some people at home, who see class in everything, could approach no subject except from a racial standpoint. But they made very little of it, because every one, including the journalists, knew very well that, in the first place, it was difficult to imagine two Sahibs behaving as these two Indian gentlemen had done, and in the second, that if two Sahibs had done so, they would have been dealt with in exactly the same way.

I have mentioned the debates in the then Legislative Council, and have remarked upon their customary tediousness and prolixity. The monotony of listening, or of trying not to listen, for hour after hour to the turgid eloquence of not always very distinguished lawyers was occasionally varied, for the official members, by the necessity of taking part when the particular subject under discussion concerned that branch of the administration with which they were concerned, or for which they were responsible. As I was Commissioner of Forests during the latter half of my time in the Board of Revenues, and as the forest laws were a frequent subject of complaint by such members as had assumed the rôle of protectors of the

oppressed, it fell to me, more often than I cared about, to reply to them. On one occasion I did so with perhaps slightly provocative outspokenness, and managed to make some of them very angry indeed. The "Parliamentary" correspondent of a Hindu paper was unintentionally very amusing on the subject of this little breeze. Referring to me, he said, "The man bears mischief in his eye. He has too long a tongue. He is indeed the Horne who could blow the trumpet of war." This, it may be necessary to explain, was not intended for comic journalism.

The outcome of the incident was that the Government announced their intention to set up a committee of five to enquire into and report upon the forest administration, particularly as affecting the villagers residing in or adjacent to reserved forests. I am not quoting the order, but it was in words of similar import. Of the committee I was made President (or Chairman, I forget which), with my former assistant, Paddison, as Secretary, "Jock" Scott, a Deputy Crusenator of Forests, and two Indian gentlemen, members of the Legislative Council, and, of course, Vakils. The latter were Mr Kesava Pillai, a great champion of the oppressed, and Mr Ramachandra Rao, a very earnest and intelligent man, who was honestly desirous of doing his duty to his country, and, as it proved, a man of unusually open mind.

Both had been steeped in the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust of all official policy and action, which was unfortunately general in their class.

I was not pleased with the prospect. It looked to me that such a committee could only result in a sharp division into two camps, with a majority and a minority report, and total failure to make any unanimous recommendations at all. That my misgiving was not realised was in my opinion principally due to Paddison's astonishing tact, and also greatly to the sound common-sense and the courage of Mr Ramachandra Rao, which enabled him to modify his preconceived ideas in the light of what the enquiry revealed to him. Mr Kesava Pillai was harder to convince, but, as his attitude of consistent hostility to the administration was largely due to a very kindly nature, which caused him to sympathise with grievances, even when they were imaginary, that attitude was in the end modified when it was borne in upon him that he had hitherto been very imperfectly informed on the subject of forest administration, its objects, methods, and results.

The Committee sat in a considerable number of representative districts, and examined witnesses, official and unofficial, on all relevant matters. We also made a point of visiting and inspecting reserved forests of all kinds, and acquainting ourselves on the spot with the facts

concerning them. This latter part of our work was to some extent hampered by the comparative immobility of the Indian members. They could not ride and they could walk very little, but a jutka was sometimes available and gave some assistance.

We met for a fortnight in each month, and at the end of each period we held a pow-wow and recorded the conclusions at which we were able finally or tentatively to arrive. The work in the districts occupied us throughout the hot weather and the monsoon months of 1912, and by the cold season we entered upon the final struggle for what I was determined to get—an unanimous report.

By ocular demonstration, by the testimony of witnesses, sometimes very hostile witnesses, and by explanation and patience, we had by that time succeeded in convincing the Indian members that many of their preconceived and ingrained ideas regarding forest administration were untenable. They had learnt that its object was not just to make money for the Government at the expense of the raiyat; indeed, if judged by that criterion it must have been condemned as a failure, since it made very little, but to conserve and prevent the destruction of an existing or potential source of communal wealth, and thereby to benefit the agricultural population as well as the country as a whole; that the Forest Officers were not trying to shut off the

supply to the villagers of firewood, timber for their implements, grass for their cattle, and leaves for manure, but were honestly striving so to control the enjoyment of these benefits that that enjoyment should be lasting, and to arrange that the rural population should, in such matters, live on their income and not on their capital; that, contrary to all their established beliefs, the Collector and his Assistants, the Forest Officers and other British officials did not live and move in seclusion, ringed round by a fence of subordinate harpies, without whose purchased consent they could not be approached, and that they were not dependent on the services of corrupt and venial interpreters; that, as a matter of fact, they could be and were freely approached by all, whether in office, tent, roadway, or jungle, and that, they were quite capable of informing themselves upon all necessary points without the intervention of any interpreter at all. Further, they had learnt that all these British officers were continually using every endeavour to detect and suppress the corruption and rapacity of the inferior Indian officials, and that such oppression as occurred was due to and was practised by those subordinate Indian officials alone. It is to the credit of the two Indian members of the committee that, when acquainted with the truth, they freely abandoned their belief in what had hitherto

been to them unquestioned facts, but their acquiescence in our final recommendations was, perhaps made easier because we did not indiscriminately whitewash the administration. We pointed out serious faults in it, faults which were in nearly every case due to the excessive zeal of specialists.

Specialists, I have always found, can be very dangerous people. They, very naturally, see little beyond their own special subject, and their advice needs to be very carefully examined from points of view which they do not themselves easily take.

The forest administration as then existing was in the beginning organised principally by German forest experts, very great men in their own line, but, of course, specialists of the most special, and having, apart from that line, no personal knowledge of Indian rural matters. This zeal, and the zeal of those trained under them, had resulted in the reservation of many tracts, often quite small in extent, in the immediate neighbourhood of agricultural villages which, from the common-sense point of view, were worth neither the trouble involved nor the irritation caused, and which served but to multiply technical offences against the law and to afford to the subordinate harpy a ready opportunity for extortion. With regard to these our recommendations were drastic, and, as they were wholly to the taste of the Indian members,

the latter were the more ready to accept those of our (the official members') ideas which were more difficult for them to swallow.

The point upon which we had the greatest difficulty in arriving at agreement was the policy to be recommended in dealing with that very troublesome animal, the common or domestic goat. No one who has not seen this beast, when engaged in large numbers in getting his daily food, can possibly conceive the mischievous nature of the apparently innocent quadruped. Grass he will eat, if there is any and if he cannot find anything better, but he will never eat grass if he can get at anything in the nature of a bush or tree, preferably a young and promising sapling. These he strips bare, raising himself to an incredible height on his long hind-legs, and it is, I believe, the case that no plant which has once been well chewed by a goat is capable of recovery. All over southern India, except on the west coast, the goat is kept in herds of many hundreds by owners who do not own a square yard of land for him to feed upon. He is fed entirely at public expense and costs his owner nothing, except sometimes the wages of a herdman. His meat, though to European taste exceedingly nasty, is readily sold, and his skin is a valuable article of commerce exported in hundreds of thousands to Europe, where it is made into all the highest grades of leather. Mr Kesava Pillai once in a debate in

the Legislative Council called the goat the poor man's cow, 'but the Committee was unable to discover that the milk of the animal was used at all. Besides his meat and his skin, the goat yielded a steady income to his owner in the shape of fees paid by raiyats for his manure. The goat owner, instead of paying the cultivator for the privilege of folding his animals at night on the latter's land, made a charge of a rupee or two per night for the droppings which the flock left behind it.

The vast and numerous flocks could only find a living on the village common grazing grounds, already eaten down to the dust by the superfluous and valueless village cattle, or in the jungle, and any jungle or forest to which they gained access, by license or without it, was doomed to great immediate damage and to early total destruction. There was only one way of dealing with them in a reserved forest, and that was to refuse, in any circumstances or at any price whatever, to admit them, and to leave the owners either to reduce them to proportions which would be more manageable, or to find food for them somewhere else. This was the course recommended by the committee, even after Mr Kesava Pillai had been brought, by the overwhelming weight of evidence, to abandon his championship of the offending quadruped.

In the end our efforts to procure an unanimous

report were successful, to the open astonishment of the Government, and of any one else who took any interest in the matter. The Government seemed to me to have regarded the committee more as a convenient expedient for shelving unpleasant discussion than as a probable instrument of needed reform. We had taken a different view and, after very great labour, had not only pointed out how forest administration could be made more efficient and more conducive to the realisation of its professed aims, but had also indicated what were undoubted errors in the hitherto accepted policy. The Government were, or so I thought, not altogether pleased, and, to my mind, showed it in the tone of their order on the report. Had the committee been divided, it is probable that none of its recommendations at all would have been accepted, and the whole thing would have been shelved; but, as it was completely unanimous, the Government, though by no means liking a good deal of the report, accepted, as they could hardly help doing, the whole of it, and ordered the steps which were required as a preliminary to carrying out the recommendations.

I have said that the success—as I considered it—of the committee was principally due to Paddison, the Secretary. On the very day on which I wrote that, I saw in the ‘Times’ his—Sir George Paddison’s—obituary notice, that

valedictory honour, which the less undistinguished member of the I.C.S. sometimes receives. The news was to me a great personal grief, but I can say now, what I could not have said if he had been alive, what a very fine and unusual character he possessed.

He came to me in Vizagapatam thirty years ago as Assistant Collector, fresh from Oxford, a distinguished and successful scholar, but entirely modest and unassuming withal. He had, I believe, been elected a fellow of All Souls', but had preferred a life of wider scope than the retention of the fellowship would have afforded. He was liked by every one from the very first, and I do not know any one whose liking did not increase with better acquaintance. He had an unfailing sense of humour, but his humour was never unkind. Though he had, before coming to India, no opportunity of taking part in field sports, he took to them so readily and displayed such keenness and perseverance as, before long, entirely wiped out that handicap. Of his pluck I will just mention one characteristic example. He was, on arrival in India, "stuck" with a very bad horse, a coarse common brute of apparently cow-like and sluggish disposition. One day while travelling across country with me and one other man, this beast suddenly set its jaw and bolted straight into a thick clump of low-growing divi-divi trees. Paddison was wiped off with a crash, and had it not

been for his sun-hat, which was bashed in, would probably have been killed. As it was he was completely knocked out for a time. The horse, having achieved its object, which seemed to be nothing but deliberate homicide, stopped and calmly grazed till one of us caught it. We could not understand its behaviour until Paddison told us, what he had not told any one before, that this was at least the third time that it had played the same trick. Nevertheless he had persevered with it, and had ascribed its conduct to his own bad riding. The horse was either mad or deliberately and cunningly vicious, certainly too dangerous for daily use, and with difficulty we persuaded P. to have it shot.

I have already described P.'s adventure with a wounded buffalo.

As an Assistant in charge of a division he was first-class, I never had a better, and his way of dealing with Indians of all classes secured to him their affection and respect. His outstanding ability naturally marked him out for Secretariat employment, and he was so employed for a time, but that was not his line. In the first place, he wrote such a vile hand that no one could read it; and in the second, he was too quick to see through anything in the nature of pomposity or pretence and to make genial fun of it, so that his notes were not at all to Secretariat pattern, and scandalised both his colleagues and his superiors. Though I can

take 'no credit for his success, I have always been proud' to have had the early training of so fine a man.

I was on the Board of Revenue for five years and a half, and, my object being to give some account of the daily work and life of the old I.C.S., I have mentioned the more noticeable incidents of my own service from fourth to first member. I attended the Delhi Durbar, but everything that can be said about that has been said by others. After the Forest Committee, nothing worth recording occurred.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the autumn of 1913 the Chief Secretary, Cardew, was going on six months' leave, preparatory to returning as Member of the Executive Council in the room of Sir John Atkinson, whose time was up, and Lord Pentland wished me to take on the Chief Secretaryship with the promise of the next vacancy on the Executive Council, that which would be caused by the retirement of Sir Harold Stuart in two or three years. I did not at all want to do it, and said so.

The Chief Secretaryship was about the most responsible and the heaviest appointment in the service, and though the responsibility did not frighten me, the work did. My health was beginning to go, and I had had pneumonia six months previously, besides being frequently bothered by malaria, the result of too much jungle work. The pay was no better than that of the first member of the Board of Revenue, and though there would be six months annually on the hills, there would be no touring, and a permanently sedentary job was never to my

taste. Lord Pentland, however, was insistent, and after all there was no need for him to ask my consent, he had only to order, so I took it on, making it clear that I should retire in the following spring when Cardew returned. I knew that I could not do three years or more of such exacting work, and had I been foolish enough to try I should not be writing this.

On the whole I liked it. Truly the work and the worry were heavy and never-ending, but Lord Pentland's unvarying kindness and consideration lightened them. I had known His Excellency since he was a big boy and I was a small one in our native Caithness, and he, like most Scots, was always glad and ready to help a compatriot, more particularly one from his own county.

When I first joined the service the Chief Secretary was, in practice, the head of the administration. The two members of the Executive Council lived in comparative ease, but thirty years later it was very different, and the members did a great deal of work themselves, sometimes, it seemed to me, more than was either necessary or indeed conducive to efficiency. Not that this lightened the work of the Chief Secretary, quite the contrary, for it is very often easier to settle a question or dispose of a piece of business oneself, than to prepare and submit the matter for the de-

cision of another. There is, in the former case, less necessity for explanation and argument.

Besides the Chief Secretary, there were two other Secretaries of the I.C.S., the Revenue Secretary and the Local and Municipal Secretary, each with his Deputies and Assistants. The former's work consisted, to a very great extent, in acting as a post office between the Board of Revenue and the Member of Council concerned, and in doing over again work which had already been done, often much better done, by the Board. There was undoubtedly a great deal of duplication and consequent loss of time, and it has actually been discussed whether the Board might not profitably be abolished and the Collectors deal direct with the Revenue Secretary.

It was a crude idea and I never agreed with it, chiefly, because the members of the Board were almost invariably men of long and thorough district experience, a thing which could certainly not be said of some of the Revenue Secretaries. Nor, I am sure, if they had been canvassed, would experienced Collectors have agreed with the suggestion; not solely because they might themselves hope one day to sit upon the Board, but also, and principally, because they took the same view as I did on the merits of the question.

The Local and Municipal Secretary was an

appointment rendered necessary by the volume of work in connection with local self-government, so called, that is with the District Boards and Municipalities, and he also did the work connected with legislation and the Legislative Council. He was popularly known as the "Stinks" Department.

The Chief Secretaryship was interesting, as letting its holder right behind the scenes in all the work and all the deliberation of the Government. It was also extremely responsible in the matter of patronage. I do not know whether it was anywhere definitely enacted or ordered, but it was certainly the practice, that all patronage belonged to the Governor personally, not to the Governor in Council, which was quite a different thing, and that the Members of Council could not, unless specifically consulted by His Excellency, even offer a suggestion in such matters. The duty of advising the Governor lay with the Chief Secretary, and in most cases, as the former could not have the same knowledge of men and of the details of their work as were possessed by the latter, his recommendations were accepted.

Nothing very exciting occurred during my tenure of the office, and in any case I am now getting down to comparatively recent times and it becomes necessary to exercise a greater degree of reticence. I must, however, refer to a narrow escape, the second of my

official life, which I had of falling into grave disaster.

I was worried beyond endurance by the frequent arrival of telegrams, of no importance at all, at all hours of the night. These used to be brought to me on delivery, and as, after some experience, I found that they all related to matters which could perfectly well wait till daylight, I forbade my servants and peons to wake me up at night, and ordered that telegrams should be kept till morning. This was a mistake.

There was in a certain district jail a man under sentence of death. He had been sentenced by a District Judge, and the sentence had been confirmed by the High Court. The date of execution was fixed, and the usual hour was 7 A.M. The man had, as nearly all condemned persons do, sent to the Viceroy an appeal for the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, and no reply had been received. In the small hours of the morning of the day fixed for the execution a telegram of reprieve—whether temporary or permanent I forget—was received to the address of the Government of Madras, and delivered at my house. The peon on night-duty, in pursuance of my orders, did not wake me but placed the telegram on my table. About 6 A.M. I went out for my morning ride and never noticed the telegram, nor did any one draw my attention to it. When

I came back about eight o'clock, I saw and opened it. It was something of a jolt—the man was probably dead, and by my fault. I ought to have got the wire on delivery, and at once sent off a "clear the line" message to the superintendent of the jail, which would have been in time to stop the execution. Of course I at once communicated with the jail, and, to my abounding joy, found that the superintendent had taken the responsibility of postponing the execution, as no reply had been received to the prisoner's appeal. I believe he was technically wrong in doing so, but I blessed him heartily and do so still. I went over at once to Harold Stuart's house—he was the Member of Council to whose portfolio the business belonged—and told him the whole story. As events had turned out all right and no harm done, the matter was at an end, but it makes me shudder even now to think that, in the last six months of my long service, I so nearly came a final cropper.

Had the wretched man, owing to my carelessness, been hanged while actually reprieved, the Indian Press, if no other, would have raised such a sustained howl for my blood that I have little doubt I should have been thrown to the wolves. And perhaps it would have been just. I confess that my concern was at least as much for myself as for the convict. I am only human.

When the hot season of 1914 was beginning, I carried out my intention to retire for good. I had served for more than thirty years, much of that time in bad climates, and I did not feel that I was equal to two or three more years of unremitting grind as Chief Secretary. As for the Council appointment which was promised, though it was the highest thing open to me, and though I should have valued and enjoyed it if it had come a few years earlier, I could not then feel enthusiastic about it. India is a young man's country, and very often it would be better if the young men got their chances sooner. Even the prospect of knighthood, now the inevitable fate of Members of Council, was not a sufficient attraction. Had I known that the war was coming I suppose I should have stayed, but ignorance was bliss, and I am thankful. My boys were just emerging from childhood, and a further separation of seven years would have been bad for them, and would have deprived me of the greatest pleasure and interest of my later life.

The shadow of impending changes was beginning to be felt, and I had been trained and had done my life's work under the old conditions and in the old India, before that blessed and euphonious word Dyarchy had been heard in the land. I felt that in the new India I should be out of place and largely out of sympathy, and I was right, for I do not think that I should

have been able to stand the political make-believe which is so ruthlessly described in 'Mother India.' We were trained to rule, not to serve, though in ruling we served, and, though I do not deny the nobility of service such as is now required, I am well content to let others practise it. Change was, no doubt, inevitable and new wine had to be introduced into the old bottles, but it is possible to think that it might have been poured with a gentler hand, and that the mixture is too heady for those who have to drink it.

The I.C.S. is still a necessity to India, she could not under any constitution which could be invented carry on without it, but the I.C.S. since the reforms is not—pace the after-dinner speeches of exalted persons, intent upon attracting recruits—the same fine career and the same man's job that it was. Its work is no longer *regere imperio populos*. So I am glad that I went when I did, but the wrench of leaving India for good and of separation, certain in most cases to be final, from lifelong friends and tried comrades was greater than I could have imagined. It must always be sad when a man's life-work comes to an end, but there is still memory, and mercifully memory with most of us is rather like the sundial which records only the happy hours.

Those whose impressions of India are formed only from the perusal of the remarkable book

to which I have just alluded, might possibly think it a dreadful place in which to spend a man's life, but the impression would be largely wrong. In dealing with the social and sexual problem, the authoress, for whose astounding industry and marvellous understanding I have nothing but admiration, contents herself, for the most part, with the statement of facts, most of them unpleasant, and makes but little comment, leaving her readers to form their own judgments from her facts. That the latter are, with few exceptions, accurate, and that she is almost invariably fair cannot be denied, but she tells nothing new. Those of us who have done our work in India have known all these things since our earliest days, but we could not alter them, so we did not worry about them. As she very fairly points out, nearly all the social evils which she drags into the light of day are closely bound up with religion and caste, and if they are to be cured the cure must come from within. It must be effected by Indians themselves; the British Government does not touch such matters. If it had tried to do so we could not have remained in India; we should have gone the way of the Portuguese, and all the good work which we have done for India would not have been done. When I was a young Divisional Magistrate I had before me a very ordinary case in which two parties, Hindus and native Christians, were on opposite sides.

An American missionary, to whose flock the Christians belonged, endeavoured to drop into my private ear arguments in their favour. Naturally I told him that I could not listen to him, and he exclaimed angrily, "My good sir, do you call this a Christian Government?" "No," I replied, "we do not. If we did we should not be here. This Government, as such, has no religion." He was much scandalised, for he was a good and earnest man. That answer, I think, expresses well enough the British Government's attitude towards the social evils which the American authoress exposes, only she has a wider and a clearer view than had her compatriot.

So the squalor and the cruelty and the horrors of the Zenana and the home do not affect the life of the British administrator at all. He has plenty of other things to attend to, enough to fill his life very full, and he is free to enjoy the many things which are enjoyable in India. When he can interfere with any hope of doing any good be sure that he will do so, but in the meantime he must get on with his job.

What 'Mother India' has to say about the political problem is altogether another story. I am neither a Reactionary nor a Diehard, but all for progress; nevertheless, the most liberal minded must surely shudder to contemplate, even from a distance, what is going

on now, and a perusal of the debates in the Legislative Assembly might move some to Homeric laughter and incline others to sigh for a Cromwell. Truly if out of all that we can build a responsible self-governing nation, a loyal member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, we shall have performed the greatest political miracle in the history of mankind.

But the destiny of India will not be decided in the Assembly. The Bengali, the Brahmin, the lawyer, the pandit, the newspaper man and the rest rage furiously together, but amid the thunder of the politicians and the shouting, where is the fighting man of India? There is still plenty of him, but his voice is not heard. He goes on saying nothing, but surely he is thinking, and his thoughts are surely not quite those of the talkers. If the Great War were not quite so recent a memory, he might well be tempted—and who could blame him?—to think that our race is degenerate and our Raj at an end. Were it so, and were he sure of it, he would take a hand, and the result would not be the vain thing which the talkers imagine.

I do not agree with any talk of lost dominions. We are making a political experiment, the boldest, perhaps the most reckless, that any nation ever has made, because in such matters there is no retracing of steps and very little standing still; we are risking our dominion,

but it is not lost. We are still an imperial race, and when there is any question of losing it I like to think that our sons and grandsons will have something to say in the matter, and will not permit to be thrown away what the blood and the sweat of our fathers won for us.
